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JUST DESSERT

I'd been crushing on Jason, a bartender at my favorite hangout, for more than a year. Last Tuesday I finally hit on him, giving him my e-mail address. A few days later, he wrote me and said he wanted to get to know me over dinner.

Jason picked me up the following night and we went to an intimate, candlelit restaurant. We had a great time, and during the meal, it became obvious that our dessert would be each other. I wasn't surprised when he invited me back to his place.

In the parking lot, he pulled me toward him and kissed me—softly at first, then with mounting passion. I pressed into him and felt the hard ridge of his cock against my hip.

We got into his car and headed for his condo. Along the way, I gently stroked his cock through his pants. I had him so worked up that he could barely keep his eyes on the road.

As soon as we got in the door, he guided me to the living room couch and we started making out. Jason unbuttoned my blouse, unhooked my bra, and ran his fingers over my aching nipples. He kissed me once more before leading me into the bedroom.

He helped me out of the rest of my clothes and kissed me all over, licking and sucking my sensitive nipples before making his way down my belly to my soaked pussy. He started lapping at my clit until I just about went crazy© At the same time he fingered my wet hole, making me moan and squirm as I came again and again.

Now it was his turn. I eased Jason onto his back and kissed him, working my way down his torso but stopping inches from his cock. Teasingly, I brushed my fingers and tongue over his cock and balls, making him groan. I slowly licked around the head and savored the taste of pre-come that oozed from the tip. Pressing my lips tightly around his cock, I pumped him with one hand while tickling his balls with the other. His cock was so hard that I knew he was ready to fuck. And so was I.

I straddled Jason's hips and slowly lowered my pussy onto his cock, savoring the sensation of being filled to the max. It was pure heaven© I started doing a slow grind, rotating my pelvis in a circular motion, but he grabbed my hips and began moving me up and down—hard. I quickly got with the program and rode him like he wanted me to—hard and deep—while he talked dirty to me. I fell forward onto his chest, rolled over so I lay on my back next to him, and told him to fuck me. He lifted my legs onto his shoulders and thrust his cock into my dripping hole. I had an instant, mind-bending orgasm©

After I had finished screaming with delight, I kissed Jason deeply and tasted my sweet pussy juices on his lips.

I wanted him inside me again, so I told him to take me doggie-style. Once I was on my hands and knees, he drove his cock hard into me from behind.

When Jason said he was almost there, I turned around to suck him off. Then I finally got my dessert. He came so hard and for so long, I thought he'd never stop. What a man©Spent, we fell asleep and didn't wake up until the morning.

In the morning we showered together, but that only made us hot and horny again. I ended up indulging in another sex-filled encounter with my new lover. We kept going all day and night.—*T.H., Minnesota*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 145

> "He **grabbed my hips**.... I quickly got with the program and **rode him** like he wanted me to—**hard and deep**—while he **talked dirty** to me."

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FULL FRONTAL

Exposing the World of Entertainment

Next year ROB ZOMBIE, along with director Douglas Lawrence, aka Mr. Lawrence, releases an animated comedy about the suave El Superbeasto and his sexy sidekick sister, Suzi X, who battle the evil Dr. Satan in Monsterland. If you thought *Nacho Libre* needed more [illegible] violence, robots, or apes, this is for you.

By Jonathan Stern

What are your first monster-movie memories?

Truthfully, the first stuff I was really exposed to were all the classics, like Boris Karloff's *Frankenstein*. I think the first monster I ever saw, though, was the original *King Kong*. I never really found those monsters scary, but they were always my favorite.

Are you a fan of Peter Jackson's interpretation of *Kong*?

I always will love the original more. That's the thing with remakes—you always love the original more because it was special to you at that time. Even if someone makes a better movie, it doesn't matter. You can't relive your childhood. The original *Kong* is pretty amazing, considering the time period and how primitive the effects were.

Were you into the Hammer studio horror films, like 1958's *Dracula* and 1959's *The Mummy*, and do you have a favorite character actor?

There are two in particular: Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing. There wouldn't even be a Hammer studio without them. Those productions are pretty cool, but a lot of them were pretty low-rent. You could just tell they were reusing the same sets over and over.

Was it tongue-in-cheek for the actors, or were they taking themselves seriously?

I think the reason those films still hold up is because they were taking it seriously. I mean, I'm sure they had a sense of humor about what they were doing, but all those actors—the Vincent Prices—approached the material seriously. Obviously they knew they weren't in first-class productions, but they didn't phone in a performance like you see now with a lot of actors. Actors today have that look on their face like, "Oh, I'm just doing it for the money. Don't take me seriously."

There's been a resurgence of the eighties gore-fest. Are you a fan of anything that's come out recently?

That was always my least favorite thing in horror movies—everything that took place during the eighties.

No Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dwellers or *Leprechaun in the Hood*?

I hate all that stuff. I don't really like tongue-in-cheek horror at all. The sequel mania spawned it, because all the original films, like *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, were serious, but with each sequel they got a little more ridiculous. And *Leprechaun*... let's not discuss it.

When we interviewed Paul Giamatti in August, he brought up that those were serious actors playing character roles for Hammer.

I think it's pretty much a fact that character actors are usually the better actors. Like Giamatti—he is always better than anyone he's paired with. They're not cast because of their looks or their popularity; they're usually cast because they're so talented.

When *you* cast, what attributes do you look for?

My last movie, *The Devil's Rejects*, was almost 100 percent character actors, some in small roles and some in lead roles. They can really bring a movie to life. You saw it a lot in the seventies. You see it a lot in Clint Eastwood westerns. Every little role will be somebody really amazing—even if they have one scene. Now, [studios] stick in the most forgettable people. It's a shame, because a great actor can take a small part and make it memorable. Studios don't think it matters who's the cabdriver and who's the hotel clerk.

Do you plan to write more comics?

I've sort of stopped working on any comic projects. I don't have time. What I'm doing now that's related to comics is a spin-off animated movie—which Paul Giamatti is in, strangely enough. It's called *The Haunted World of El Superbeasto* and Giamatti plays the villain, Dr. Satan.

You've been tapped to make the next *Halloween* movie. How are you going to revive the franchise?

I'm starting the series over, so it's not a sequel. I think that *Halloween* is a very good example of a movie that started out very serious and got more and more campy as time went on. I don't want to bring in anyone to do a cameo, because I think that would break the reality of what I'm trying to do. I want to try to make a very serious movie. If you recognize somebody from another *Halloween* movie, I think it will just take you out of what's happening.

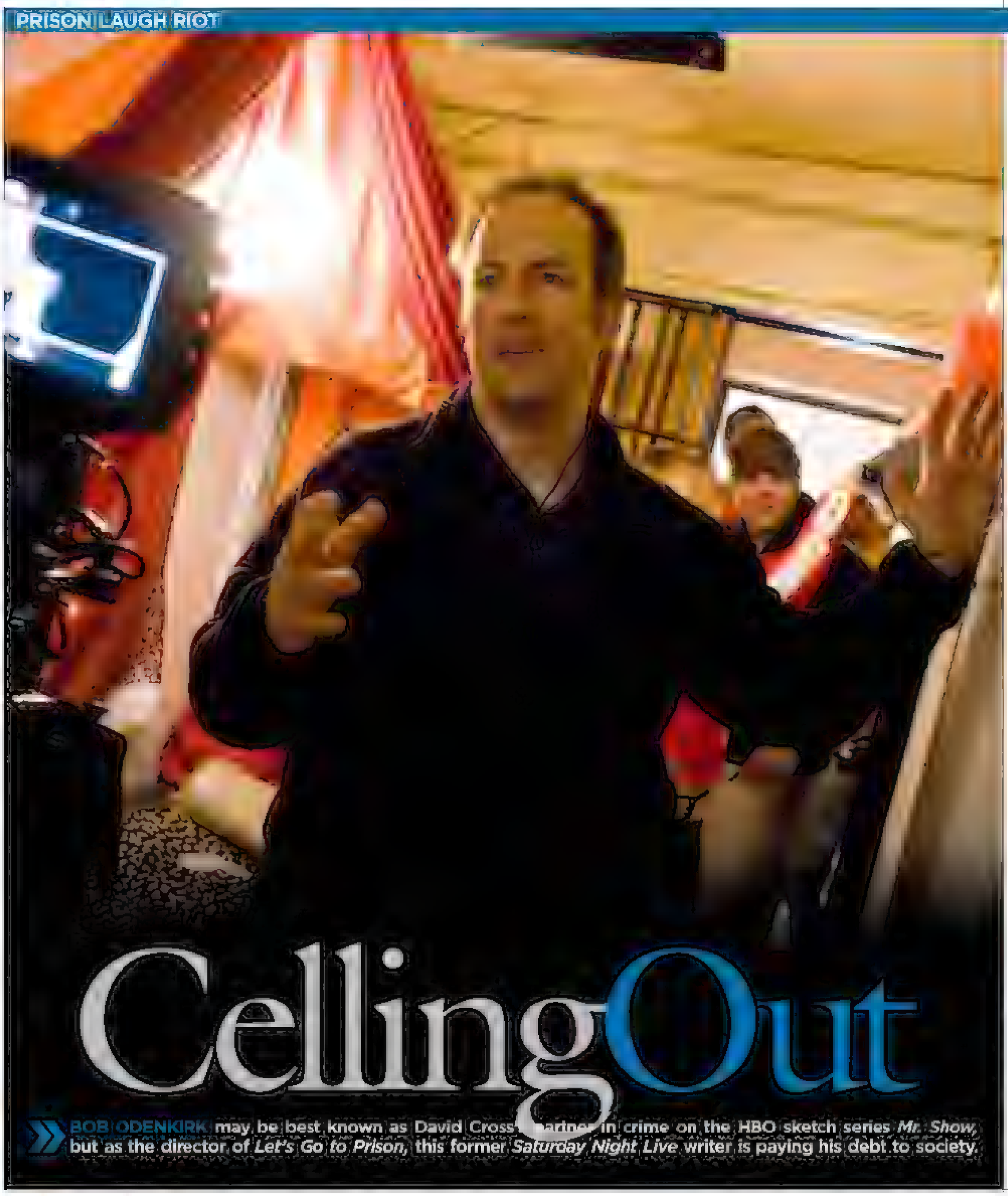
I imagine you're going to make this one as disturbing as possible.

The only reason I was excited about the project was because I thought of a really dark, serious movie. How would you respond to those real events? That's what was interesting to me. Not just a stuntman in a white mask, walking around. That's totally boring.

Does that mean you also have to change the look of the film?

Usually those endless sequels aren't shot well. It's like they're not even thinking that they're doing something artistic. Think of a movie like *Se7en* or *21 Grams* or *The Constant Gardener*. Then think of the look of that film and ask yourself, "What if that movie were a *Halloween* movie?" It would be pretty terrifying if someone approached it in that manner. So that's the way I'm thinking about it.

PRISON LAUGH RIOT



CellingOut

BOB ODENKIRK may be best known as David Cross's partner in crime on the HBO sketch series *Mr. Show*, but as the director of *Let's Go to Prison*, this former *Saturday Night Live* writer is paying his debt to society.

By Jonathan Stern

How is this different from every other jailhouse comedy?
People boast about making dark comedies, but oftentimes it's used as an excuse when people make something that isn't very funny. This *is* a dark comedy. I wanted Dax Shepard, Will Arnett, and Chi McBride to play it like a drama and maintain that tension throughout. We didn't want to lampoon prison or make it big and silly like *Stir Crazy*. We wanted to make it kind of frightening and serious, and then have fun within that.

What's the premise of the film?
It's like *Oz*, but played for laughs. Dax plays a convict who has basically spent his whole life in prison. He's a jerk, but with an easygoing attitude. Arnett plays this stuffy, egotistical rich kid who gets taken down a few pegs in prison—to put it lightly.

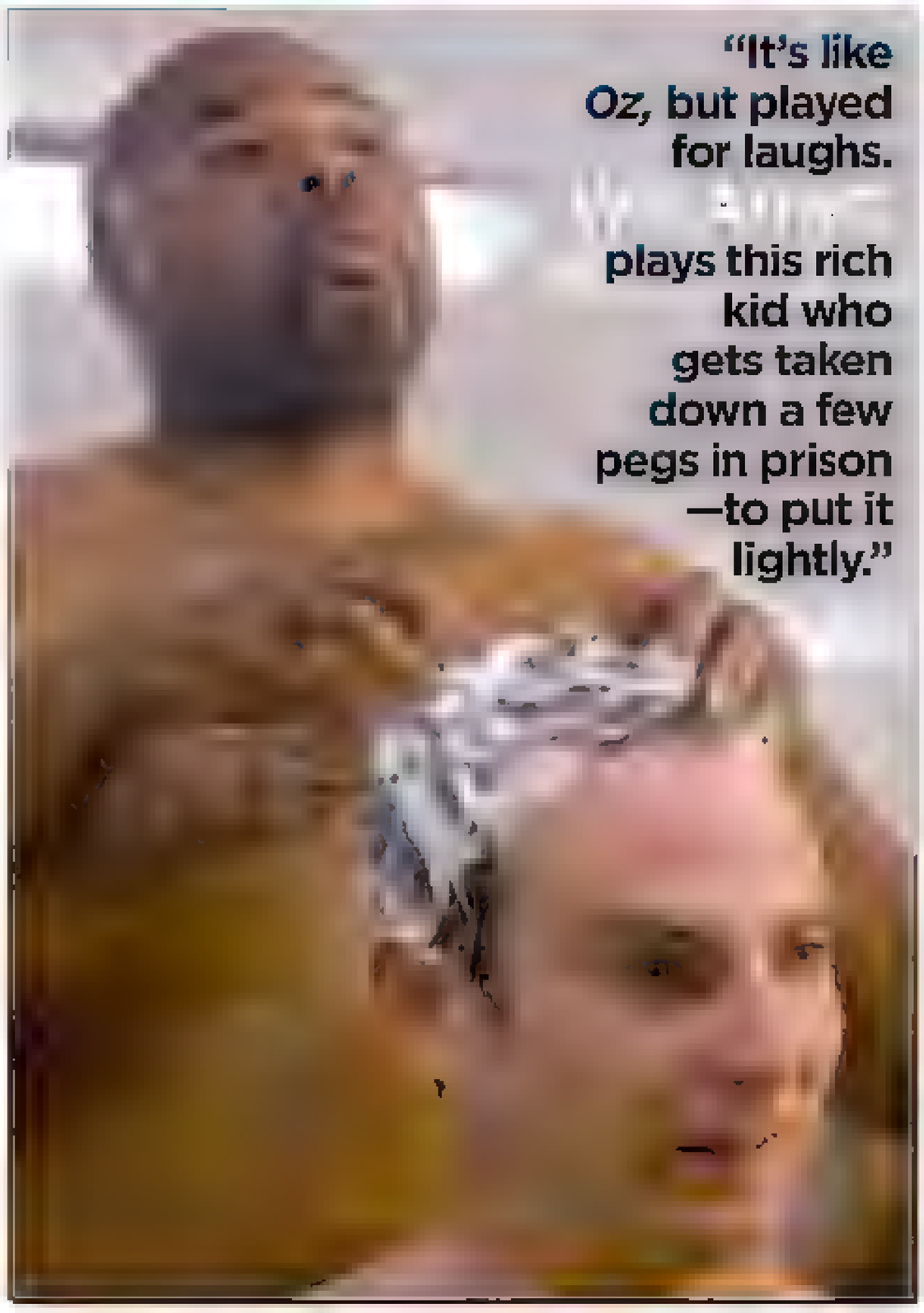
Did you allow the actors to improvise?
Listen, Dax and Will are going to improvise. If you're not stupid, you'll let them. And I'm not really stupid. A good actor who is really keyed in to a character makes up lines that can bring so much to the moment.

Dax was originally on *Punk'd*. Has he outgrown pranks?
He still has a mischievous glint in his eye. What I liked about *Punk'd* was how capable he was at torturing people with a straight face. Acting is about making people believe in the false reality, and that's what he did. He has incredible balls, incredible prescience, and he's funny. And that's what this character is. He's a scummy, tough, hard-core asshole who's got a mean streak and a nasty sense of humor. Dax can play that.

Does working on Cartoon Network's Adult Swim cartoon *Tom Goes to the Mayor* satisfy another side of you?
That's exactly what it does. I got to be so silly on *Mr. Show*. When you're making movies and the story is 100 minutes long, you can't be as wild as you want to be. You have to maintain reality and logic. It takes a lot of focus. But *Tom Goes to the Mayor* is about going to the funniest thing as fast as you can. [Creators] Eric Wareheim and Tim Heidecker have a comic sensibility that I love. After *Mr. Show*—which was so satisfying on every level—I've made a real effort to move into film. But to be able to go to their offices a couple of times a week and fool around and laugh … it's very satisfying.

What do you think of the fact that HBO is getting back into comedy with Louis C.K.'s *Lucky Louie* and Dane Cook's *Tourgasm*?
HBO has had this persona the last couple of years with *The Sopranos* and *Sex and the City* that was really classy and smart. It wasn't fun, but they got all these awards. Now I think they're trying to refind themselves. The fact that they're going into comedy again is great. There are smart people over there and they tend to like good stuff. I think *Lucky Louie* is great, [but] a lot of times the audience needs to become familiar with something to enjoy it. I hope HBO sticks with it. If they can do two seasons of *Carnivàle*, they can do two seasons of *Louie*.

Do you have any plans for another joint venture with David Cross?
David and I wrote a *Mr. Show* sketch movie, and it's as good as anything we've done. We're trying to get the money together to shoot it, but none of our fans are multimillionaires. So whatever you can do, please do. Pray if you want to pray. Some people say that helps.



LET'S GO TO PRISON, from Universal Pictures, is in theaters November 22.

HEAD GEEK

Holiday Retreat

Hey, folks. Harry here! It's the most wonderful time of year: the holiday season of cinema, when the quality of films allegedly goes up. Take a break from the usual holiday fare and all those enjoyable and/or insufferable family get-togethers to check out these quality releases.

Volvér

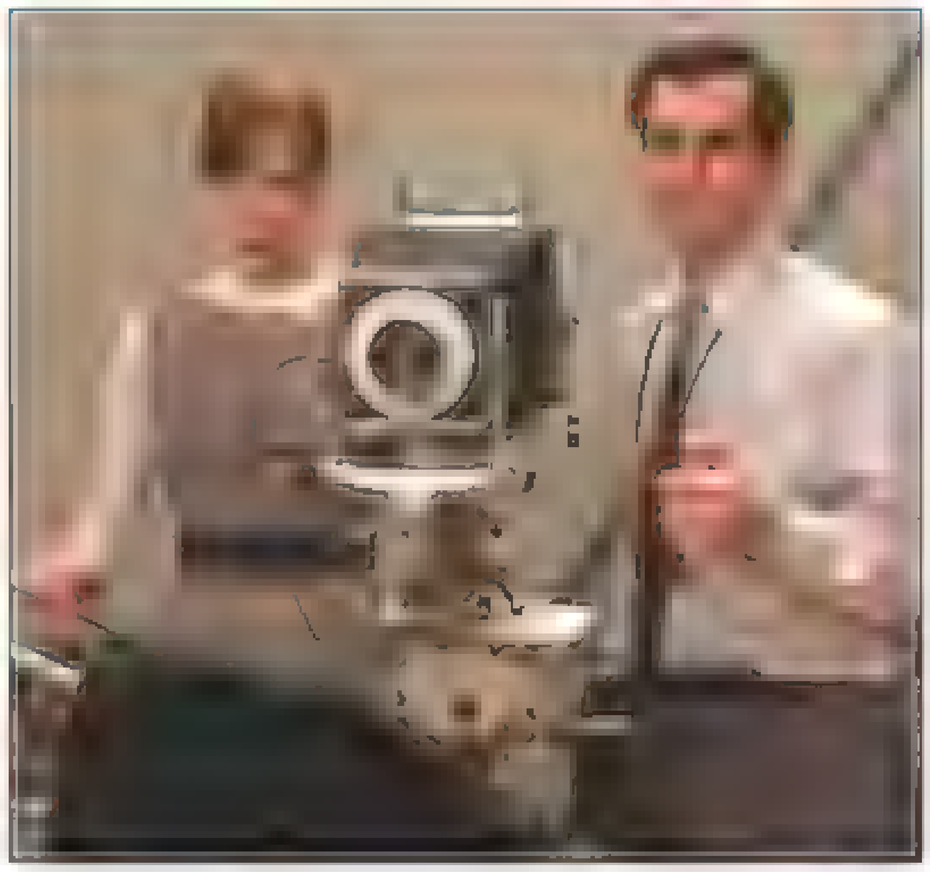
(November 11; Sony Pictures Classics)
Penélope Cruz, Carmen Maura
Director: Pedro Almodóvar
Cool Rating: 9

Hopefully you're familiar with Almodóvar's fantastic psychosexual films like *Bad Education* and *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!*, or his brilliant personal films like *Talk to Her* and *All About My Mother*. If not, you couldn't ask for a better introduction.

Though it's not as wildly flashy as his previous work, instead going for a far more subdued style and story, *Volvér* is every bit as powerful as his best. In his tale of a woman (Maura) who dies in a fire and returns to her Madrid hometown as a ghost with unfinished business, Almodóvar has crafted a deeply personal portrait of Spain's culture of death. And if Cruz has never done it for you, wait until you see her tight skirts, voluptuous cleavage, and high heels. Her performance is first-rate, too, as are those of Maura and Lola Duenas. This is one of the best films you'll see this year. It intrigues, makes you laugh, and even moves you to soulful tears.

By Harry Know es

Fur: An Imaginary Portrait of Diane Arbus



(November 10; Picturehouse) Nicole Kidman, Robert Downey Jr., Ty Burrell Director: Steven Shainberg
Cool Rating: 7.8

f you re looking for an erotic, kinky, and stunn ngly powerful film—and why wouldn't you be?—look no further than th s fictitious biopic of Arbus, one of the most revered (and odd) photographers of the twentieth century The absolutely stunning Kidman is Arbus, and the film is in the hands of Sha nberg (You l find h's name on *Secretary*. Come on you know you own it. You'll f nd yourself wanting to own this one, too.)

Fur isn't so much a biopic as t is a f lm informed by her photography as wel as her biography. How do they mix? Very we l, thank you You l find a lot of nudity, male and female, and b zarre characters, inc uding Werewolf Woman and Bicyc e Riding Nudist. There are titillat ng oddities that keep you engaged t.l the end t's a strange story, but one you shou.ldn't miss

Babel

(November 10; Paramount Vantage) Brad Pitt, Cate Blanchett, Gael García Bernal Director: Alejandro González Iñárritu
Cool Rating: 10

The best film thus far of 2006? *Babel*, by the man behind the brutally real and caustic *21 Grams* Gonzá ez Iñárr.tu has constructed another work of genius with an outstanding international ensemb e, including Pitt, Blanchett, Kôji Yakusho, C ifton Co.ins Jr., and the amazing García Bernal *Babel* focuses on an American tourist couple (Pitt and B anchett) as they struggle to survive after a harrow ng accident But at its root, the film is about relationships and how far we as a people think we've come and how far, through our own arrogance, we can fall.

The performances are bri iant Pitt et al. deliver some of the r best work but it's the actors you don't know who will surprise you most. Don't mistake *Babel* for a snobbish work of art. It's s'mply human, comp ex, emot onal and, ike a great stories, worth repeat.ng

The Piano Tuner of Earthquakes

(November 17; Zeitgeist) Gottfried John, Amira Casar
Directors: Stephen Quay, Timothy Quay
Cool Rating: 6.7

This is a breathtaking work of surrea ist art, but its lack of narrative coher ence makes it difficult to enjoy. St.l it's worth your time. *Earthquakes* is not so much a story as a dream of a story When an opera singer s murdered onstage, a mad doctor kidnaps her so he can transform her into a me chanical nightingale. Its set on a wild 'sland one that cou d be created only by the Brothers Quay, the brilliant team behind some of the strangest animation ever made. In this f lm they've taken their penchant for wi d hal luc natory imagery and loose y strung things together with a hair-thin plot. The resu t is wildly uneven, but if you don't try to make sense of any of it you'l be fine. t's too beautifu and weird to not experience

REVIEWS

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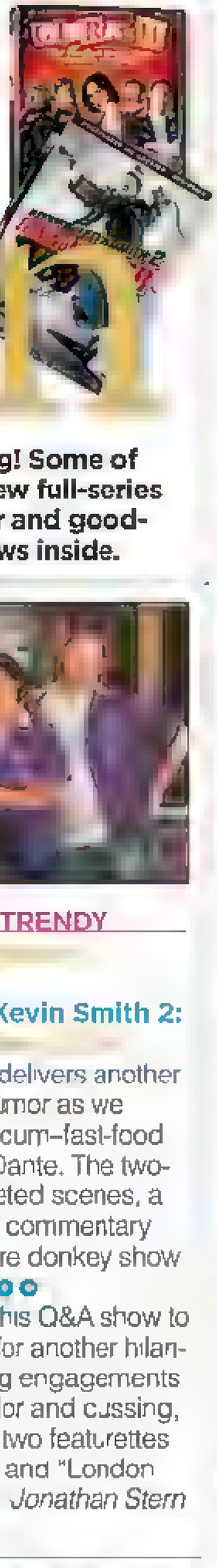
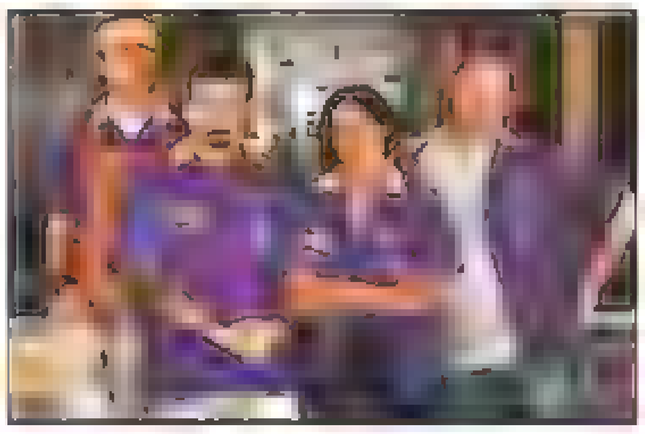


Start shopping! Some of these great new full-series boxes are as clever and good-looking as the shows inside.



FOR THE HIP AND TRENDY

Clerks II

An Evening With Kevin Smith 2: Evening Harder

Director Kevin Smith delivers another serving of raunchy humor as we catch up with clerks–cum–fast-food servers Randal and Dante. The two-disc set includes deleted scenes, a 90-minute making-of, commentary and—of course—more donkey show

Bonus points: ●●●●

Next, see Smith take his Q&A show to Toronto and London for another hilarious batch of speaking engagements. You can expect candor and cussing, updated stories, and two featurettes ("Toronto: Limo Ride" and "London Man on the Street"). *Jonathan Stern*

Bonus points: ●●

FOR THE COMPLETIST

King Kong: Deluxe Extended Edition

Somehow we just knew Peter Jackson had more *King Kong* material to unleash. This new three-disc version includes an additional 13 minutes of movie, almost 40 minutes of deleted scenes, Jackson's first audio commentary track for *Kong*, and a disc of Jackson's archive of featurettes

Bonus points: ●●●●●

FOR THE COMICS GEEK

Superman: The Movie: Four-Disc Special Edition

Superman has the '78 theatrical edit, the 2000 extended edition, documentaries and nine remastered Fleischer Studios cartoons (the first on-screen portrayal of Superman). While filming *Superman*, director Richard Donner shot most of the footage for the sequel. After creative differences, he left the project. Now **Superman II: The Richard Donner Cut** has the film he envisioned, with Marlon Brando back as Superdad

Bonus points (both): ●●●●

FOR THE SCI-FI FREAK

Forbidden Planet: Ultimate Collector's Edition

This was the premiere sci-fi movie till *Star Wars* hit theaters. Now it's getting the treatment it deserves. The digitally restored film comes with four hours of bonuses, including "lost" footage of preliminary special effects commentary, added scenes, three docs, and Robby the Robot follow-ups. The Collector's Edition includes a Robby replica in the metal case

Bonus points: ●●●●●

QUICK GIFTS

Get your favorite liberal **An Inconvenient Truth** (Paramount; $27), starring Al Gore. • Get sentimental with the 60th anniversary **It's a Wonderful Life** and snarky with Bill Murray's caustic take on a warm and fuzzy tale in **Scrooged** (Paramount; $20 each). • Get Grandma **The Da Vinci Code** (Sony; $30), starring Tom Hanks and his amazing mullet. • Get your teenage sister **Strangers With Candy** (ThinkFilm; $28), starring Amy Sedaris.

By Barbara Rice Thompson

FOR THE *LOST* FAN

Alias: The Complete Collection

Alias has got an intriguing mythology that's as full of twists, turns, and red herrings as *Lost*, but you won't have to wait five years to get to the end of the ride. Plus, you get Jennifer Garner kicking ass in pretty much every outfit you've ever fantasized about, from leather fetish gear to a geisha getup, and in martial-arts girl fights with other gorgeous ladies. The 29-disc set includes a bonus disc hidden in the special Rambaldi Box and a hardcover book about the secrets.

Bonus points: ●●●●●

FOR THE HBO SNOB

Six Feet Under: The Complete Series

If your obnoxious brother-in-law is the kind of person who pretends he only watches "quality" TV, he'll love this set and the cemetery-marker packaging. The 24-disc collection includes all the previous season-set bonus features, plus the series' two soundtrack CDs.

Bonus points: ●●●●●

QUICK GIFTS

You also can choose from a more eclectic collection of new TV discs, including **The Sopranos** season six, part one (HBO; $100), **Seinfeld** season 7 (Sony; $50), **Star Trek: The Animated Series** (CBS/Paramount; $63), **Inside the Actors Studio: Dave Chappelle** (Shout; $15), and the incredible inanity of **Police Squad: The Complete Series** (CBS/Paramount; $20) and **The Kids in the Hall: The Complete Series** (A&E; $240).

CLEAVAGE ALERT!

Baywatch seasons one and two (First Look; $35 each) feature eye-poppingly buxom women in those sexy red one-pieces, and more slo-mo runs on the beach than we could count as we drifted into a bouncing-boob-induced stupor.

FOR THE PROCEDURAL FAN

Homicide: Life on the Street: The Full Series

We all know someone who's obsessed with *CSI* or *Law & Order*—or all six versions of the two crime dramas. Odds are good that that person would love what's in this free cabinet. The 35-disc box of one of the best cop shows ever—yes, we said *ever*—has each episode, the three crossover eps of *Law & Order* and *Homicide: The Movie*, which wrapped up the series in a damned fine bow. **Bonus points:** ●●●●

READING IS FUNDAMENTAL

Giving Trees

It may be better to give than to receive, but why not do both? We've got some great ideas for gifts you'll want to give yourself.

SkyMaul: Happy Crap You Can Buy From a Plane

(St. Martin's Press/Thomas Dunne Books; $15)

Anyone who's struggled to stave off in-flight boredom has probably resorted to the *SkyMall* catalog, conveniently located in the seat pocket in front of you. Teeming with questionably nifty products that you never knew you needed, the *SkyMall* catalog can take on a rarefied air at 35,000 feet—where else would you consider investing in doodads and gadgets like the Deluxe Pet Shower Kit for $69.95 or a Poseidon sculpture for $350?

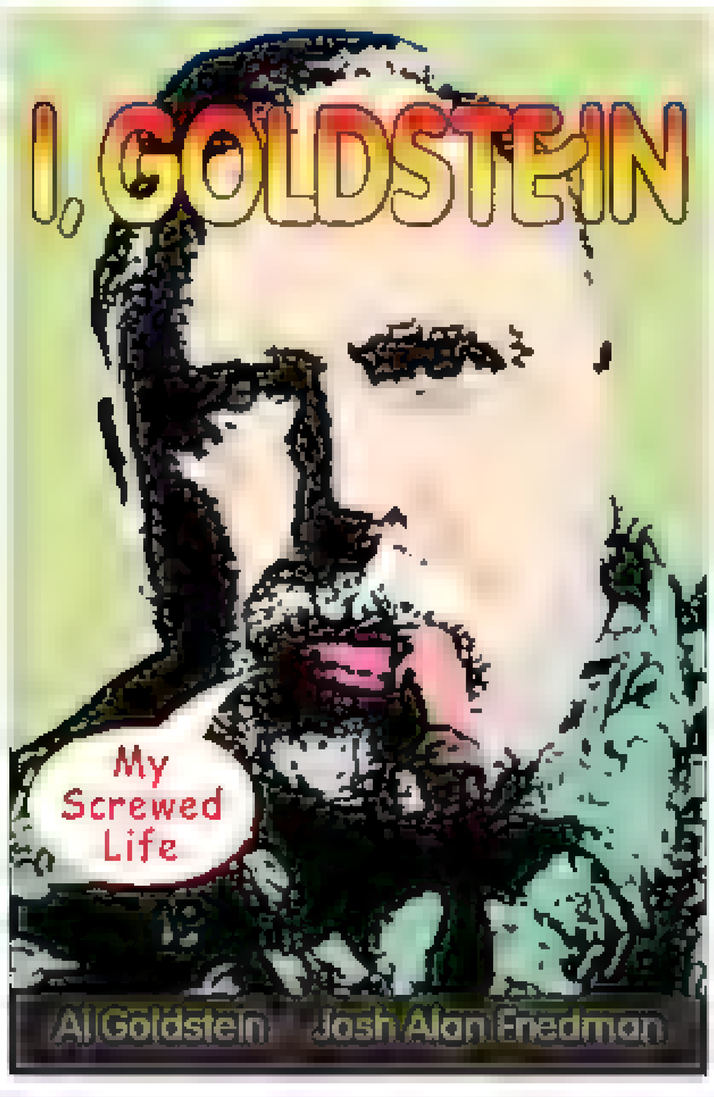
The comedy group Kasper Hauser has tapped into this potential mother lode of parody with *SkyMaul*, a note-perfect naughty takeoff that features such overpriced "necessities" as the Hot Dog Shooter ($89.99) and the Masturbation "Whodunit?" Kit, so you can "figure out who rubbed one out in the guest shower" ($48.99). Or take a cue from the handsome fellow above and spring for state-of-the-art Reality-Canceling Headphones for the bargain price of $299. *SkyMaul* comes complete with illustrative photographs, raunchy product descriptions, and tongue-in-cheek monikers for various *SkyMall* "boutiques"—Hammacher Schlemmer, for instance, is reborn as Banana Hammockslammer. Tuck *SkyMaul* into your carry-on and it may even distract you from the joy of being wedged in a seat between the chatty grandma and the screaming toddler. —*Abby Aronofsky*

The Office Space Kit

(Running Press; $15)

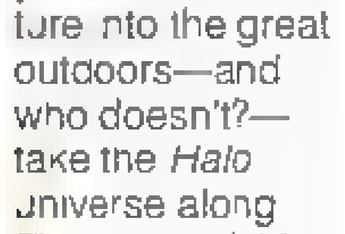
If you work in an office, we think it's pretty damned likely that at one point or another you've de-stressed with your friends over a viewing of *Office Space*, Mike Judge's hilarious satire of corporate life. Now you can deck out your cube with movie-inspired paraphernalia, including Lumbergh's INITECH mug, a "jump to conclusions" mat, and a tiny red stapler like Milton's. Of course there's also a book featuring ways to make it through that nine-to-five grind. Hey, we're planning to send out memos with Initech TPS cover sheets, just to see who gets the joke. Why not have a little fun at work?

By Barbara R ce Thompson



I, Goldstein: My Screwed Life
(Thunder's Mouth Press; $27)

If there's a middle realm between the Greek poet Homer and Springfield's Homer Simpson, it's home to Al Goldstein, notoriously offensive First Amendment champion and founder of *Screw* magazine, the Big Apple-based sex tabloid that called itself the world's greatest newspaper The autobiography coauthored by Josh Alan Friedman, whose own *Screw*-era memoir, *Tales of Times Square*, remains a classic of X-rated journalism recalls Goldstein's rise from not-so-humble Brooklyn roots to king of the underground press, where his porn empire blossomed ... until he lost it all to the siren call of gluttony and the advent of Internet smut. The book includes excerpts from some of the Fatman's famously irreverent interviews with the likes of Jack Nicholson, Tiny Tim, and Ron Jeremy *I, Goldstein* is required reading for anyone who's interested in the history of porn or the alternative press. Plus as a bonus, just think how freaked out your folks or your girlfriend will be when they see it.—*Eric Danville*

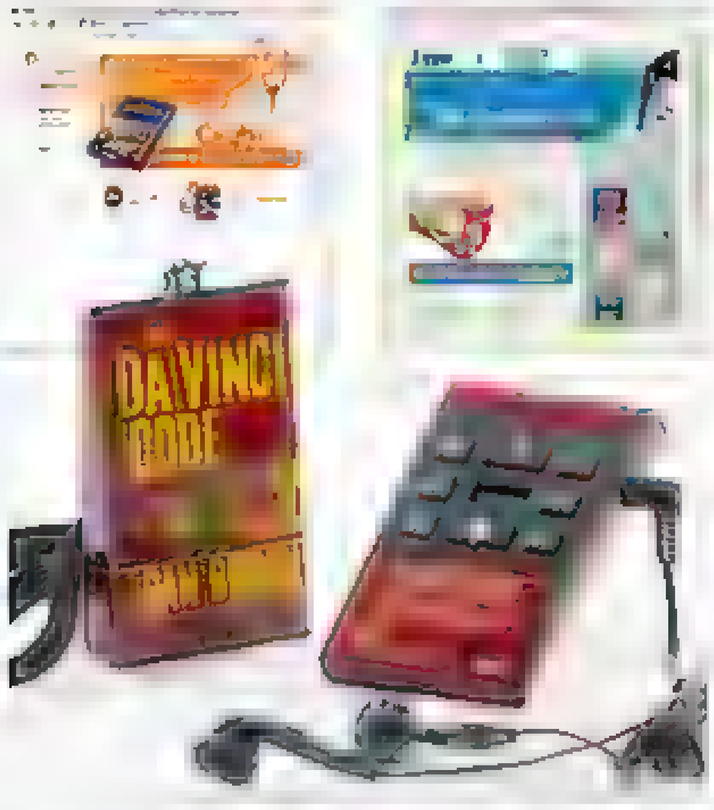


Halo: Ghosts of Onyx
(Tor Books, $13)

If you hate leaving your Xbox 360 behind when you have to venture into the great outdoors—and who doesn't?—take the *Halo* universe along The writer of this new novel, Eric Nylund (*Halo The Fall of Reach* and *Halo: First Strike*), delves into events taking place during *Halo* and *Halo 2*, "expanding the characters and story .. as fans await the arrival of *Halo 3*."

The Illustrated Dracula
(Viking Studio; $22)

Okay we're cheating a little here: This book came out a few weeks ago. But if you read a classic tw l definitely impress your girlfriend, and your buddies will think this one looks good on your coffee table. The ustrations are by Jae Lee, a comic-book artist who's been working professionally since he was in ninth grade. He's best known for his Marvel Comics work, but he's also the creator of *Hellshock* (from Image Comics) and a winner of the prestigious Eisner Award. The drawings add a new layer of gothic fun to the original vampire tale. Our only problem is, there aren't enough of them. Still, you gotta love that cover



Jiggerbug ($15 to $40 a month)
Playaway ($35 to $50 per title)

Is your girlfriend bugging you to share her Harry Potter obsession? Maybe you want to impress your grandmother by proving you're familiar with the latest *New York Times* best-sellers. Forget lugging around paperweight tomes and listen to the books on CD instead. Jiggerbug, a Netflix-style service (Jiggerbug com) has offerings from a crapload of major publishing houses, including Oprah Winfrey's reading list and those *Times* best-sellers. You can rip the discs to your computer and listen on an MP3 player, or sign up for a plan that includes downloading the files to your PC (the company plans to have a Mac-compatible option available by the holidays). There's also a plan for downloads only

Or check out Playaway's self-playing digital audiobooks The company offers roughly 40 recent titles, from Stephen King and James Patterson to David Sedaris and the unavoidable Dan Brown, and the catalog is expanding Each book comes with everything you need, including batteries They're available at bookstores and online at PlayawayDigital com. With luck they'll find their way into the stores at airports, 'cause they're perfect for killing time in the security line

Q&A

Jet's

Jet's sound is strongly influenced by the Rolling Stones, but Paul McCartney's hit "Jet" inspired your band name. Doesn't that mix break the laws of rock 'n' roll?
The history of rock 'n' roll is important to us. We're inspired by the greats that came before us. We're in a band for the right reason—the music ... not for money and fame.

You've toured with the Stones and Oasis, groups that epitomize the rock-star lifestyle. Do you think there's a shortage of rock stars today?
It's boring as fucking hell. When I go to a rock show, I don't want to be bored. I want to go, have a few beers, and a good time. Otherwise you may as well stay home and put on the record.

What have you learned about being a rock star?
You have to be yourself. If you try to be someone else, you're a fraud and the people can smell that. As far as rock 'n' roll goes, cool is in and vulnerability is out. People think that if you get a stylist onboard, you automatically become a rock star. Anyone can get a haircut. But it's about the music.

Did you get into any brawls while hanging with Oasis's Gallagher brothers?
No. But I did learn something from them about being a brother in a band. You keep as far away as fucking humanly possible from your brother. If you don't have to stay in the same room, get away from each other.

Why can't brothers who are bandmates get along?
Egos. But overall, it's a good thing having your brother in a band with you. You grew up listening to the same stuff. You influence each other. When you play, you share a sixth sense.

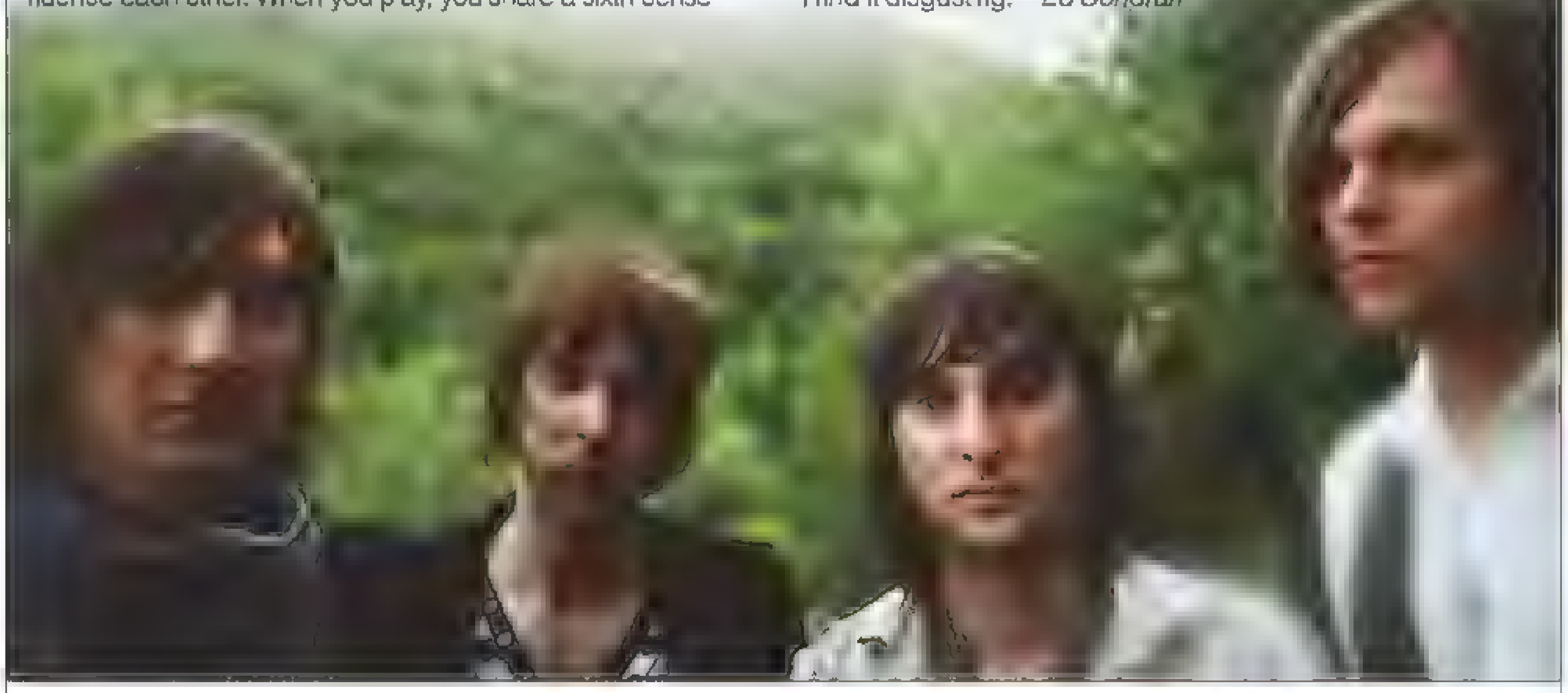
Have you ever fought with your brother over a girl?
The good thing is that we don't fight about girls. Whatever he finds attractive, I don't find attractive.

Some of your new songs are more introspective and somber than the material on *Get Born*. What was going on in your life when you were writing?
My father passed away two years ago. It took us a long time to grieve. The band almost fell apart because of that. The album actually dragged us out of that period. After I dealt with the depression and wrote the sad songs, all of a sudden the happy, fun, up-tempo songs came out.

Is that what led to the vocal harmonies on this album?
It's what we grew up listening to. It's a great way to promote an interesting melodic idea. When you have a great hook, you want to bring it to the fore. A great way to do that is by harmonizing. Maybe most other bands don't have good enough melodies to highlight. That's their problem. We're different. We're a great fucking band!

Pop rock singers sound more and more similar these days. Do you think your gravelly voice helps Jet stand out?
I miss how singers once sounded. One of my favorite singers of all time is Rod Stewart. People forget that during the sixties and seventies, his voice was second to none. He still has an amazing voice, but he sticks to that *American Songbook* stuff and not so much of the Faces material [when he rocked out with Ron Wood]. You know who has a great voice? Chris Robinson from the Black Crowes.

Robinson has soul. It's easy to be cool, but it's not easy to exude soul.
Exactly. But you know what else is missing? The roll. Whenever anyone mentions rock, they never mention the roll. The roll left whenever that fucking idiot came up with the devil-horn hand gesture. I hate that fucking thing! It's like giving the finger. I find it disgusting.—*Ed Condran*



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NO CARBS

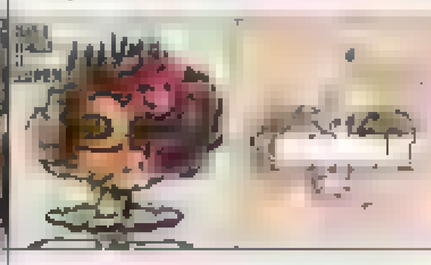
20 Our Favorite Records of 2006

These albums won't make everyone's "Best of" lists, but we like to lead, not follow. So feel free to disagree with our choices—although you know deep down that we're right.

1. Johnny Cash
American V: A Hundred Highways
(American)
The Man in Black was mourning the death of his wife, June Carter, while recording this album in 2003. Cash died before completing his final curtain call, but the rebel's voice is charged with strength. *American V* contains one original song, "Like the 309," featuring Cash's distinctive percussive guitar. But most tracks are covers, including hits by Bruce Springsteen and Neil Young.

2. Towers of London
Blood Sweat & Towers
(TVT)
This raucous punk band has perfected the Motley Crüe look and the Sex Pistols' attitude. On their full-length debut, they pound their instruments and shout like Johnny Rotten, though there are some Oasis-influenced tracks, too. Standout songs "Kill the Pop Scene" and "Fuck It Up" hurtle forward with unrestrained aggression, and the band's boisterous, fight-filled live gigs spill from the stage to this disc.

3. Gnarls Barkley
St. Elsewhere
(Downtown/Atlantic)
Danger Mouse mixes funk, gospel, rock and catchy dance beats to transcend genre on *St. Elsewhere*. "Crazy" is a prime example of this hodgepodge landing on at least 27 different best-seller charts around the world. Paired with Cee-Lo's original rhymes and unique voice, Gnarls Barkley draws from key moments in music history instead of imitating other top-40 hits like most modern hip-hop records.



4. Mohair
Small Talk
(Grunion)
The first time we heard the melodic opening track, "Talk of the Town," we were hooked. We listened to the punchy guitar, playful piano, a cappella vocals and playfully kitschy xylophone so many times that our MP3 player almost ran out of juice. Good thing it didn't, because we would have missed the rest of this jazzy, up-tempo record backed by a Gang of Four beat that will cure any sour mood.

5. Hard-Fi
Stars of CCTV
(Atlantic)
The bluesy opening notes from frontman Richard Archer's melodica (a keyboard crossed with a harmonica) will make your jaw drop. Hard-Fi recorded their debut full-length for under $600—plus the cost of a secondhand computer—but the raw, power-chord-filled album that chronicles the life of a troubled British bachelor sounds like a sinister version of early Blur.

6. Nya Jade
My Denial
(Katako)
This soulful singer-songwriter toured with Dave Matthews Band, but the appeal of her self-released debut record extends beyond the college set. Like a modern version of Des'ree (the singer of the 1994 hit "You Gotta Be"), songs like "One Pill" and "Crawl" have the walking bass lines, danceable, flowing funk guitar, and maple-syrup vocals that make for great pop.

7. New York Dolls
One Day It Will Please Us to Remember Even This
(Roadrunner)
The legendary cross-dressing band that helped define punk never attained the commercial success of their CBGB peers the Ramones or Lou Reed. But for their first release since the seventies, the Dolls recruited R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe, guitar legend Bo Diddley and the ferocious Iggy Pop to complement Sylvain Sylvain's bluesy punk guitar work and David Johansen's dusty voice.

8. Stone Sour
Come What(Ever) May
(Roadrunner)
We weren't surprised that the opening track of Slipknot singer Corey Taylor's side project is "30/30-150." The pulverizing song pairs trudging choruses with breakneck beats that are ideal for Slipknot-style headbanging. Though jagged power chords and complicated guitar riffs dominate the record, Taylor demonstrates his versatility during ample melodic sections, like on the acoustic single "Through Glass."

9. Pete Yorn
Nightcrawler
(Red Ink/Columbia)
A member of the next generation of great songwriters influenced by the likes of Bruce Springsteen, this New Jersey–born musician complements his romantically disenchanted, raspy vocals with fuzz-tinged guitars and keyboard on his third studio release. The result is an album of emotionally charged songs for sunglass-wearers. You'll be lethargically bopping your head to "Undercover."

10. Alejandro Escovedo
The Boxing Mirror
(Back Porch)
Alejandro Escovedo's folk-influenced ninth album was written shortly after he overcame hepatitis C. Flavored by tales of love and loss, *Mirror* opens with a drowsy string arrangement and a lonely, echoing keyboard on "Arizona." Grungy guitar power chords add spice on "Sacramento & Polk" and "Break This Time" hops with a Chuck Berry–influenced beat.

By Rebecca Swanner

11. The Raconteurs
Broken Boy Soldiers
(V2/Third Man)
Don't believe everything you hear from Jack White. Meg White is *not* his sister, and the Raconteurs *are* a supergroup. This not-so-little "side project" unites White with his longtime Detroit-rock buddies including singer-songwriter Brendan Benson. The deft arrangements seamlessly meld White's caustic voice, Benson's melodies, and the Greenhornes' retro, Yardbirds-esque flow.

12. The Bronx
The Bronx
(Island)
For years, the Bronx cultivated a strong following in Los Angeles's unruly underground punk scene on Ferret Records and the Explosion's label, Tarantulas. *The Bronx* may be their major-label debut, but it retains the brash energy that made previous releases like the hyperactive *Bats!*, so much fun.

13. Yeah Yeah Yeahs
Show Your Bones
(Interscope)
More minimalist than their debut *Fever to Tell*, this sophomore full-length from these Brooklyn hipsters showcases frontwoman Karen O's vocals as she teeters between a post-punk scream and not-grrr how. Though the shred-like guitars, eerie keyboards, and heavy backbeat remain key to *Show Your Bones*, it's O's voice that will crawl inside your head and haunt you at night.

14. Pharrell Williams
In My Mind
(Interscope)
Flow is the backbone of the best hip-hop records—and you either have it or you don't. Williams has it. The Neptunes cofounder and seasoned producer spits creative rhymes over the album's slick beats. Though the first single didn't blow us away, the jacque samples and liquid smooth beats are subtly sophisticated—and guest stars Nelly, Jay-Z, and Kanye West help the music pop.

15. Scissor Sisters
Ta-Dah
(Universal)
Disco isn't cool, but the Scissor Sisters figured out how to convince audiences that imitating the Bee Gees' falsetto makes for hip rock 'n' roll. The group's sophomore record co-opts the disco seventies and the new-wave eighties, spinning them into shiny dance-rock. They're cool like Elton John was in his day, and besides, you have to love a band that writes a dance-floor thumper about Paul McCartney.

16. Pink Spiders
Teenage Graffiti
(Geffen)
These Nashville natives dress in obnoxious pink outfits. But Ric Ocasek (who produced Weezer's *Blue* and *Green*) worked with their scrappy talent to create a studio album filled with the kind of catchy punk-pop licks and sing-alongs that launched Weezer. And with the exception of country ballad "Hey Jane," the album is free of Rivers Cuomo's melancholy. This is a great party record.

17. Tom Petty
Highway Companion
(American)
This master of generation-defining songs has made another great driving record, but don't expect to hear instant anthems like "Free Fallin'." Still, Petty reflects on his 30-odd years of experience through time-themed lyrics and classic sounding guitar licks. Though this probably won't be the guitar slinger's last effort, *Companion* could define the final stage of his career.

18. AFI
Decemberunderground
(Interscope)
This Orange County group blends emo, hardcore, and goth into their punk rock. On their last record, *Sing the Sorrow*, lead singer Davey Havok fully embraced his new melodically driven vocals—which suited his naturally nasal voice. Now, the more layered sound makes the album brim with energy, unexpected influences, and fun shout-alongs like their hit single, "Miss Murder."

19. Rainer Maria
Catastrophe Keeps Us Together
(Grunion)
The German poet Rilke may have inspired their name, but this Brooklyn-based trio doesn't clobber you over the head with snobby intellectualism. The decade-old band is fronted by the lullaby voice of bassist Catharine De Marrais and driven by silky guitar lines and sparse beats. By layering their sound with guitar-heavy post punk, *Catastrophe* resonates longer than most Coldplay imitators.

20. My Chemical Romance
The Black Parade
(Warner Bros.)
Rob Cavallo, the man behind Green Day's comeback record, *American Idiot*, produced My Chemical Romance's third album. It's a musically campy romp with the dark lyrics of Alkaline Trio. Warped Tour devotees will love the accessible sound, but fans of straight-up rock will enjoy tracks like "House of Wolves" that showcase Gerard Way's frenetic singing.

Wha'... What?
This year's five biggest musical surprises

Hellogoodbye
Zombies! Aliens! Vampires! Dinosaurs!
(Drive-Thru)
It's unpretentious synth-rock, like early Motion City Soundtrack making out with rave beats.

Deaf in the Family
For Those About to Rock
This Brooklyn group lays original beats and raps over classic hits, including the Clash's "Guns of Brixton" and Black Sabbath's "The Wizard."

The Legion of Doom
Incorporated
This album features two emo songs mashed up on each track, and is sure to get those shoe-gazers' metaphorical panties in a twist.

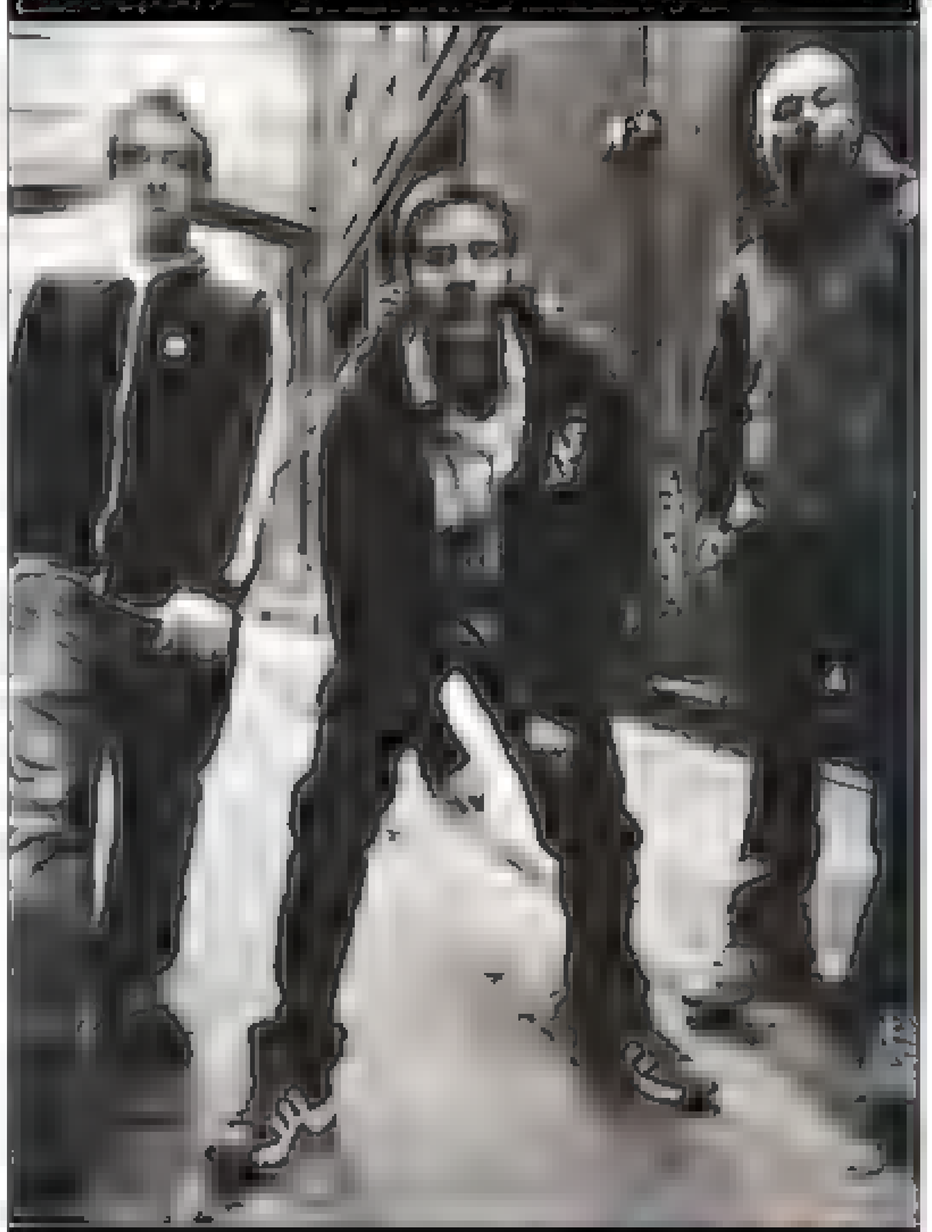
Loser
Loser
Rob Zombie and Marilyn Manson guitarist John 5 had a catchy, radio-friendly record canceled this year. Hopefully it will hit stores soon.

Puffy AmiYumi
Splurge
(Tofu)
This superstar Japanese duo plays happy, childlike tunes, but their Blondie-influenced tracks will rock American adults.

MATCHUP

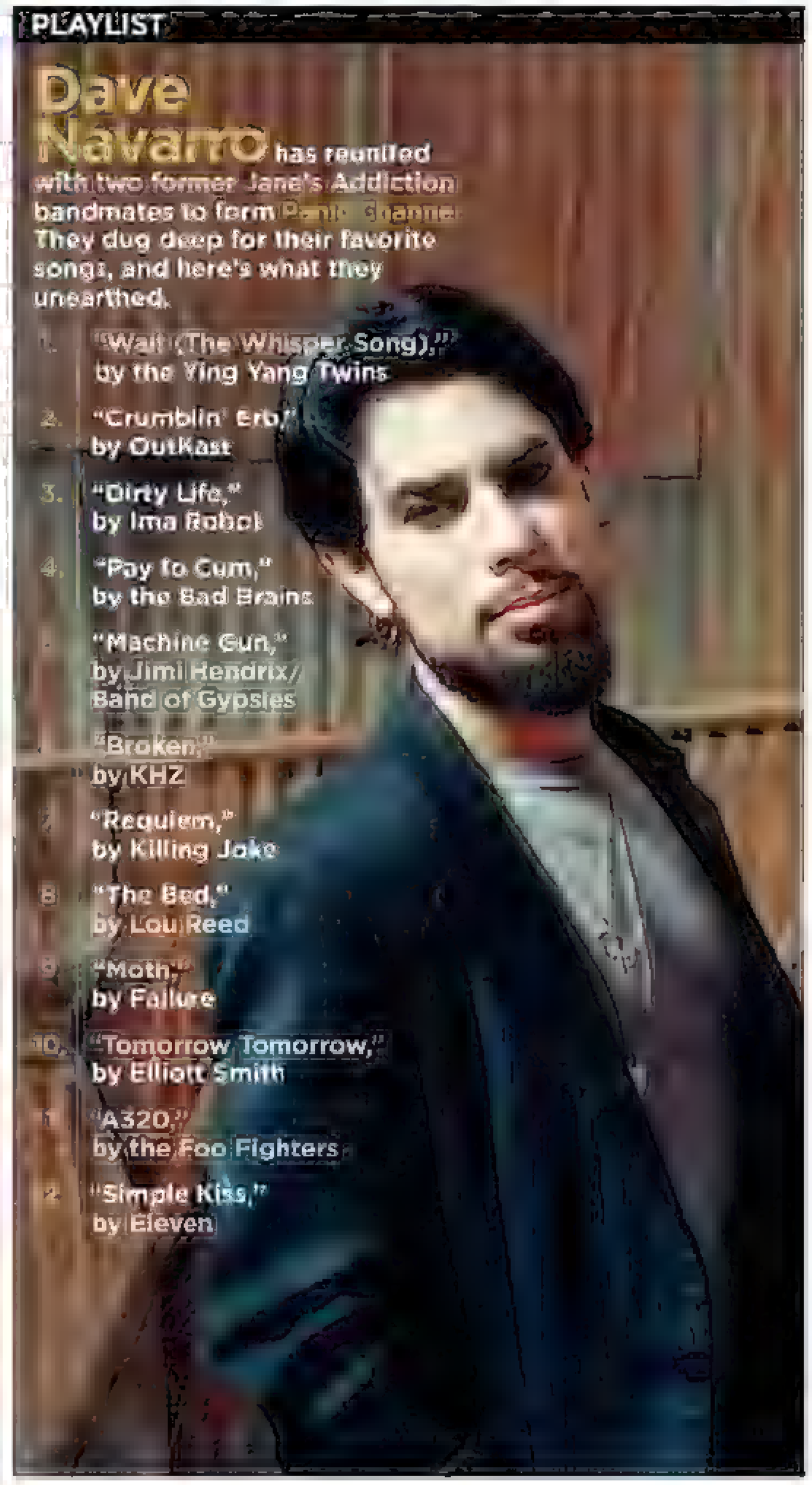
Match these original band names with their present-day monikers. See example below.

1.	Snowfield	A.	BEASTIE BOYS
2.	The Hype	B.	Live
3.	The Strand	C.	Red Hot Chili Peppers
4.	Stricken	D.	Editors
5.	Polka Tulk Blues Band	E.	Sex Pistols
6.	Tony Flow and the Miraculously Majestic Masters of Mayhem	F.	Black Sabbath
7.	YOUNG ABORIGINES	G.	Pearl Jam
8.	Mookie Blaylock	H.	Evanescence
9.	Public Affection	I.	Black Flag
10.	Panic	J.	U2



ANSWERS: 1. D, 2. J, 3. E, 4. H, 5. F, 6. C, 7. A, 8. G, 9. B, 10. I

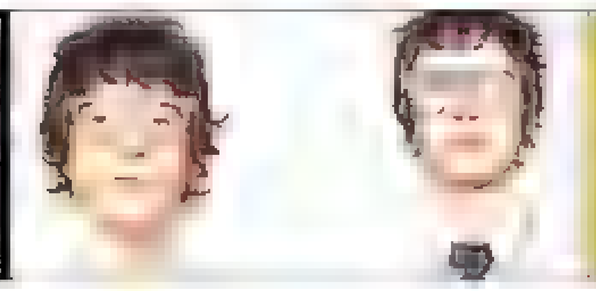
PLAYLIST



Dave Navarro has reunited with two former Jane's Addiction bandmates to form Panic Channel. They dug deep for their favorite songs, and here's what they unearthed.

1. "Wait (The Whisper Song)," by the Ying Yang Twins
2. "Crumblin' Erb," by OutKast
3. "Dirty Life," by Ima Robot
4. "Pay to Cum," by the Bad Brains
5. "Machine Gun," by Jimi Hendrix/ Band of Gypsies
6. "Broken," by KHZ
7. "Requiem," by Killing Joke
8. "The Bed," by Lou Reed
9. "Moth," by Failure
10. "Tomorrow Tomorrow," by Elliott Smith
11. "A320," by the Foo Fighters
12. "Simple Kiss," by Eleven

UNDER THE RADAR



DR. ROCCO AND THE DYNAMITE are ready to take over your stereo. The Operation—starring Sum 41's Cone McCaslin and Todd Morse (H2O, Juliette and the Licks)—wrote an album that is more reminiscent of the Ramones' three-chord punk than of Sum 41's pop-punk or H2O's New York hardcore. Go buy bigger speakers, because you're going to want to blast this record *loud*.

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BEST IN SHOW

★★★★★

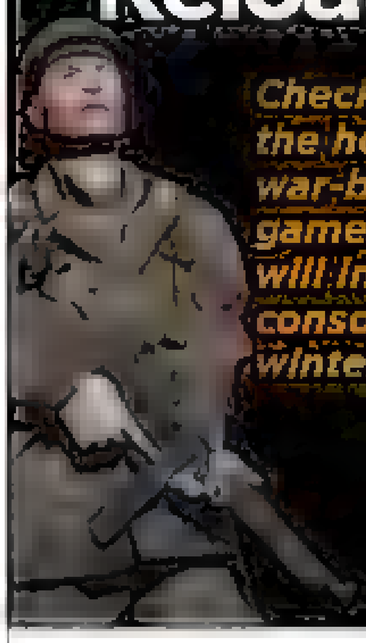
CALL OF DUTY 3

(Xbox 360, Xbox, PS3, PS2, Wii) Activision

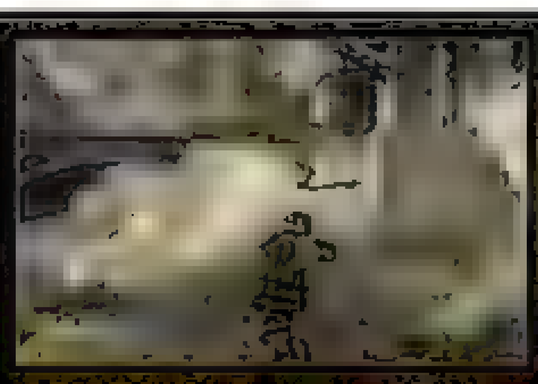
It would be hard to top the Xbox 360's most adored launch title, *Call of Duty 2*, so instead of reinventing the wheel, the developers focused on fixing the popular title's problems. The story focuses on 1944's Normandy Breakout, a weeklong battle that saw 20,000 casualties, and will allow you to control forces within the American, British, Canadian, and Polish armies. Online multiplayer fans will be able to link up with 32 other gamers and use all those characters' unique play.

There are a few jarring surprises, however. You cannot play as the Russians or the French, and PC gamers will be left high and dry. Though we're concerned about those shortcomings, we still look forward to more of the *Call of Duty* grittiness we enjoyed the first two times around.

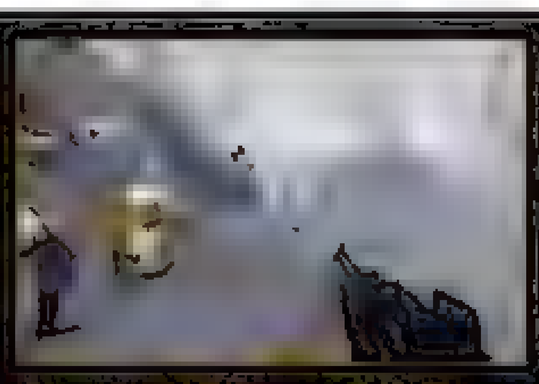
Time to Reload



Check out the hottest war-based games that will invade consoles this winter.



SOCOM U.S. Navy SEALs: Combined Assault
Squad-based play is at the heart of this third-person shooter, so be ready to team up with other competitive types as you work together to take down the enemy. Or brave it alone in the single-player campaign.



Medal of Honor: Airborne
Drop in behind enemy lines as a member of the 82nd Airborne Division in this WWII shooter, and don't expect to have your hand held through each mission. It's up to you, as seasoned gamers, to figure out how to reach your objective.

Brothers in Arms: Hell's Highway
Report for duty as sergeant of the 101st Airborne Division and make sure your squad survives the dangerous trek down Hell's Highway—the stretch of road from Holland to Germany.

By Rebecca Swanner

REVIEWS

★★★

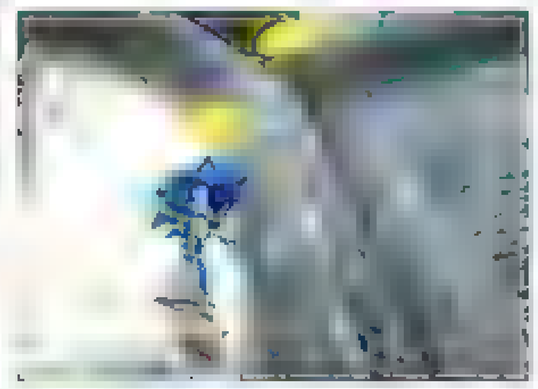
Elebits
(Wii) Konami

In the future, humans rely on Elebits to power their electric necessities. Without them, your cars won't run and the fridge won't keep the beer cool. It's your task to get these characters back to work so civilization can continue to function. Find and zap the creatures but keep your eyes peeled. They're hiding in your sink drain, your home's foundation, and anywhere else you can imagine.

★★★★

Need For Speed: Carbon
(Xbox 360, Xbox, PS3, PS2, Wii, GameCube, PC, PSP, DS, GBA) EA

The latest title in this hot racing series takes its moniker from California's picturesque Carbon Canyon, a spot that's perfect for drift racing. While you get the hang of the power slide, you can welcome back nighttime racing and some of the sexiest cars from *Most Wanted*. Another new addition lets you take over different zones and recruit teammates, including a guy who will stop other cars from whacking into your pretty piece of machinery while you're flying down the highway. Seriously, where can we find one of those guys in real life?



★★★

Sonic the Hedgehog
(Xbox 360, PS3) Sega

Everyone's favorite hedgehog makes his debut on next-gen platforms this month. You'll be able to play as either speedy Sonic, his badass doppelgänger Shadow (think *Fight Club*'s Brad Pitt—Sonic is Edward Norton), or the time-traveling, telekinetic Silver. In side missions, other classic *Sonic* characters like Tails and Knuckles return for fun fighting action.

GET YOUR GAME ON

Desperate Housewives
(PC) Buena Vista

Your girlfriend may force you to watch *Desperate Housewives* on TV, but you can enjoy connecting with her through this game based on the hit series. She'll love having the ability to further the soap opera–worthy plot, and you'll enjoy getting your character into sexy lingerie—even if that means having to play a few cooking mini-games.

USE YOUR THUMBS

★★★

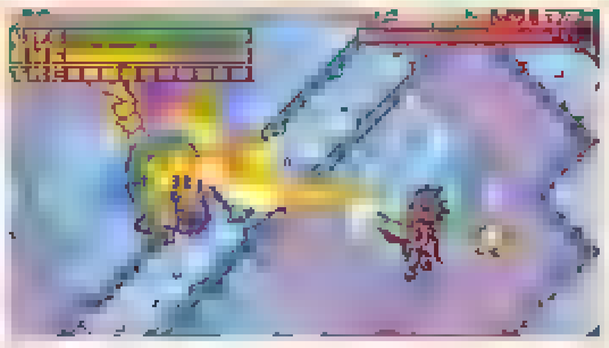
Killzone: Liberation
(PSP) Sony

This is set between the first *Killzone* and the upcoming PS3 launch title, and while it requires a more tactical approach to annihilating the gas-mask-wearing aliens, the arsenal is strong enough to keep your trigger finger happy.

★★★★

Grand Theft Auto: Vice City Stories
(PSP) Rockstar

Two years before *Vice City*, you star as Marine Victor Vance. There are guns, as usual, plus a new level of fun is added when you hop on a jet ski or into a helicopter to wreak more havoc.



★★★

Lunar Knights
(DS) Konami

In this vampire-killing adventure from the creator of the *Metal Gear Solid* series, sharpshooter Aaron and sword fighter Lucian have to destroy the blood-suckers. Forget breath mints, and get your garlic ready.

TOTALTRAVEL

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Discover Croatia's Paradise

Americans love to visit Tuscany, Paris, and Barcelona, but where do Europeans take their vacations?

Increasingly, Europeans are relaxing in Croatia, a picturesque part of the former Yugoslavia. Despite the region's history of violent conflicts, Croatia is no longer the war zone it was in the early nineties In fact, you'd be hard-pressed to find any evidence of war in the beautiful and alluring nation

Here's how to plan a leisurely week in Croatia:

DAY ONE: Land in Zagreb and check into the Regent Esplanade, a luxurious, centrally located landmark where you can kick off a half-day walking tour of the city's old town, opera house, and cafés. RegentHotels.com

DAY TWO: Enjoy breakfast on the Regent's patio, then rent a car and zip along the new highway for about three hours through gorgeous, rolling countryside to the seaside town of Split. Rent a room at the Hotel Park (Hotel Park-Split.hr), a pleasant but no-frills hotel that's the nicest place to stay until the new Le Meridien opens in November It's a ten-minute walk to the Split waterfront.

Venture outside Dubrovnik's old city walls and escape to the upscale

DAYS THREE AND FOUR: Board a car ferry from the Split waterfront to one of Croatia's premier islands Korcula The Hotel Korcula (KorculaInfo.com) is in need of a major renovation, but its gorgeous white stone facade and prime waterfront location make it the perfect place to sip Dalmatian Coast red wine and watch the sun set into the sea

DAYS FIVE AND SIX: A ten-minute ferry ride returns you to the mainland Drive south along the coast for a seafood lunch at Vila Koruna, in the tiny village of Mali Ston. Then continue to Dubrovnik, the jewel of the southern Dalmatian Coast. The Grand Vila Argentina (GVA.hr), a five-star resort that represents the future of upscale tourism in Croatia, has a great view overlooking town

End your week with walks through Dubrovnik, or hire a boat taxi to the uninhabited island adjacent to the Dubrovnik harbor—on the side hidden from land is the town's unofficial nude beach

For general information on visiting Croatia, go to Croatia.hr.

By Rudy Maxa

Hungry Aloft?

Although most airlines have stopped serving meals in coach, you don't have to settle for beef jerky and a cookie in the $3 snack pack. Some alternatives include:

Ask your hotel for a to-go meal. Guests at the Plaza Athénée in New York City, for example, can order a chicken club or roast beef sandwich complete with monogrammed cloth napkins. The Peninsula Beverly Hills will assemble an entire platter of treats. And some Ritz-Carlton hotels will assemble "flight bites": Trade the string cheese for a poached chicken breast pita sandwich with tarragon mayonnaise from the Ritz-Carlton, Pentagon City outside Washington, D.C.

If you're flying out of Los Angeles **SkyMeals** will deliver an entire meal in a neat carry-on box to your home or straight to your terminal the day of your flight. Choose from an extensive menu of main courses (seared ahi tuna, a charcuterie platter), salads (caprese, Caesar with salmon), and desserts (flourless chocolate cake, peach-and-blueberry crumble). SkyMeals.com

Just as you allot time to fill a rental car with gas before returning it to the airport, take a couple of minutes to **stop at a café or gourmet grocery store** and put together a great meal that you can take aboard your flight. It'll impress your date as well as the other passengers.

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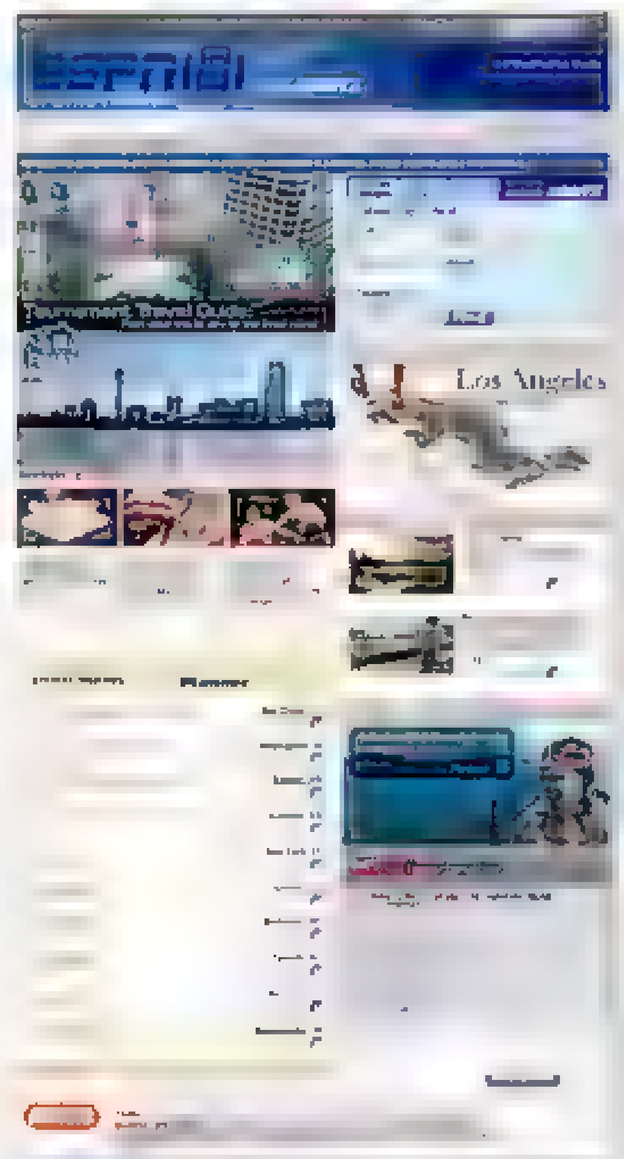
Two of the world's great passions, travel and sports, come together as ESPN.com and Orbitz.com join forces to offer travel packages to upcoming sporting events, including tickets, airfare, hotels, and rental cars. Plan a getaway to catch the Major League Baseball playoffs, the Ironman Triathalon World Championship in Hawaii, college football and NFL games or NASCAR races. Check out **Sports.ESPN.Go.com/travel/** to see what's available. The Website also breaks down team schedules and lists all kinds of major upcoming sporting events.



Last-Minute Europe

Forgot to book your trip to Europe? Visit EuropeExpress.com for a listing of seven companies that specialize in low-priced packages. Two recent deals included airfare and six nights at hotels in London and Rome for $879, including breakfast; and 13 nights in "classical Europe" for $1,549, including flights, accommodations, and train tickets between cities.

By John Bolster

Elliott Sadler

How does it feel to be on the cover of a video game?
Man, that's a great honor I've been a video-game person my whole life, so I've watched them grow. If you look at the people on the covers of EA Sports games, every one of them is amazing, so it's a great honor.

Some drivers, including Denny Hamlin and Carl Edwards, have said that video games can be a legit simulated-course training tool. Do you agree?
One hundred percent. I have used them as a training too. Before I went to Infineon [Raceway, in Sonoma, California,] to race the road course for the first time, I played it for a couple of months on the video game over and over again. When I left pit road the first time, I knew the elevation changes exactly, I knew the turns, I knew exactly what to look for when I was off this corner or this tree—the whole deal. You can't simulate the g-forces and things like that. But you *can* simulate the line of sight and other elements, which are very, very important to a race-car driver.

You got your start racing go-karts as a seven-year-old. At what point did you realize that you could be a pro driver?
Good question. I raced until I was about 16 and won a lot of races, but it was all for fun. My dad raced, my mom had three brothers who raced, and I had a bunch of first cousins who raced. But we all just did it for fun. And then my brother [Hermie Sadler] got a break and signed with Busch racing, and I thought, *Well, if he can do it* ... Then in 1996, when I was 21 years old, a guy [Busch Series team owner Gary Bechtel] called me and pretty much just drafted me.

But before that, didn't you attend James Madison University on a basketball scholarship?
Yes, but I never got to play because I tore my knee up. I played six sports in high school. I had a lot of baseball and basketball scholarship offers, but I really loved the James Madison campus. I really wanted to go there and try to play for [former coach] Lefty Driesell. But I never got the chance. So now I got a sit-down job.

But you're pretty athletic, in the conventional sense.

Sadler, 31, is the cover athlete for EA Sports' *NASCAR 11*.

> "It's about **140 to 150 degrees** inside the car. That's for a four-hour period. **In Chicago** this past summer, **I lost 12 pounds** in four hours."

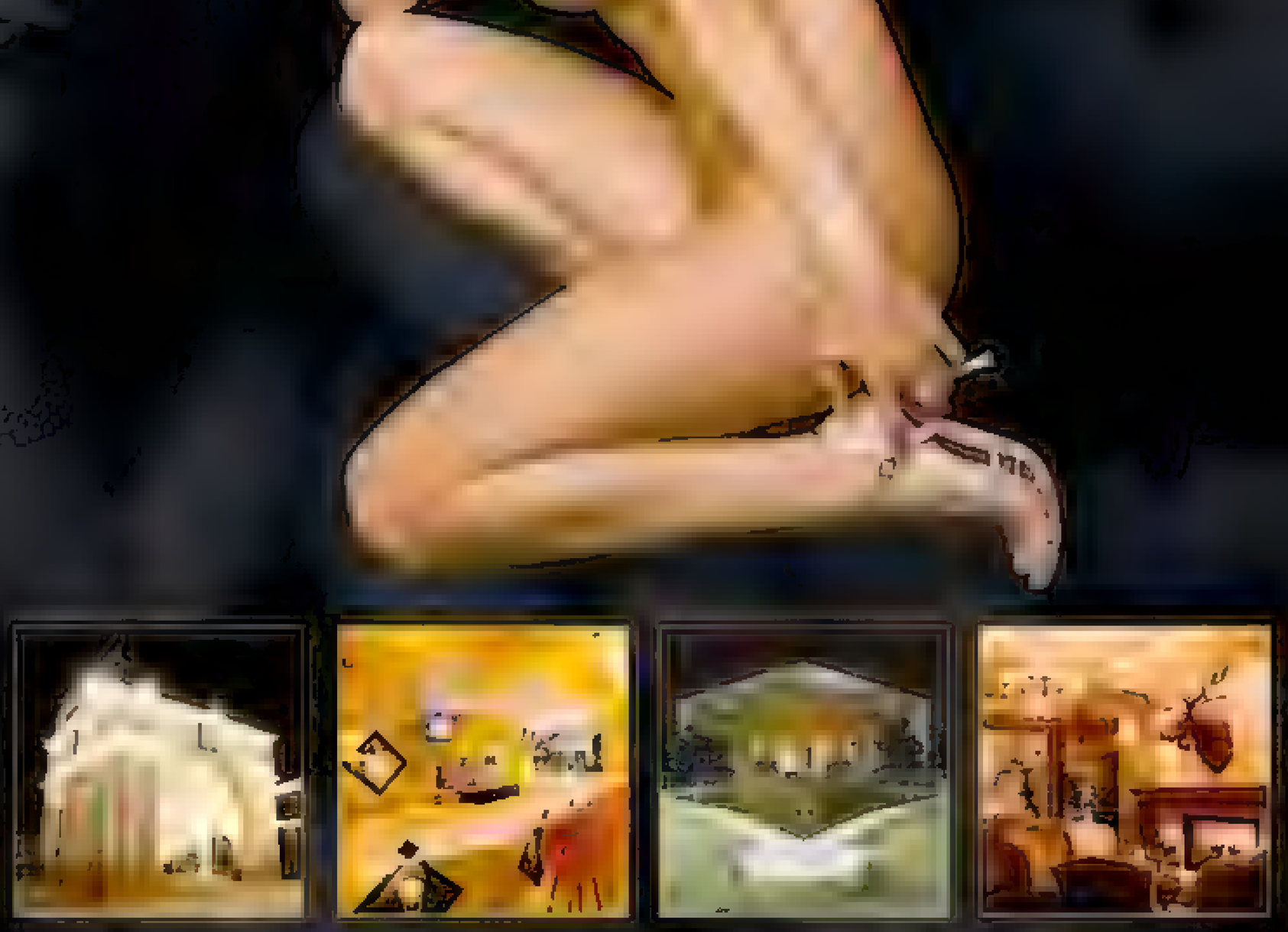
What's the most athletic thing a NASCAR driver has to do?
I think the toughest thing we have to do is put up with the heat. It's about 140 to 150 degrees inside the car. That's for a four-hour period. In Chicago this past summer, I lost 12 pounds in four hours. We do different things to train. We sit in steam rooms or saunas for hours, getting our bodies used to sweating, getting our lungs used to breathing hot air. We train a lot differently than a basketball or football or baseball player would. It's a whole different deal.

We all know Sammy Hagar couldn't do it, but in civilian life, can you drive 55?
[*Laughs*] I do drive the speed limit. *But*, I tailgate really bad. Because my perception of being close to the guy in front of me is not like a normal person's. To me—because we're bumper-to-bumper all the time in NASCAR races—I can be right on somebody's tail.

Trading paint.
Trading paint doesn't bother me one bit. Because I understand that if he slams the brake—[*claps hands*]—I hit him, he's going, and I'm just going to stay.

I do probably get some "hand signals" every once in a while from riding too close to people. But I've only gotten one speeding ticket in my entire life. ○

Photographed by Jeff Riggenbach for Penthouse



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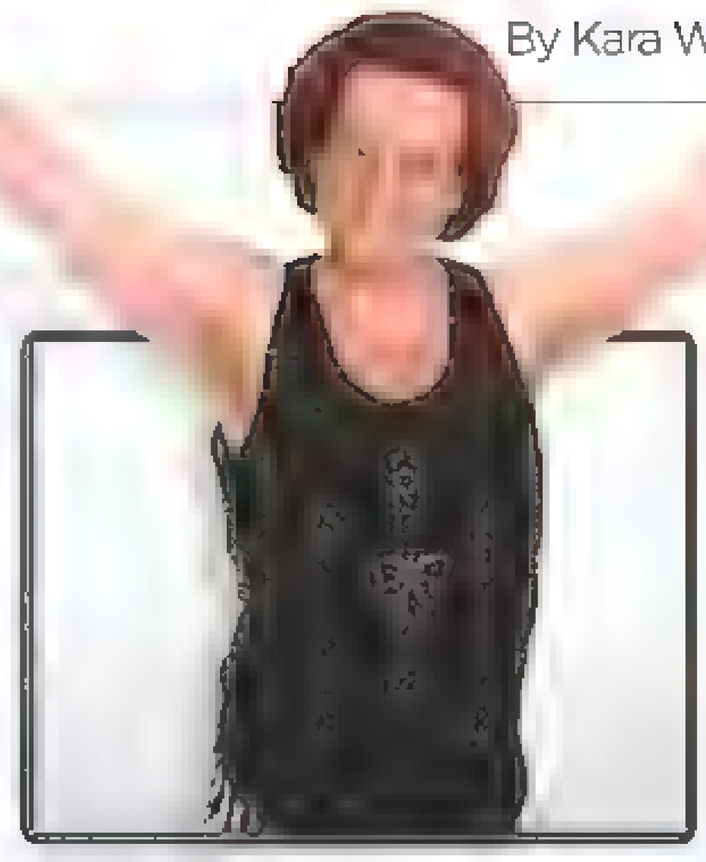
Get E-Training

By Kara Wahlgren



Don't want to cough up the dough for a personal trainer? Look no further than your computer. Getting in shape can be as easy as downloading porn, thanks to a slew of new online workout sites and techie-friendly training devices. Here are a few standouts:

PumpOne
How it works: You download a "Trainer" to your iPod (it occupies the same amount of space as three songs). Each downloadable workout program consists of around 30 different exercises, complete with video demos. Workouts range from strength training to yoga. Take it to the gym and laugh at all the suckers paying $50 an hour for *their* personal trainer. Cost: starts at $19 per program.

Online trainers
How it works: Subscribe to an online personal trainer to get customized workout plans. Some sites offer unlimited e-mail consultations and extensive databases of exercises with video demos. Cost: $10 or more per month.

Fitness logs
How it works: If you've got motivation to spare, you can skip the trainer and just log your fitness progress online. You record daily meals, exercise, and workout goals to stay on track. Cost: around $10 per month. Some sites (like Discovery Health's annual National Body Challenge) let you track your progress for free.

Hiring a **personal trainer** usually means emptying your wallet—but a **new workout trend** could change that by offering **personalized workouts** at the click of a mouse.

DON'T CHEAP OUT

Pedometers can be had for pennies nowadays—you can even score a freebie with a value meal. But it may be worth springing for a better model. Researchers tested more than 1,000 cheap pedometers by comparing the readings to an accurate step-count log. Three out of four pedometers failed to come within ten percent of the real count, and one out of every three was off by as much as 50 percent. Most often, the pedometer reading was too high—so you may think you've hit your goal when you're only halfway there.

CARDIO HEALING

If you keep running out of Band-Aids, try using a treadmill more often. A recent study at Ohio State University found that exercise can speed wound healing in older adults by as much as 25 percent. In the study, 55- to 77-year-old participants were divided into two groups. One group started a regular exercise program, while the other group remained sedentary. Participants in both groups were given a small puncture wound on the upper arm (hope they got paid well!). On average, the exercisers healed in 29 days, compared to 39 days for the non-exercisers—a serious benefit, since faster wound healing can reduce the risk of infection.

WINTER WORKOUT ESCAPES

It seems like winter was designed to make you fat. The freezing temps make you want to hibernate instead of go to the gym, and the holiday season gives you ample opportunities to stuff your face with nutritional nightmares like eggnog and gravy-slathered turkey. One way to avoid the cold-weather weight gain: Get out of the cold weather. Visit Backroads.com and book an active vacation, such as biking in Bali, hiking in Hawaii, or kayaking in Australia. And if you're feeling really gung ho, check out MarathonGuide.com to get a list of races around the world and start training today. Hello, Death Valley!

Richard Simmons photograph by Jamal Countess/Wenn.com

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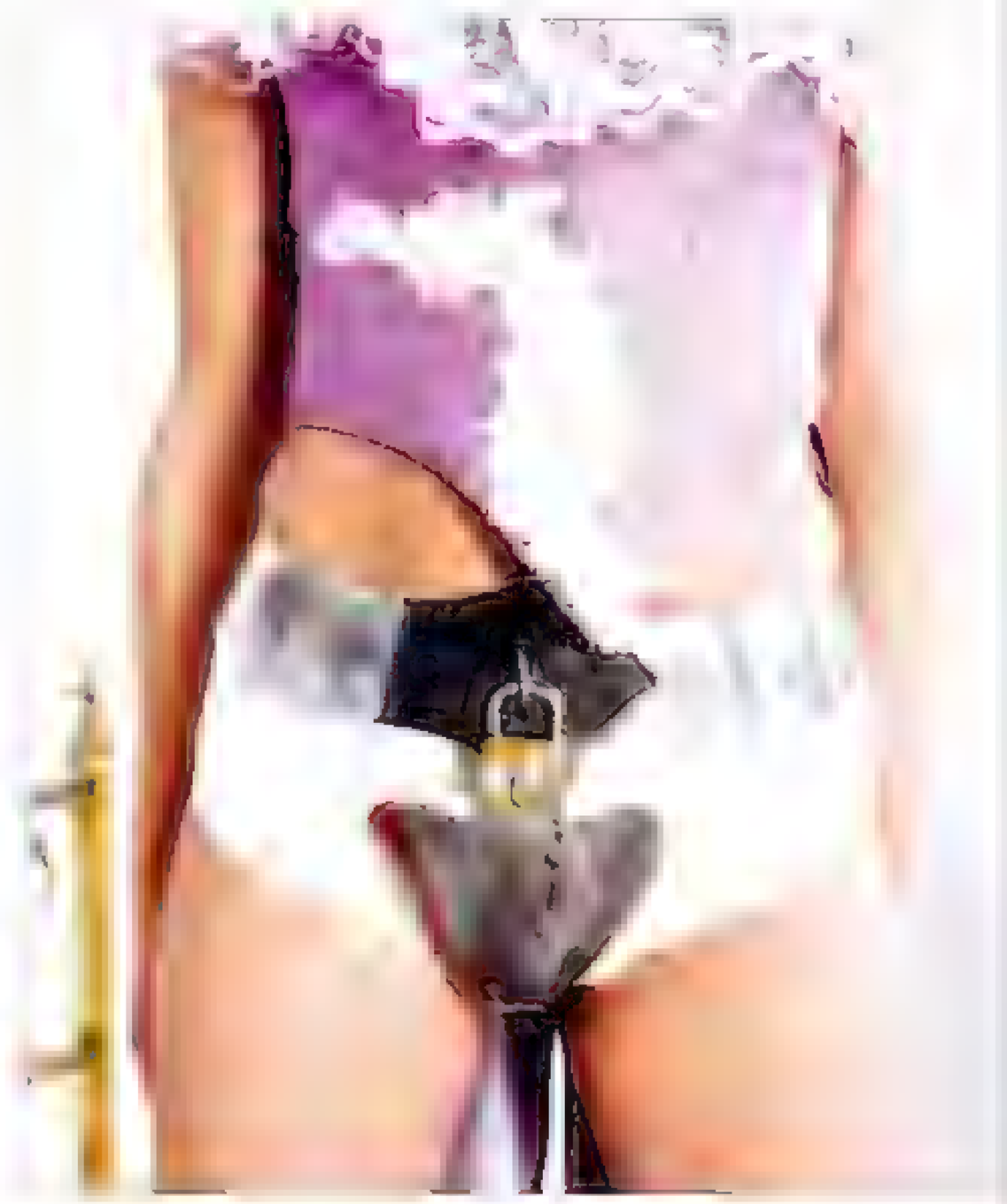
Bitter Pill

By Kara Wahlgren



If your girl's sex drive seems to fall somewhere between "general apathy" and "cold fish," check her medicine cabinet. Some 43 percent of women say they've experienced sexual dysfunction, compared to 31 percent of men, and one major culprit is the Pill.

Oral contraceptives prevent pregnancy by stopping ovulation, but a side effect is that they may decrease sex drive. The Pill encourages the body to produce a protein that binds to sex hormones and saps them. Ironic but true. The same pill that takes the worry out of sex can also take the sex out of your love life. So what can you do if her pill is ruining your sex life? Ask her to talk to her gynecologist about switching birth-control methods. Pills low in estrogen and progestin are the biggest offenders, so changing brands might do the trick; if not, she may want to try an intrauterine device or that old standby, the condom.

[illegible]

Looking for a safe, natural cure for erectile dysfunction? Don't look in your in-box. The FDA is warning consumers to avoid supposed "all-natural" sexual-enhancement drugs sold online because the pills may actually contain chemicals found in Viagra and Levitra.

If the idea of scoring Viagra without a prescription still interests you, consider this: Sildenafil, the active ingredient in Viagra, and vardenafil, Levitra's active agent, can be fatal when taken with common medications prescribed for diabetes, high blood pressure, high cholesterol, and heart disease.

ED drugs work the same way as those medications—by expanding blood vessels to lower blood pressure—and combining them can decrease the flow of blood to the heart, triggering a heart attack. The FDA cautions against purchasing Zimaxx, Libidus, Neophase, Nasutra, Vigor-25, Actra-Fx, and 4EVERON. Stick with FDA-approved meds—because you know exactly what you're getting, and that information can mean life or death.

Hiding your **sexual history** can get you arrested. Partners can be held **legally responsible** for **spreading STIs,** even if they don't know they're infected.

KISS AND TELL...OR ELSE

Lying about your sexual history can get you into serious trouble with your girl, but now it could also get you in trouble with the law. A ruling in California's top court holds people responsible for spreading sexually transmitted infections—even if they don't know they're infected.

In the groundbreaking case, a woman and her husband accused each other of transmitting HIV. After they were both diagnosed with AIDS, the man admitted to having bisexual affairs sometimes unprotected. Since he concealed his risky sexual behavior, the court ruled that he can be held legally responsible—even though he didn't know he was H.I.V-positive. "Simply put, it means that even though you didn't know, you should have known," the woman's lawyer, Roland Wrinkle, told the Agence France Presse. "If you act negligently while driving and injure someone ... the negligent person bears the burden. Why should it be different with a disease?" He added, "The judges believed it enforces responsibility so this epidemic gets cut back."

Photographs by (from top) Ramey Holz/Corbis, Earl Miller

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"DEAR DR. Z"

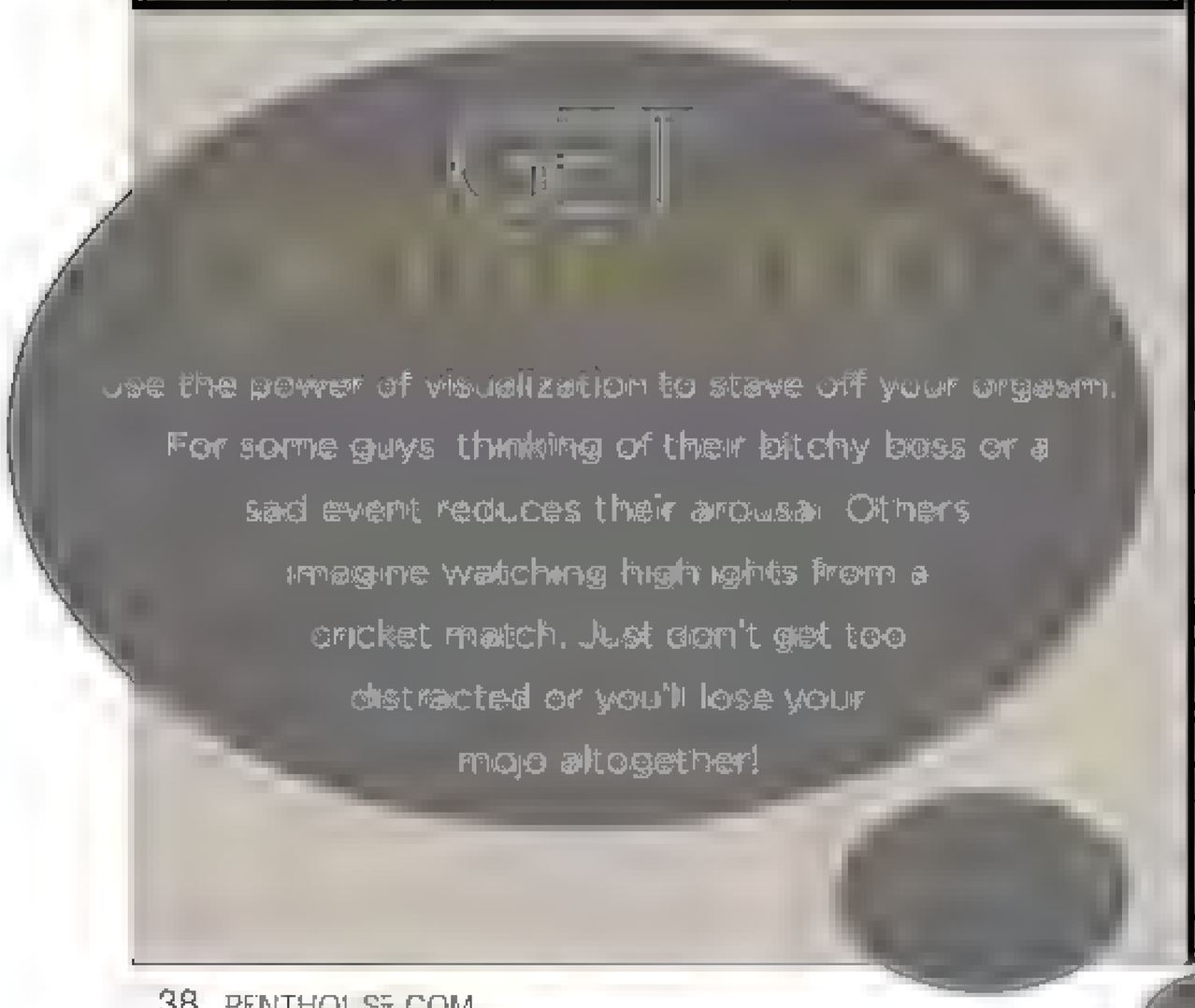
Getting Your Sex Life Even Hotter!

3 Ways to Last Longer

If you've ever raced to the finish line before your girl hits her high note, listen up: Women can take up to **20 minutes to climax**—while men, on average, need just **four minutes**. Whoa there, cowboy! **Try these tricks** to keep going and going and going....

MASTURBATE

If you haven't ejaculated in a while, you'll increase your chances of coming too soon. So give yourself some self-love before bedding your honey. Just make sure to destroy the evidence lest she inadvertently uses it as hair gel, à la *There's Something About Mary*.



WEAR A COCK RING

Using a cock ring restricts blood flow, keeping it at the base of your penis. The result? Your penis will stay bigger and harder for longer, and when you do come, your orgasm will be intensified. Try the Screaming O Ring, a disposable penis ring with a ribbed surface to stimulate her clitoris (available at PenthouseStore.com).

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D

DRINK UP

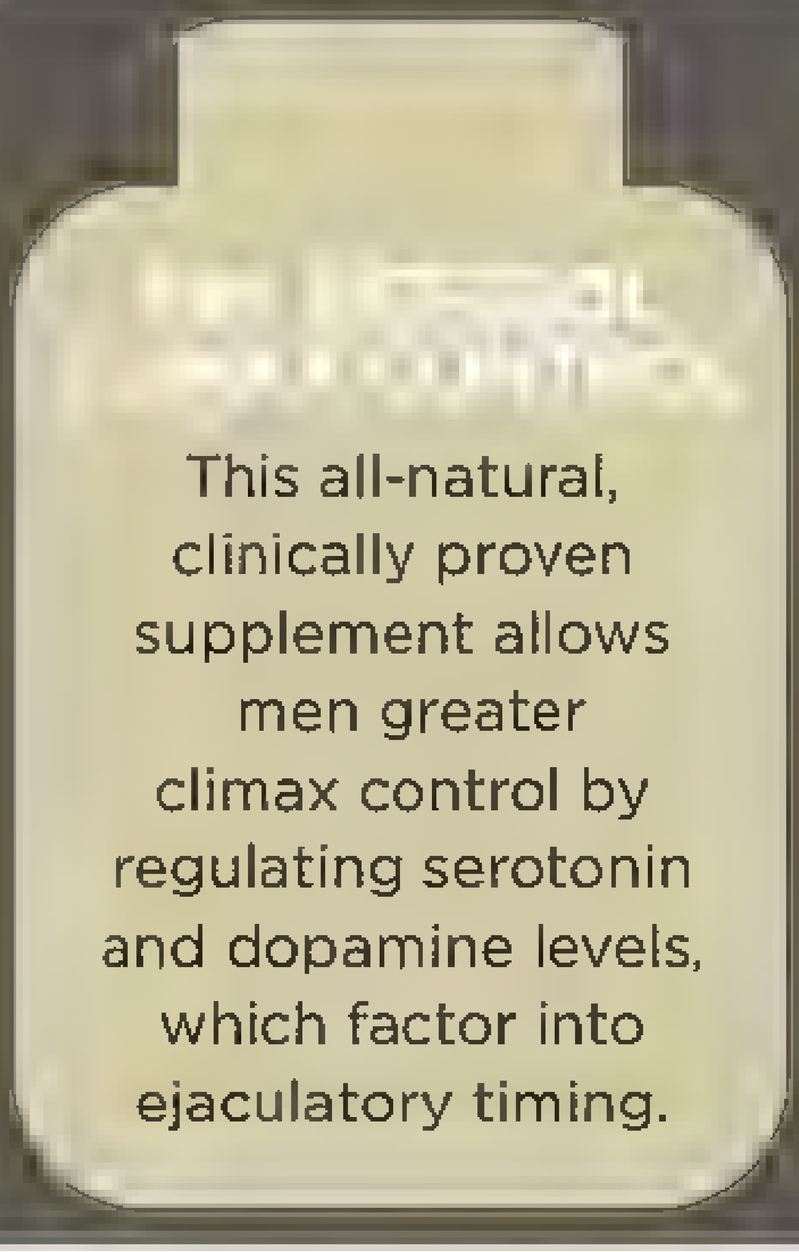
Having a cocktail or two slows down your reflexes, including your ejaculatory one. But don't rely on booze too often, or you'll develop a tolerance to alcohol and require greater amounts to feel the effects. Or, worse, you'll pass out on top of her before you're finished!

CHECK YOUR PROSTATE

Research shows that up to 50 percent of premature ejaculation may be caused by an inflamed prostate. So don't let your fear of docs prevent you from being in tip-top sexual shape.

USE THE SQUEEZE TECHNIQUE

When you feel you're about to come, quickly squeeze the shaft of your penis between your thumb and index finger for about 20 seconds, then let go and resume stimulation. Not only will you stave off your O, but when you do climax, your pleasure will be intensified.



PRACTICE

You can learn to rein in your orgasm by reducing stimulation before the point of no return. When you feel like you're getting overexcited, take a break and switch to kissing and caressing, or stop to give her oral sex. Then start up again. The result will be a longer sack session and a happier partner!

PEAKING

THE DOCTOR IS IN

PLAYING THE GAME

My buddies and I are arguing about how long a guy should wait before calling a woman after getting her number. I like to call the next day, while I'm still fresh in her mind. But my friends say it's better to make her wait as long as possible so you don't come across as desperate. What's your take on it?—J.R., Rhode Island

Dating experts disagree about how long a man should wait before calling a woman—some advise calling her right away, others believe waiting a while is best. But most of these experts are not women who have sat around waiting for a guy to call. My advice is to wait at least one day—but not more than a couple of days. This way, you'll appear cool but interested. Calling her that same night or early the next day is too soon and will betray your eagerness. But if you wait longer than two days, she may assume that you lack the nerve or desire to call her, or that you're an unreliable flake who won't return her calls in the future. One more word to the wise: Some guys will dial a woman's number or text her right after meeting her, just to check if she gave them the right number. Anything along the lines of, "Hi. I'm just checking if I have your correct number," is totally annoying.

Life Imitating Art

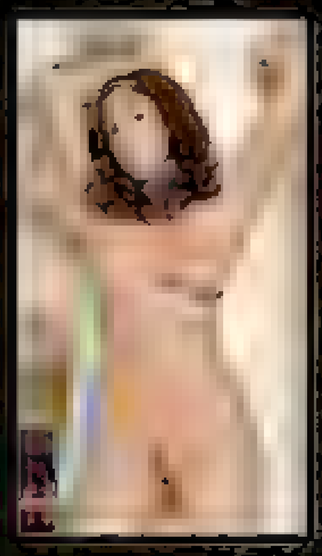
I really get off on porn films that feature anal sex. Sometimes a porn star will suck a guy's penis right after taking it in her ass. None of the women I've been with were willing to do that. Is it dangerous?—J.B., New York

What you see in a porn flick is totally removed from the real world. When you watch a penis traveling directly from a porn star's anus to her mouth, you're probably being fooled by good video editing. The action was likely interrupted between anal and oral sex to clean his cock. There's a good reason why people wash their hands after going to the bathroom. You can pick up all kinds of nasty bacteria from direct anal-to-mouth contact: E.coli and salmonella, to name a few. So if you want to finish off your anal action with a B.J., wash yourself first; or wear a condom for anal sex, then remove or change it for the oral or vaginal finale.

Sweet Dreams

Recently, I had the most erotic dream about my coworker. She lifted her skirt, revealing her tight round ass, and let me fuck her from behind while she bent over the file cabinet. The dream was so hot that I had a huge orgasm in my sleep. Is there a way I can make myself have another dream like that?—E.R., California

The best way to increase the probability of having a wet dream is to refrain from masturbating for a few weeks. But this method isn't foolproof—wet dreams depend on your age, testosterone level, frequency of sex, and a host of other variables. And even if you do have another wet dream, there's no guarantee that it'll feature your hot coworker. Continuously masturbating to her image is actually less likely to result in having a similar dream. Try thinking of your coworker for a brief moment right before you fall asleep, then suppress any sexual thoughts about her as they arise. Research shows that we're more likely to dream about the last subject on our minds before we fall asleep, and we tend to dream about people we consciously tried to avoid thinking about. Let me know if it works—I have a few hot scenes that I'd love to relive in my dreams, too!



MIA Mojo

My wife has stopped making love to me, saying she's become too tight or my cock is too large. She still gives me the occasional blowjob, but she also encourages me to masturbate to get myself off. I think she's just lost her sexual drive toward me. I miss making love to my wife!—R.Y., New York

Unfortunately, your hunch is probably correct. Your wife has either lost her sexual desire or her sexual interest in you specifically. This business about your cock being too large is just an excuse she's concocted to avoid having sex without hurting your feelings. When a woman is aroused, her vagina expands and becomes lubricated, and is usually able to accommodate any size penis (and a baby's head). Also, women do not get tighter with age—often, the reverse is true. Her lack of a sex drive may be due to hormonal changes from a new birth-control method, weight loss, or aging.

If she's willing to try to overcome the problem, dedicate more time to foreplay and exploring her fantasies to see if she regains interest. She also should talk to her doctor in case there are other physiological issues at play. On the other hand, if her lack of desire is due to her loss of attraction to you, talk to a marital counselor to see if you can rekindle the romantic spark in your relationship.

GETTING TO ME: If you have a question, a story, a sex toy for me, or just a (nice) comment, please visit Penthouse.com/drz, e-mail victoria@penthouse.com, or send snail mail to Dr. Victoria Zdrok, *Penthouse*, 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.

WHAT SHE MEANS

It's no surprise that men and women speak different languages. Learn to decode these three phrases and you'll have a better relationship. This is what your woman *really* means when she says ...

"DO YOU THINK SHE'S PRETTY?"

She's seeking reassurance. What she really means is, "I'm having a fat/ugly/bad-hair day, and you need to tell me that I am not only better looking than she is, but the hottest woman in the entire world." So, let her catch you checking her out while she's getting dressed, or sneak up behind her and say, "Just looking at you [illegible]"

"NOT TONIGHT, HONEY."

She's clueing you in to the fact that she's feeling unsexy because she gained a few pounds or has a zit. You can try to overcome this by telling her how crazy with desire she makes you—but be prepared for failure. This is not about you. When a woman is feeling down about her body or overall foxiness, it may take her a day or two to get over it. Just wish her well, compliment [illegible]

"NOTHING IS WRONG."

Tread carefully with this one, guys. This almost always means, "You hurt my feelings. To punish you, I'm going to make you pry it out of me—though you should know me well enough to figure it out." Your reply is key, so say something like, "I got the sense that I upset you in some way. I wish you'd tell me so I can try to fix it. I'm here if you need to [illegible]"

F*CKED UP

BY GIVING MY GIRLFRIEND A BLENDER AS A GIFT

Unless your goal is to drink tons of smoothies and not have sex, you presents for people. Say you've never had such a sexy girlfriend to buy gifts for, so you need a little guidance in picking out the right things for such a hottie. Then call her best friend to find out what your lady really wants. Offering to take her shopping should also help. You may have to pay dearly for your faux pas, but if you make it up to her, she'll definitely show her gratitude.

SEX DEVICE OF THE MONTH

THE STRIPPER POLE

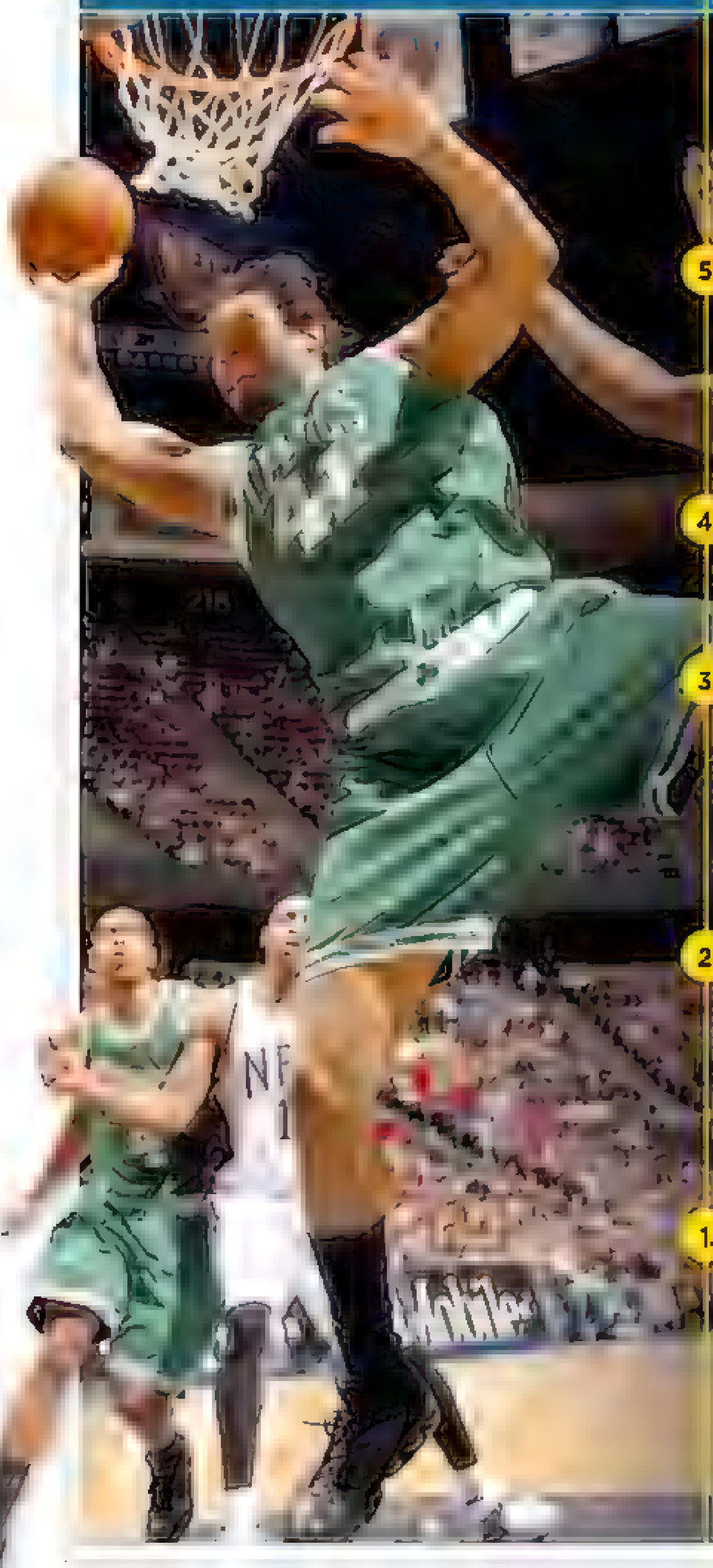
What: A brass or stainless-steel pole like those found in strip clubs.
How: Screw it into your ceiling (you'll need a stud finder).
Why: To inject the excitement of a strip club into your bedroom.
Pros: It'll impress your bachelor buddies, and makes for hot role-playing with your girl.
Con: You'll have a pole in the middle of your bedroom, so make sure you don't bump into it when you're drunk—head injuries aren't sexy.
Where: PoleDanzer.com

GAMETIME

This Month in Sports: The Stats, the Scores, the Skinny

PENTHOUSE TOP 5

COLLEGE HEROES, PRO ZEROES | BASKETBALL EDITION



The NBA season, which tips off this month, follows one of the more tepid drafts in recent memory. Expectations are relatively low for this year's rookie crop, which is probably a good thing, since the list of highly touted college stars who have turned into NBA washouts is longer than Manute Bol's arm. Here are the top five.

5. Christian Laettner He led Duke to four consecutive Final Fours, hit the famous game-winning buzzer-beater in overtime of the 1992 East regional final against Kentucky, and in his senior year, was a first-team All-America and won every national player-of-the-year award in existence. You can't get more "college hero" than that. In the pros, Laettner was the very definition of a journeyman, playing for six teams in 13 years and never coming close to fulfilling the potential his time in Durham suggested.

4. Chris Washburn Washburn entered North Carolina State in 1984 blessed with size (6'11"), skill, and athleticism. He left school in 1986 as the No. 3 pick in the NBA draft. Three years—and three failed drug tests—later, he was banned from the league, exiting with career averages of 3.1 points and 2.4 rebounds per game.

3. Derrick Coleman He graduated from Syracuse in 1990 as the school's all-time leading scorer, a first-team All-America, and—a few weeks after graduation—the No. 1 overall pick of the 1990 draft. There was talk of all-time, NBA-pantheon greatness. But Coleman only delivered legendarily lackluster efforts, struggles with his weight, and a general overwhelming sense of underachievement. He produced respectable career numbers of 16.5 points and 9.3 rebounds per game, but compared to what he should have been, Coleman was a Dolly Parton–size bust.

2. Danny Ferry Apparently, having your number retired at Duke can make you think you're the second coming of John Havlicek. After his senior year in Durham, Ferry pulled a John Elway and spent a season playing in Italy instead of signing with the Los Angeles Clippers. (Elway threatened to switch to baseball after being drafted by the Colts in '83, forcing a trade to Denver.) It was a blessing in disguise for the Clips, who got guard Ron Harper from Cleveland in exchange for the rights to Ferry, who redefined mediocrity in ten years with the Cavs.

1. Michael Olowokandi Okay, he went to Pacific—not generally the site of college-basketball heroics—but in his junior year there, having taken up the game of basketball only a few years earlier, Olowokandi single-handedly led the Tigers to the 1997 NCAA tournament. After his senior year, the Clippers made him the first overall selection of the 1998 draft, thinking they'd found a diamond in the rough. No such luck. Olowokandi has not panned out, to put it mildly. To put it less mildly, here's Suns coach Alvin Gentry talking to *Sports Illustrated*'s Jack McCallum last season: "Olowokandi's a pussy."

Photo by Ty Tenen/Getty Images Michael Pimentel/Corbis AP

By John Bolster

Quest for the Cup XI

When he took over as coach of the New York Red Bulls following the World Cup, former U.S. national team coach Bruce Arena said, "I heard somebody call this thing a superclub. If I said that, would you believe me?"

Let's see . . . um . . . no. No, we wouldn't. We know the track record. But we're more interested in another part of Arena's comment: Who *was* that "somebody"? We'd guess it was departed New York General Manager Alexi Lalas, who's currently running the Los Angeles Galaxy. So why would Arena take a gratuitous shot at Lalas? We don't know, but we might find out if the two teams meet in MLS Cup XI on November 12 at Dallas's Pizza Hut Park. While that matchup is possible and, considering Arena's comment, could provide a hype-fueling rivalry, we're guessing it'll be Freddy Adu's D.C. United, which ran away with the Eastern Conference in midsummer, and FC Dallas, with its deadly strike force of Carlos Ruiz and former Manchester United trainee Kenny Cooper. That's our pick, anyway, and we'll go with Dallas, playing at home, to hoist the Cup.

Penthouse Hall of Fame

Scott Jurek, an unassuming physical therapist from Seattle, is the world's most badass endurance athlete.

Not every inductee to the *Penthouse* Hall of Fame is a steak-and-bourbon man (see Hack Wilson September 2006). Ultramarathoner Scott Jurek is a vegan, for crying out loud. But make no mistake: While he may live on bean curd and hummus, he's tougher than a two-dollar flank steak. Jurek is the defending champion and course record-holder of the Badwater Ultramarathon, which makes this month's New York City Marathon seem like a guided stroll for tourists by comparison. The Badwater course runs from Death Valley (280 feet below sea level) to the trailhead of the Mount Whitney summit (8,360 feet), covering 135 completely unforgiving miles. Jurek finished last year's race in 24 hours, 36 minutes, and eight seconds. We'd have to think the mental challenge of such a race is at least as formidable as the physical aspect. Consider this: After Jurek hit hour 19 or 20 of Badwater having run 109 blistering miles . . . he still had a whole marathon (26 miles) to go. *Oof*

The Dead Schembechlers

College football's greatest rivalry—Ohio State versus University of Michigan—finally has a punk-rock quartet to sing its praises. We say it's about time. They're the Dead Schembechlers, from Columbus, Ohio, and they're devoted to hating all things Michigan. Our man Daniel Nemet-Nejat spoke to lead singer Bo Biafra as he prepared to perform at the annual Hate Michigan Rally before this year's big game, which kicks off on November 18 at Ohio State.

Why do you hate the University of Michigan and former coach Bo Schembechler so much?

The first time I met Mr. Schembechler, I was a young boy. A family member suggested I go over and ask him for an autograph in a restaurant. Instead of signing the small piece of paper that I held out to him, he doused me in kerosene and set me on fire.

You've been hurt in onstage brawls and postgame riots. What's the worst injury you've suffered?

I like to end the show by biting off the head of a live wolverine. It bit me back one year and took off the tip of my tongue.

Your entire set used to last as short as three minutes. Why was that?

There was such physical danger involved with performing, we needed to make the sets as short as possible. The shows were so secret that sometimes we band members were not even allowed to know about them.

Your new song, "Buckeye Surfer Girl," seems like a departure for the band.

It is about the great central Ohio surf season—considerably lighter fare than our other stuff, with only a few dozen Wolverines dying in the song.

Do you believe, as your Website suggests, that OSU has never really lost a game?

There are members of the band who believe that the Buckeyes have never actually been defeated by the Michigan Wolverines—that fans who believe the Buckeyes were defeated had been placed under mind control.

Ohio State's legendary coach, Woody Hayes, often appears to you in dreams. What does he tell you?

Woody will often appear to me in dreams just to kibitz. We publicize the dreams that have historical significance at the upcoming game of Hate Michigan Rally.

How does the current coach, Jim Tressel, compare to Woody Hayes?

Jim Tressel has done an incredible job. But no one could ever be Woody—it's like trying to compare a president to George Washington.

What's your prediction for this year's contest?

We could send down some Buckeye cocktail waitresses from the bars on High Street to whip the living piss out of those boys this year.

The Dead Schembechlers play the NEWPORT MUSIC HALL in Columbus on November 17. DeadSchembechlers.com

Grillin' George Foreman

***Penthouse*'s Chauncé Hayden puts the heat on the ex-heavyweight champ, taking his temperature on the state of boxing today, his legacy, and a possible gift idea for the holidays.**

Boxing isn't nearly as popular today as it was in the 1970s and '80s. Is it a dying sport?
I'm afraid to say this but boxing suffers from overexposure. You get to eat so much honey that it starts to make you sick Network after network covers boxing now, so I think overexposure has done harm to boxing. Plus, there aren't any more Ernest Hemingways or George Plimptons to write about the sport. Those guys would make fighters bigger than life. Big George Foreman! The Bear [Sonny Liston], the Louisville Lip [Muhammad Ali], the Brown Bomber [Joe Louis]! Those writers aren't around anymore. TV took over the sport, and it's not as interesting as the word the writers create

A lot of fighters who fought as long as you did don't sound right in the head. How did you manage to keep your wits?
I came to understand that there's more to life than boxing. Most boxers think that's all there is. So when they lose boxing, they let their brain and everything else go. I've been a minister now for almost 30 years. If I would see someone start to yawn during my sermon, I knew I blew it. I had to keep my imagination and my mind sharp so those people wouldn't fall asleep! You got to use your mind! Write this down: *Z, Y, X, W, V, U, T, S, R, Q, P, O, N, M* ... [*Laughs*] You get the message! That's what I did to keep my mind sharp. And while I was doing that, I realized that the mind is a wonderful thing if you just allow it to work

That mind of yours made you millions of dollars outside of the ring, selling grills. What's your secret?
I learned early that the secret is to be honest. People will give you one chance. They can tell if you're selling for money or because you like it. If you make them believe you and love you, they'll buy everything you have — at least once! But if you trick them, they're done with you.

Look me in the eye and tell me you really use the George Foreman Grill.
I was just telling someone the other day, we sold 90 million grills and 50 of them are in my home!

You named all five of your boys George. Why give them the same name?
I know that life is short and as we get older, we all suffer from some degree of memory loss [*laughs*]. So I had to plan for the future! Listen, *you* get hit in the head by guys like Joe Frazier, Muhammad Ali, Ken Norton, and Evander Holyfield and see how many names you can remember!

How would you like history to remember George Foreman, as the king of grills or as the boxing champ?
I was in Memphis recently and a group of young children was walking down the street with their teacher. The teacher spotted me and introduced me to her students as George Foreman, the 1968 Olympic heavyweight champion and former world heavyweight boxing champion. And one little kid looked up at me and said, "That's the cooking man!" So I guess I'm the cooking man.

dancing queen

Like a typical Capricorn, 27-year-old Sunny is ambitious and hardworking: She's studied dance since the age

of six. Unlike most Capricorns, she's anything but inhibited.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERTO ROCCO

Years of practice sessions n dance studios helped Sunny learn how powerful her body can be, and how a luring. She certainly knows how to strike a pose

After studying ballet for years, she moved to Argentina to master the tango Now she teaches the sultry dance at one of the most prestig'ous schools n Rome.

Sunny finished up her photo shoot on a luxurious silk pillow, and she was all fired up for a workout of a carnal nature. See what else she got up to at Penthouse .com/sunny

Your Guide to Looking Good

Scents & Sensibility

From Thanksgiving through New Year's Eve, it's one holiday party after another. Before you head out the door, make sure you smell good enough to attract the right crowd every time.

Whole Lotto Goodness

If last summer's FIFA World Cup in Germany got you psyched about a different kind of football, celebrate your inner soccer star with Lotto Man, from the company that embodies the sport. Sephora.com

Get Lucky

You're familiar with Lucky Brand Jeans' awesome denim. Now there's Lucky No. 6, which takes the brand's classic influences and infuses an Asian twist of neroli and sandalwood. It'll bring you one step closer to getting, well, lucky. Macys.com

Positively Euphoric

Calvin Klein's Euphoria Men is crisp and spicy designed with modern masculinity in mind. It's strong, sophisticated, and distinctive. Macys.com

Time for Two

Gaultier² is unisex, but don't dismiss it as girly; it's sexy, no matter who's wearing it. If you're sharing, pick up the two- by 1.3-ounce version: two bottles that magnetically hold together. Sephora.com

Bring the Rubber

Sometimes good things come in unusual packages. So check out Angel Men, which is newly bottled in an innovative rubber flask. It's irresistible to the touch—and you will be, too, when your woman catches a whiff. SaksFifthAvenue.com

In Your Corner

Everlast knows it takes two to start the first round. Original 1910 will knock out any competition for your date's affection. It's spicy, with a hint of leather, to pack a one-two punch in any arena. EverlastFragrances.com

Let Her Give You the Pink Slip

Show 'em who's in charge with BOSS Selection from Hugo Boss. It's fresh enough to wear during the day, musky enough to wear at night, and powerful enough to take you into the next morning. Bloomingdales.com

Service by Alyson Zamkoff • Photographs by Nick Ferrari

Centuries of Style

Caswell-Massey unveils 1752 Sandalwood Cologne Spray, an exotic scent derived from rare Indian sandalwood trees. Don't be fooled by the name: 1752 is anything but old-fashioned. CaswellMassey.com/shave

Give Her Some Sugar

If you gave your girl Aquolina's Pink Sugar last year, she always smells good enough to eat. This month the company introduces Blue Sugar for men, so she'll want to devour you, too. Sephora.com

Social Experiment

You don't have to be a mad scientist to enjoy the lab. AXE introduces AXE Lab, a fruity and woody fragrance that's fresh on impact, then seductive and cool for the long haul. AxeLab.net

A Real Heavyweight

The sleek, minimalistic bottle of Michael Kors exudes refined masculinity. The scent is equally smooth and rich. Nordstrom.com

Liquid Luxury

L'Eau Bleue d'Issey Eau Fraiche is a mouthful, but you don't need to say it to spray it. Issey Miyake's new offering for men is bright and airy. Sephora.com

Crowd-Pleaser

If you're a high-energy guy with effortless confidence, OS Signature will suit you well. The latest fragrance from Old Spice has notes of lime, grapefruit, and pine for an electrifying pick-me-up. OldSpice.com

Brut Force

Get reacquainted with an old friend. Brut's new cologne, Revolution, steps out of the brand's classic green bottle but preserves the spirit of the American standard. BrutWorld.com

Mmm, Mmm Good

Looking to take a bite out of the Big Apple? Get DKNY Red Delicious Men, inspired by New York City. It has impressions from rum, vanilla vodka, and apple liqueur. Sounds good, smells even better. Nordstrom.com

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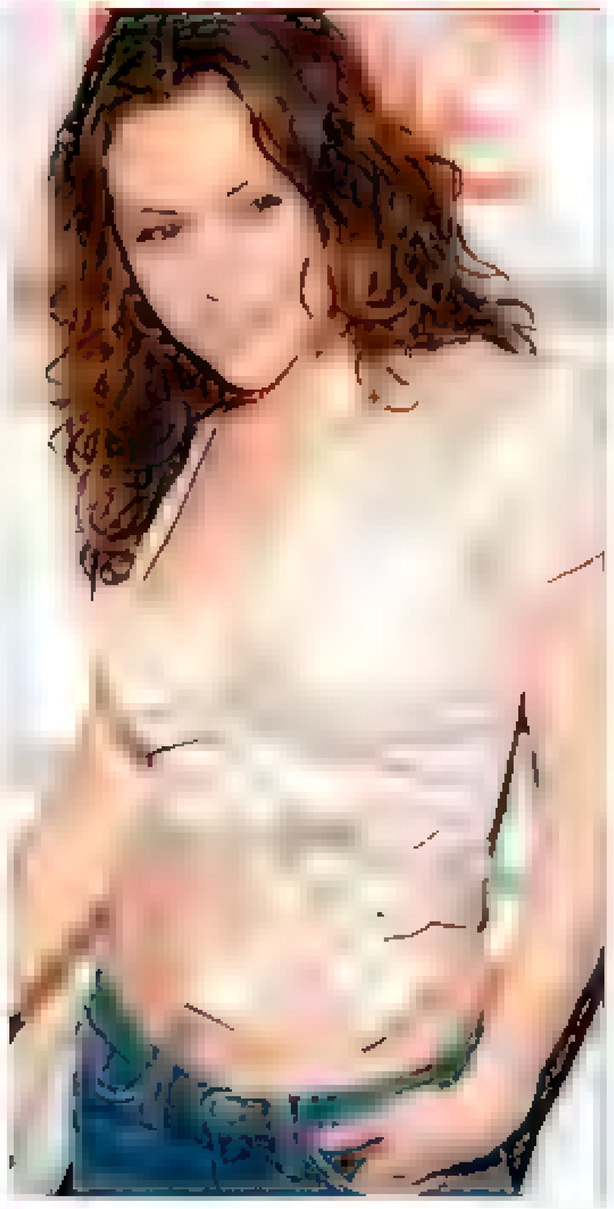
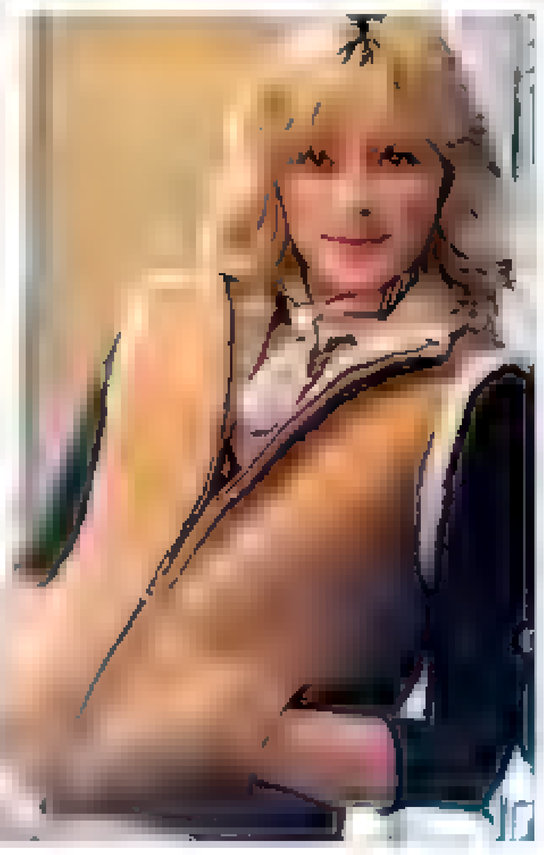


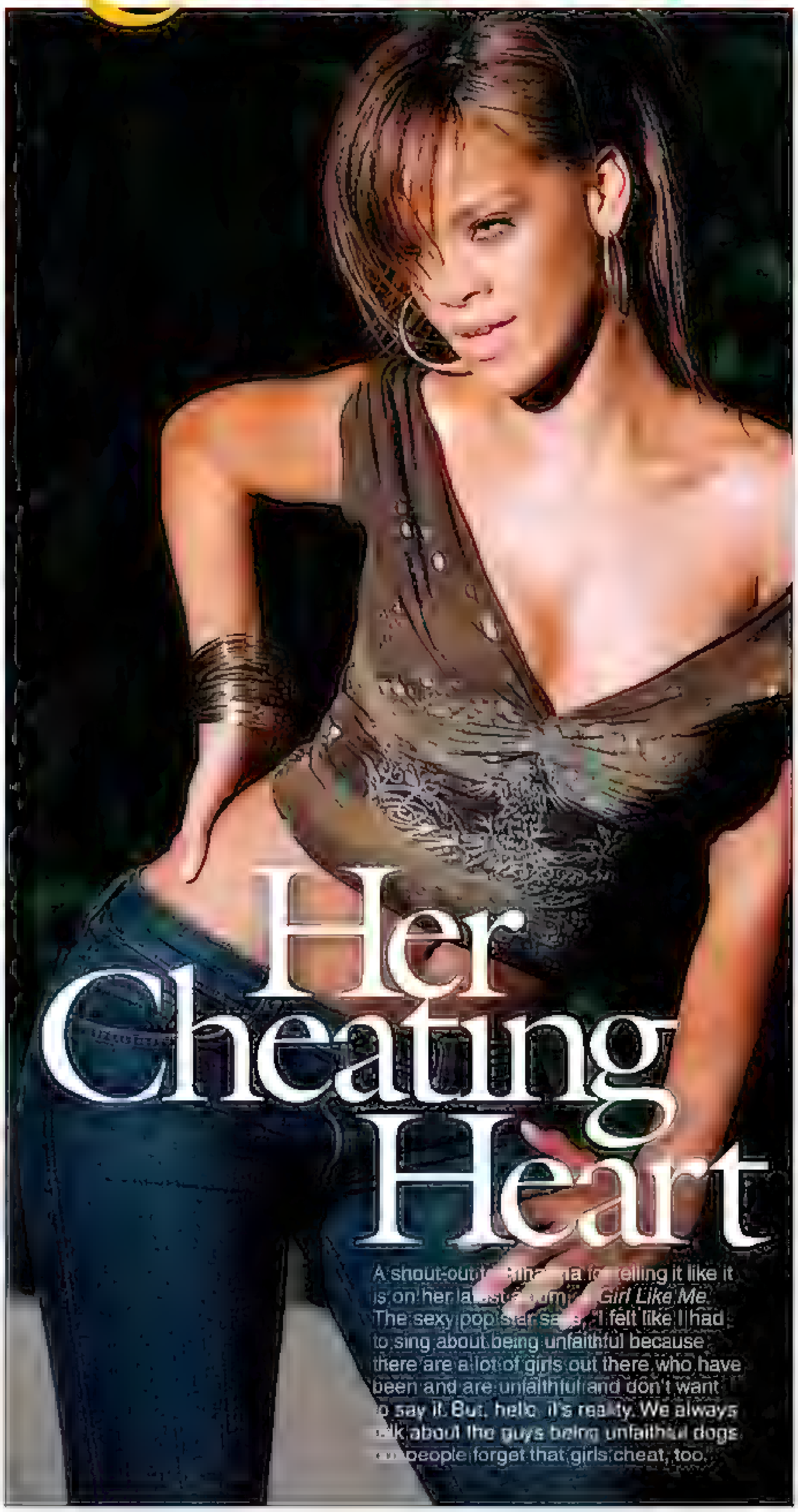
In Full Bloom

Alyssa Milano, watch out for bee stings©"I garden top ess," she says. "I'll be in my garden, you know, just being natural."



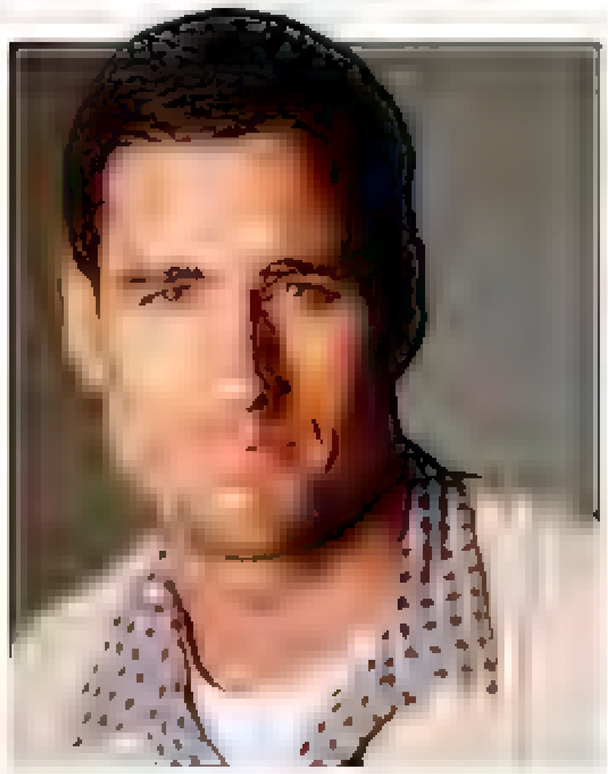
Just a Test Drive

P ty the poor guys n New Zealand, where a raunchy car commerc al starring **Kim Cattrall** was pulled off the air fo. ow ng complaints about its content. The ad, for the new Nissan T ida, is aced with double entendres At one point Cattra l exclaims, "Why d dn't you tell me it was so b g? I just wasn't prepared for it©The at - new N.ssan Tiida makes you feel reaiy, rea ly, really good inside "



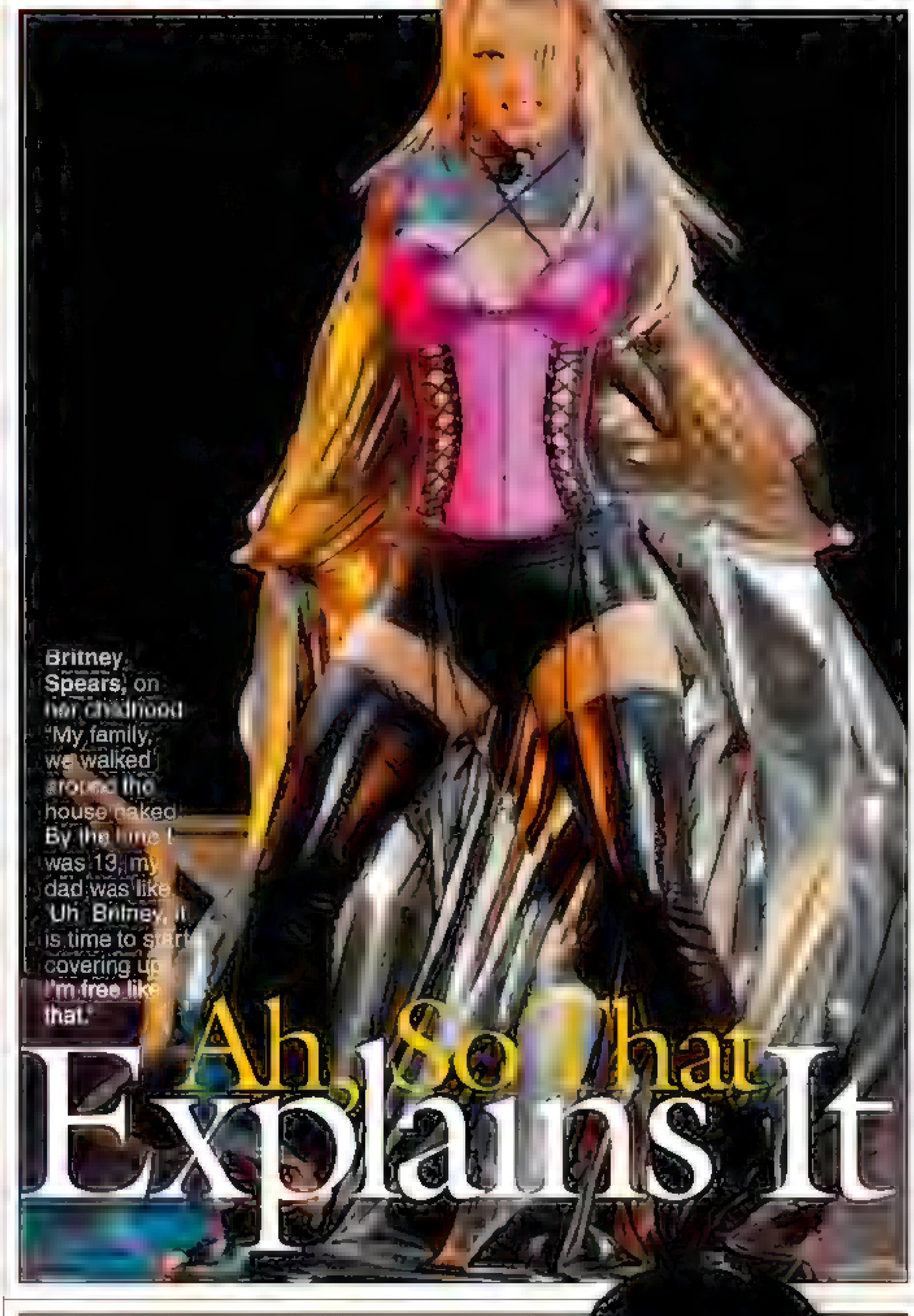
Forward Thinking

Maria Bello says she is proud to be a sexually aggressive person. "I'm the kind of woman who would invite you over. The whole idea of monogamy is nonsensical to me." Hopefully we're next on her guest list.



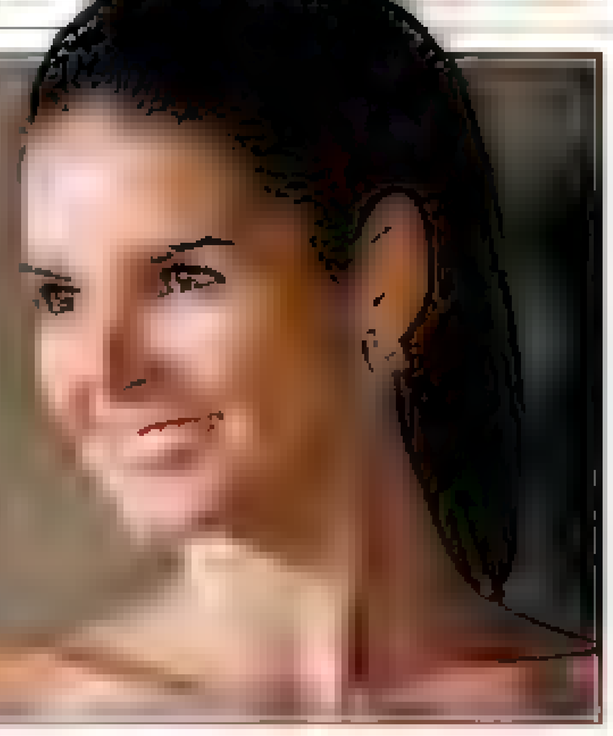
Unhappy Endings

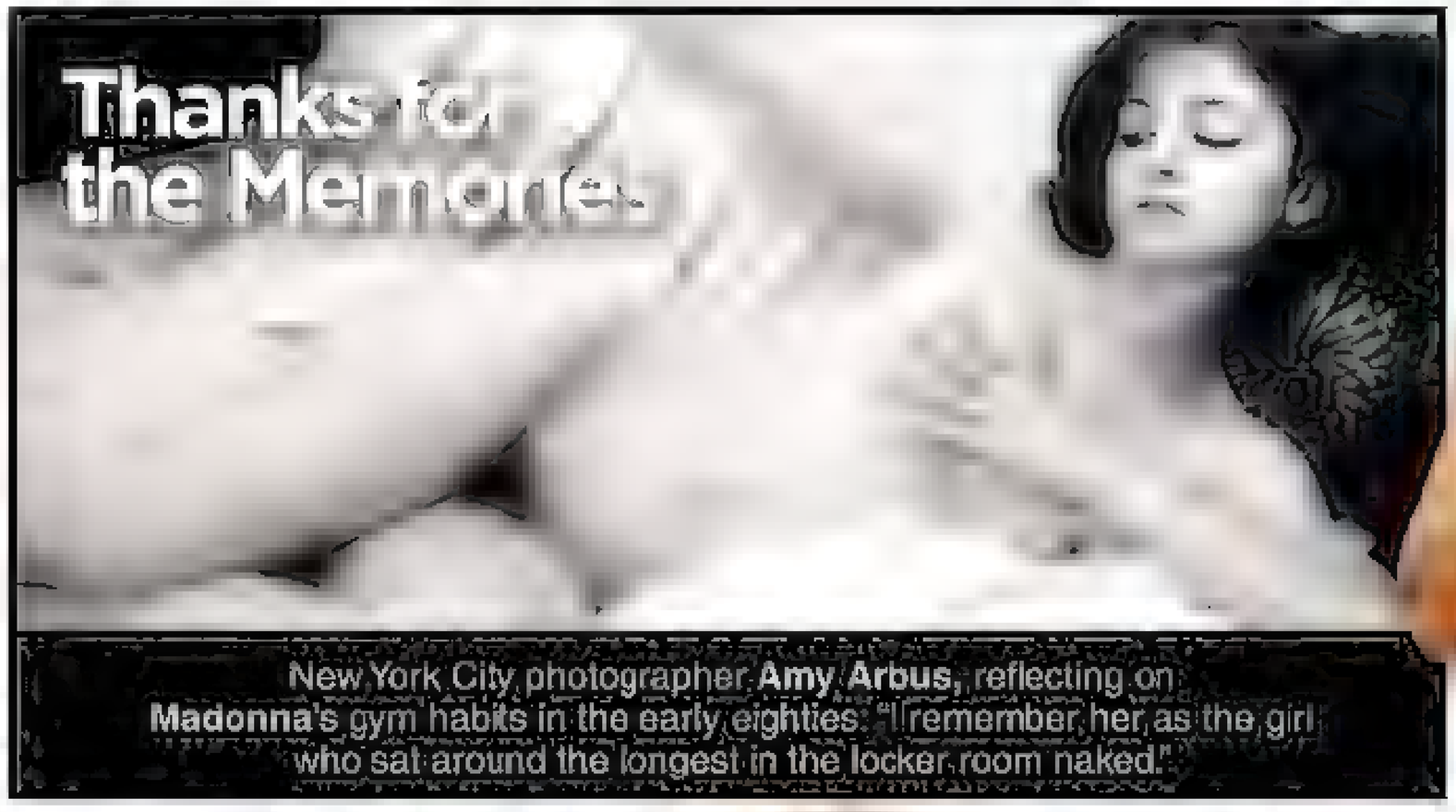
If you want to break up with your girl before the holiday-gift season, don't employ **Luke Wilson**'s strategy. The actor, who has dated **Drew Barrymore** and **Gwyneth Paltrow,** explains, "Even if I want out, I don't have the guts to just leave. I just start acting really surly and cranky until they leave me. I don't think anything's over the line when you want out. You see the fence, and you just start running for it."



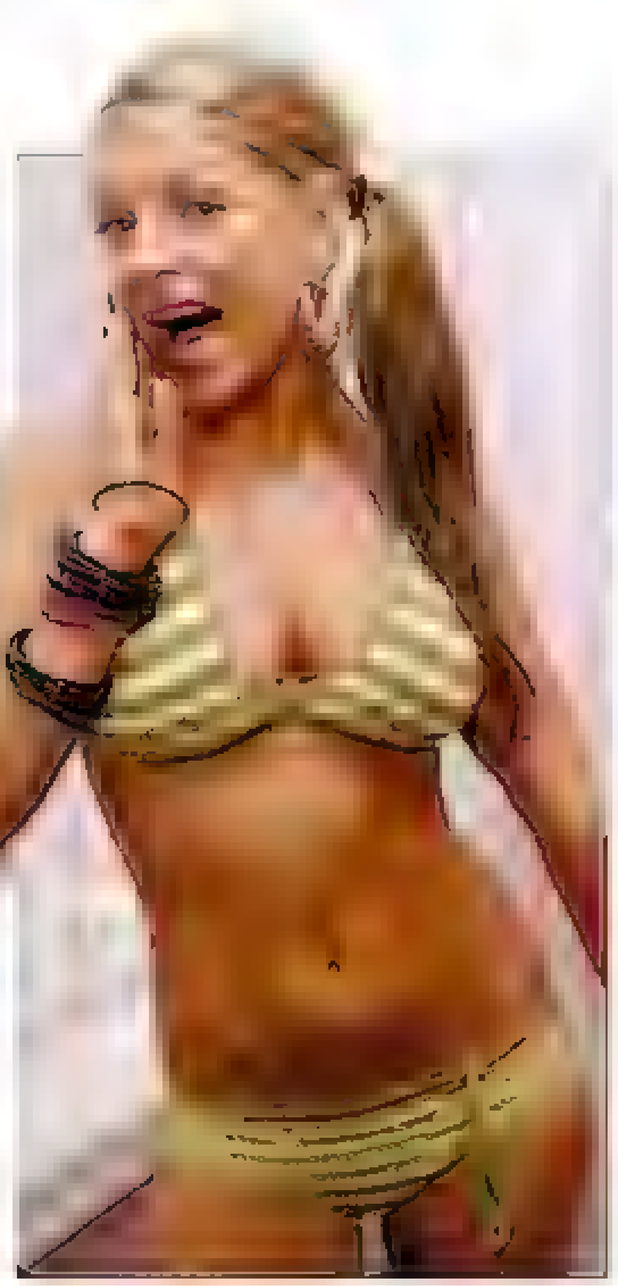
Costume Party

Jason Sehorn no longer covers the field for the New York Giants, but he's having a hell of a good time uncovering his hot wife, **Angie Harmon**. The former defenseman says the actress keeps things fresh by dressing up in sexy costumes around the house. "The maid getup takes the cake," he says. "A close second is schoolgirl. There's something about seeing your wife with white stockings up to her knees."





New York City photographer **Amy Arbus**, reflecting on **Madonna's** gym habits in the early eighties: "I remember her as the girl who sat around the longest in the locker room naked."



Backdoor Access

"I've got a cute little booty, and I know how to work it. I think every girl should work what she has."—**Fergie**

Search Engineer

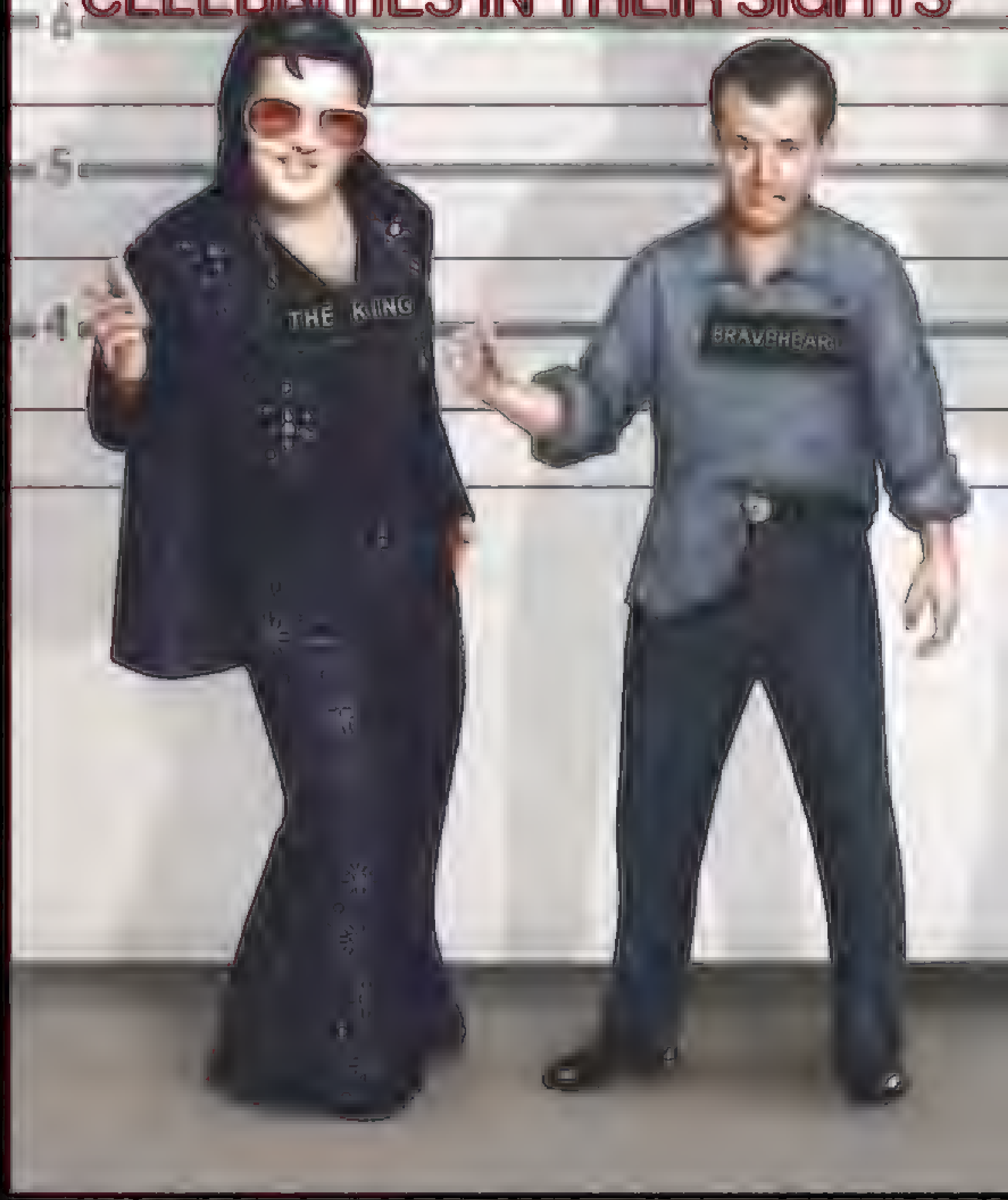
Fess up: Every few months, you type your name into a search engine to see what cyberspace has to say about you. **David Hasselhoff** does it, too. "I Google myself," admits Baywatch's former Mitch Buchannon. "This morning it said, 'Reference to David Hasselhoff: 7,330,600.' Everything from me being a god to being the Antichrist. I actually read it and believed it. I started thinking, *Maybe I am the Antichrist. Maybe that's why all this weird sh t has started happening to me and women yell at me on the street.*"

Job Benefits

Surely you've heard of Hollywood A-list actors who make outrageous demands wherever they go, but don't count **Kevin Spacey** among them. "I'm not one of those who demand lots of things in their contracts," Spacey says. "All I want on location is a ping-pong table in my living room in the hotel."

Photograph by Getty Images / Lowenstein

CELEBRITIES IN THEIR SIGHTS



THE SMOKING GUN, THE INTERNET'S HOTTEST INVESTIGATORS, TAKE NO PRISONERS. BY DAVID KUSHNER

Illustration by Chris Hare

It's a new day in America. Somewhere, somehow, some famous person is doing something extraordinarily wrong. And high above Manhattan in a corner office near Grand Central Station, the intrepid trio of reporters behind TheSmokingGun.com, the investigative Website, is hot on the trail.

Editor in Chief Bill Bastone (left) spins in his chair as CNN plays on a TV. The Drudge Report, a popular online political-gossip site, blinks on his desktop screen. Across the office, managing editor Andrew Goldberg clicks through the e-mails pouring into his in-box. Reporter Joseph Jesselli, supporting himself with a cane, hobbles to his desk. It's not the sort of bustling, Woodward-and-Bernstein scene one might expect from the twenty-first-century heroes of celebrity stings. But their success surprises the Smoking Gun guys, too. As Bastone says with a smile, "We never envisioned the site would turn into this."

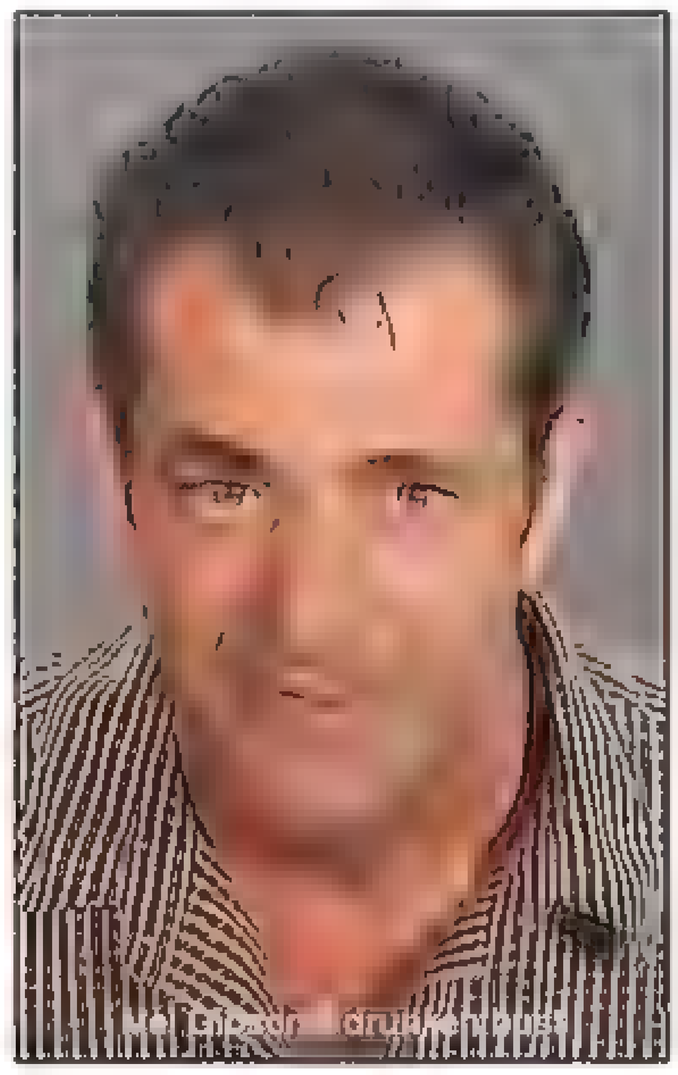
In less than a decade, the Smoking Gun has risen from a bratty underground start-up to a muckraking American institution based on one deceptively simple approach: digging up the paper trail behind celebrity crimes, and putting it on the Net for all the world to see. The Smoking Gun guys published the sexual harassment complaint against loudmouth broadcaster Bill O'Reilly. They exposed the dirty secrets of a legion of American Idols. And most recently, in their biggest scoop yet, they outed bad-boy memoirist James Frey for having fabricated numerous details of his best-selling book, *A Million Little Pieces*. Frey's subsequent filleting on *The Oprah Winfrey Show* cemented Smoking Gun's power to shape the national dialogue.

"There's a mistrust of the mainstream medium," Bastone says. "People think things get twisted and distorted. With us they get to see the document that backs up the story." And people like what they see. The site gets a staggering 67 million page views a day, up 25 percent from last year. And with a Smoking Gun book coming out this fall, a show on Court TV, and a higher profile than ever, the unlikely trio behind it is coming out full force, with guns blazing.

When visitors enter the Smoking Gun office, the first thing they step on is a vintage round rug from the FBI. "I think the FBI wove it with Jimmy Hoffa's ashes," Jesselli quips. Bastone bought the rug on an eBay auction. It bears the agency's familiar emblem and motto—"Fidelity, bravery, integrity"—words that have guided the gunners since day one.

Bastone sharpened his investigative chops early, covering the Mafia during the 1990s for New York City's weekly paper, the *Village Voice*. "I spent a lot of time hanging out at courthouses," Bastone says, "where everything revolves around a document—like FBI memos, search warrants." He quickly discovered his taste for the paper trail—the irrefutable slivers of pulp that obliterate speculation and establish the truth, or the official version of it, once and for all. He knew there was a trove of information out there that didn't fall under his *Voice* beat, but was compelling nonetheless.

At the same time, the nascent World Wide Web was coming into play, and Bastone saw this new, unfettered communications network as a ripe opportunity to bring a lost world of incriminating documents to light. With his wife Barbara Glauber handling the graphic design and a journalist friend, Daniel Green on the editorial side, Bastone fired up the Smoking Gun on April 17, 1997, from his Manhattan apartment. "We didn't have any plans or ads," Bastone says. "We just thought it would be fun to have a Website."



True to the Gun's future form, the site opened with an online splash—digging up and posting the 1974 FBI memos that discuss Elvis Presley's suspected addiction to cocaine. Though the King's drug use was no surprise, there was something revelatory about seeing the feds' fascination with Elvis in print. It was the sort of pop-culture revelation that the Gun would soon own and define: If you want the dirt on celebrity crimes, click on the Smoking Gun.

As the viral word spread, Smoking Gun quickly became one of the Net's most talked-about reads. And Bastone and company had a knack for serving up the stuff to keep people talking. Knowing that everyone loves a good mug shot, they unearthed shots of celebrities having really bad days. There were classics—Steve McQueen flashing a peace sign after getting arrested for drunk driving in 1972, young geek Bill Gates after a 1977 traffic violation. And there were contemporary shots as well—video vixen Tawny Kitaen's bleary-eyed mug after getting charged with spousal abuse, and Mel Gibson's deer-in-the-headlights gaze after his drunk-driving arrest (and anti-Semitic rant) this past July.

Backstage contract riders for performers proved just as entertaining. Frank Sinatra needed a platter of lox and Beefeater

THE SMOKING GUN'S TOP TEN SHOTS

MICHAEL JACKSON
The Smoking Gun obtained and published the deposition of a 13-year-old boy who had accused the King of Pop of molestation. Then the site made waves in 2003 by posting a report from the Los Angeles County Department of Children and Family Services that called the abuse allegations against Jackson "unfounded."

AMERICAN IDOL
The Gun reported that season-two contestant Frenchie Davis had posed nude online, subsequently ending her chances on the hit reality show.

ELVIS PRESLEY
Four pages of FBI documents reveal that a source "familiar with several show-business personalities and hoodlums" had dirt on the King's passion for white lines. The files, released on April 17, 1997, put the site on the map.

BEN AFFLECK
After the actor declared himself a possible political candidate, the Gun revealed that he had never registered to vote.

JAMES FREY
In January 2006, the Smoking Gun plumbed police records to discredit the best-selling author of the memoir *A Million Little Pieces*. Then Oprah Winfrey, who had named the memoir a selection in her book club, lashed out at Frey, causing a national scandal and catapulting the Smoking Gun into mainstream media.

gin and Britney Spears wants Cap'n Crunch and Pop-Tarts. Rapper Busta Rhymes requires a box of Lifestyles or Rough Rider condoms, ribbed.

But what makes the Smoking Gun lethal are the more egregious examples of celebrity hypocrisy and vanity. When Ben Affleck hinted that he may want to one day run for office, the Smoking Gun revealed that the Hollywood star was not even registered to vote. The site printed the salacious deposition detailing the alleged sex crimes of Michael Jackson. After the Fox reality show *Who Wants to Marry a Multi-Millionaire?* became a hit, the site uncovered the fact that the smarmy star, Rick Rockwell, had had a restraining order brought against him by his ex-wife. Red-faced execs at the network quickly scrapped plans to air the show again, and the Smoking Gun proved that, while it didn't take itself too seriously, the fallout of one of its exposés could be grave indeed.

Frank Sinatra, a[illegible]938 for "seduction"—falsely promisi[illegible] a woman in order to get her into bed. Ch[illegible] were dropped because the woman was alr[illegible]married.

The key to the Smoking Gun's success stems from what Bastone jokingly calls the team's "triangle offense." But in truth it's amazing just how much dirt these three guys can dig up together. Their main weapon, Bastone says, is the Freedom of Information Act, the 1966 law that grants public access to government information. Though it can take years for an inquiry to be processed, the Smoking Gun guys regularly file requests sometimes on a lark—just to see what turns up. Bastone says they "FOIA'ed" LSD icon Dr. Timothy Leary, for example, and discovered that the acid king had narced on some of his friends. They titled the post, "Turn On, Tune In, Rat Out."

The Smoking Gun's greatest resource, the guys say, is ordinary people. Bastone says the mainstream media machine is difficult, if not impossible, to penetrate from the outside. But by keeping things small, the Smoking Gun has committed itself to maintaining the communication lines open and accessible. "If you're a person with a story, it's hard to reach someone at CNN," Bastone says. "But if someone gives us a call, I'll pick up the phone."

In April, for example, the Smoking Gun got a tip from a guy who claimed access to a rider listing the hotel-room requirements of Vice President Dick Cheney. Bastone had the person fax the document to him, and he determined that it looked authentic—and hilarious. "I thought it was pretty funny that Cheney requires the TV set in his hotel room to be tuned to Fox News," Bastone says. Bastone called the VP's office and, after some wrangling, confirmed the details of the rider.

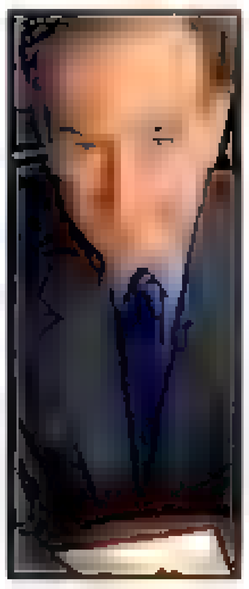
The triangle offense, however, doesn't sit around waiting for the phones to ring. Getting documents from across the country is clearly difficult when you're sitting in a building in New York, and the clock is always ticking. When a lead surfaces, the staff doggedly solicits the help of everyday people. "We'll cold-call a Kinko's or local motel just to ask someone for help in tracking down a document," Bastone says with a chuckle. But the reporting method often works. During the Michael Jackson trials, a volunteer procured a copy of the grand jury testimony. In the midst of the 2000 presidential campaign, a Kennebunkport, Maine, cop dug up an old index card detailing a George W. Bush drunk-driving arrest.

The site's biggest coup to date came in January of this year when Goldberg did some detective work on memoirist Frey. Despite the author's claims of a storied rap sheet, the Smoking Gun found that Frey's record was, at best, "minor bullshit," Bastone says—hardly the stuff of his book's renegade concoction. Before outing Frey in a lengthy exposé on the site, the Smoking Gun guys contacted him to let him know they were on his trail. But Frey denied fabricating details and wound up getting into even deeper trouble—particularly after he spun his web on television to the woman whose book club had made him famous, Oprah Winfrey. "We felt bad for him," Bastone says, "but he fucking knew we had him. He should have fallen on the sword right away."

The TV flickers. E-mails pour in. The fax machine rings. And the Smoking Gun guys' stomachs grumble. It's time for lunch.

While the James Frey case has brought more visitors and attention to the Smoking Gun site, Bastone and the others haven't let success go to their heads. They have a good relationship with Court TV, which bought the site in 2000 but, as Bastone says, "pretty much leaves us alone."

They don't have any pretenses about taking down a president, but they always have their sights set on some timely targets. Ultimately, they just hope that people continue to heed the Smoking Gun's call—and come their way. "We want more people to know what we do," says Bastone. So the next time someone stumbles across a document linking a celebrity to some big ugly mess, Smoking Gun doesn't want them to call CNN. Bastone says, "We want them to think, *Hey, I'll send this to those Smoking Gun guys.*"



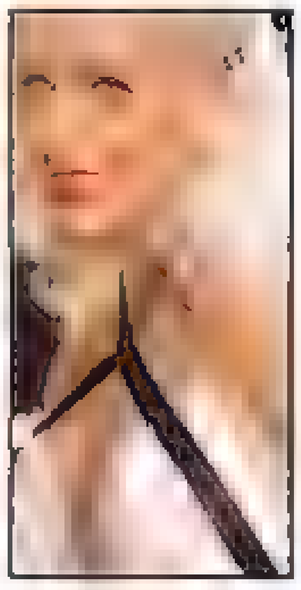
BILL O'REILLY
On October 13, 2004, the Gun exploded with a 22-page sexual harassment complaint filed against Fox's erstwhile host. The salacious accusations included this line, which O'Reilly allegedly uttered during one of his pickup attempts: "I would start to massage your boobs and your nipples really hard ... 'cuz I like that and you have really spectacular boobs."

REALITY-SHOW MILLIONAIRES
In a one-two punch against reality TV shows, the Smoking Gun revealed that Sarah Kozer, a perky contestant on *Joe Millionaire,* was a bondage-film star; and the stud of *Who Wants to Marry a Multi-Millionaire?* was a former wife-beater.

FRANK SINATRA
In November 1938, Ol' Blue Eyes got busted for "carrying on with a married woman" and was charged with "seduction" —falsely promising to marry a woman in order to get her into bed. When the Smoking Gun posted his mug shot, a new iconic image was created.

CHRISTINA AGUILERA
A rider for the dirrty pop star reveals that she needs, among other things, Flintstones chewable vitamins in her dressing room.

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER
The Gun dug up a 1977 *Oui* magazine interview with the Governator that detailed his past sexual romps.



By Judy Dutton

It's Not Exactly Pretty

Mandy* and Scott had just slept together for the first time. Scott, in an attempt to gauge whether he'd ever see Mandy naked again, asked if she had a good time. "Of course I did, baby," Mandy said. She was out the door and, within seconds, had hit speed dial to tell me what she *really* thought.

"His back was *sooo* hairy," she dished. We promptly nicknamed Scott "Teen Wolf."

"And yet, his balls were shaved," she continued. "I don't get it. Then I was giving him head, but he didn't warn me when he was gonna come. I like swallowing, but I like to have a *choice* in the matter, you know? Then he whispered, 'You have a beautiful beaver.' *Beaver?* Okay, more details later."

It's no secret that 99 percent of what women gab about is sex in such graphic, gory detail, it would put men's legendary locker-room bragathons to shame. Take Teen Wolf, for example: By the end of Mandy's play-by-play via e-mail later that day, I knew that his dick was long and skinny but "filled out nicely" once hard. I knew that he went nuts if you ventured near his nipples. I knew that the next time I saw him with Mandy at a bar, and I'd be chatting about how bad the weekend traffic will be, all I'd be thinking is, *This dude referred to Mandy's twat as a river-dwelling furry animal. Did he graduate from the Disney School of Dirty Talk?*

As you may have surmised, girl talk isn't nice. That's why we don't do it around you. That's why, when you wander within earshot, we switch to topics like, "Ooh, I love your shoes!" The second you've left, we switch right back to sex. And while our less-than-rave reviews may make you think that all men are bombing in bed, that's not the case. It's just that girls can't be bothered to mention what you did right. We'd rather focus on what you did wrong—and the more tragic your transgression, the more airtime it gets.

There are some good reasons for this. For starters, maybe someone will serve up a solution, like, "Hey, the next time Jimmy can't get it up, stick a finger up his ass and tickle his prostate." At the very least, our friends will say, "Dave was totally like that." They'll assure us that there are other women dealing with unreliable erections or reluctant oral-sex givers. In short, we get to hear that we didn't cause the problem. You did.

Just because we bitch though, doesn't mean we won't come back for more. Consider this text message I received after my friend Tanya slept with one particular guy.

"He's soooooooo small!" Tanya texted. "A Slim Jim. I need to end this."

P.S.: Tanya and Slim Jim are now married. But just because she's made peace with his penis doesn't mean she's done complaining. Hitched gals have new grievances, as these married-but-bored ladies show. "Ugh," opened Carol, "I hate when he rolls over at 6 A.M. and pretends to want to spoon me when he's really waking me up for sex."

"I know," griped Tanya. "Tom [aka Slim Jim] wants to have sex all the time, too, but I really wish he'd lose his gut."

"Maybe I should have an affair," sighed Karen.

I know, it's harsh. But maybe we'd *all* be happier—and have better sex—if guys *could* be flies on the wall and learn from these tell-alls.

The bottom line is, girl talk is good for you. That's why I'm writing this—so women can tell you what they *really* think, without telling you to your face. If we did, you'd never drop trou in front of us again, and that's definitely not what we want. Keep dropping, and we'll keep dishing.

"It's no secret that 99 percent of what **women gab** about is **sex** in such graphic, gory detail, it would put men's legendary **locker-room bragathons** to shame."

*Names have been changed because otherwise my girlfriends would kill me.

ADVERTISEMENT

The "Hard" Answer:

It's all about The Sexual Silver Bullet!

Breakthrough Clinical Trial Indicates a new leader in Male Enhancement

Gentlemen, let's get it all on the table. You can worry all you want about "whether size matters" or "what is more important to women, length or girth", or any of the other silly things that men think are important to women, but the most important thing for us (after your basic hygiene) is that when we are ready to "give you some", you are ready to take it!

What does that mean? It means that when it is time for you to "drop the hammer" we'd like you to be hard enough to "drive nails". Oh yeah, don't forget "timing". Don't worry, we don't want you to "go all night", just until we say stop. The quality of your erection, your firmness and fullness, is every bit as important to us as it is to you. We know that if you have Peak Erection Quality, you will be confident That kind of confidence equals the sort of performance that we girls love, want and are aching to get!

The Sexual Silver Bullet?

I bet you are wondering how the "Average Joe" can bring out his "inner stud" and bring the kind of "room rocking" performance that we girls want? Is there really a Sexual Silver Bullet? The early indications are there just might be!

Don't get me wrong, there are literally thousands of products that claim to give men a boost in their male enhancement. Actually, the male sexual health market has experienced unprecedented growth over the past ten years. And although this vital area is crucially important (to us girls too!), it has lead to a cluttered landscape of products and potions, some aren't worth the box that they come in, but a few really work! The prescription products seem to be particularly effective, some claiming improved erection quality for as long as 36 hours. While this is impressive, these products often are reported to come with side effects that range from slight vision issues, which can be annoying to more serious and debilitating cardiovascular effects.

This has lead many men to seek more natural options that offer none of the side effects and all of the benefits to overall male enhancement. The problem is that most of the "natural little blue pills" have limited effect, and over time, their "less than potent formulas" simply cease to add value for most men.

Clinically Tested Real Results

In researching alternative sexual health options I came across an "eye-opening" clinical study that has revealed an all-natural alternative that actually provides some pretty impressive results! This Male Enhancement product isn't a pill or an ingestible liquid, it is a topical lotion that is reported to provide immediate results, Improving firmness, fullness, frequency and response Get ready for this, it's a product that you're probably already familiar with, and literally hundreds of thousands of men are already using The Product is the Top Selling Male Enhancement Formula, Maxoderm. Believe it or not, the targeted delivery system in this innovative product really provides real results from the first use.

Maxoderm's Double Blind, randomized, parallel plot clinical trial supports product claims that seem to change the landscape of male enhancement. Dr. Michael Savino, a top urologist, recently provided an opinion that supports Maxoderm's efficacy.

"The available scientific data indicates that Maxoderm's formula helps to enhance erection quality. This absorbing lotion may be an answer for men and women seeking to improve male sexual response"

With a clinical trial, and tens of thousands of satisfied customers (www.maxoderm.com boasts of a 95% customer satisfaction rating) I had to find out for myself if Maxoderm really was the "real deal". I called Maxoderm and ordered a supply (800.542.9849) I was immediately surprised that they had a "risk free offer" - an unheard of 90 day money back guarantee. In fact, when I called they were running a promotion that also offered $100.00 in free sexual health gifts!

DOES IT REALLY WORK?

The proof is definitely "in the pudding" or in this case the "lotion". When the tube of Maxoderm arrived, my boyfriend and I put it to the test. He applied the silky lotion (my boyfriend said that it was the first "therapy" that he ever enjoyed!), and as promised, the results were immediate and frankly, impressive!

I won't go into detail, but I can safely use terms like "mind-blowing" and "earth moving" when describing the kind of "experience" he's achieved with Maxoderm. To be honest, I had never seen him more confident (or rock hard!).

My verdict? Maxoderm should be at the top of your list when it comes to Male Enhancement. But don't take my word for it, call today and try it yourself. One tube just may change your life!

"Maxoderm IS Instant Male Enhancement!"

1.800.542.9849 **www.maxoderm.com**

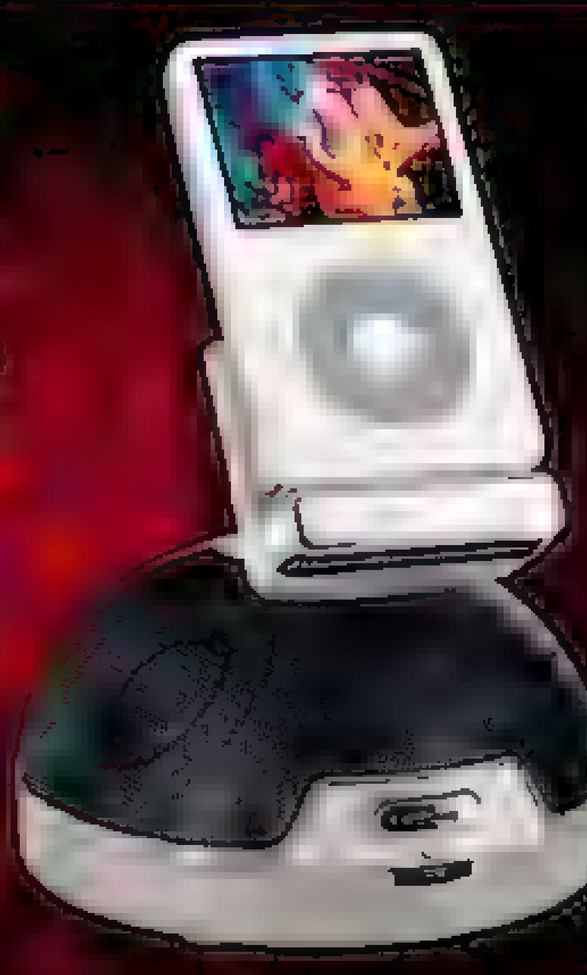
Holiday Survival Guide

Searching for unique gift ideas? Look no further.

Service by Linda Giustino

Get Charged

Nyko's Speaker Dock 2 charges your iPod, iPod Nano, or iPod Mini while treating your ears to audio Nirvana through stereo speakers. $100 Nyko.com



Light the Way

Toss those books and diagrams—Fretlight electric guitars light up to guide your fingers, making chord memorization faster and easier. $499 to $899. Fretlight.com

Sexy Skivvies

Coquette's Holiday 2006 Collection will excite you *and* your woman. The ruffled bra/double-side strap thong set and the mesh "T" teddy with satin ribbon will spice up your nights. $30 for each outfit. Coquette.com

Chill Out

The Emerson wine cooler chills up to eight bottles at a time—perfect for a connoisseur with a small apartment, or just an excuse to get wasted. $80. Target.com

Hole in One

Surprise your dad or impress your boss with the Laser Link Golf QuickShot, a handheld laser range finder that uses a "red-dot" aiming system to read distances from 30 to 300 yards. $279. LaserLink Golf.com

Dine & Deal

Brunswick Billiards' Centennial Game Table has a "man-made leather" playing surface that can be flipped into a handy dining area. Choose from chestnut, mahogany, and cherry finishes. $1,549; matching leather chairs, $499 each. BrunswickBilliards.com

Ice Is Nice

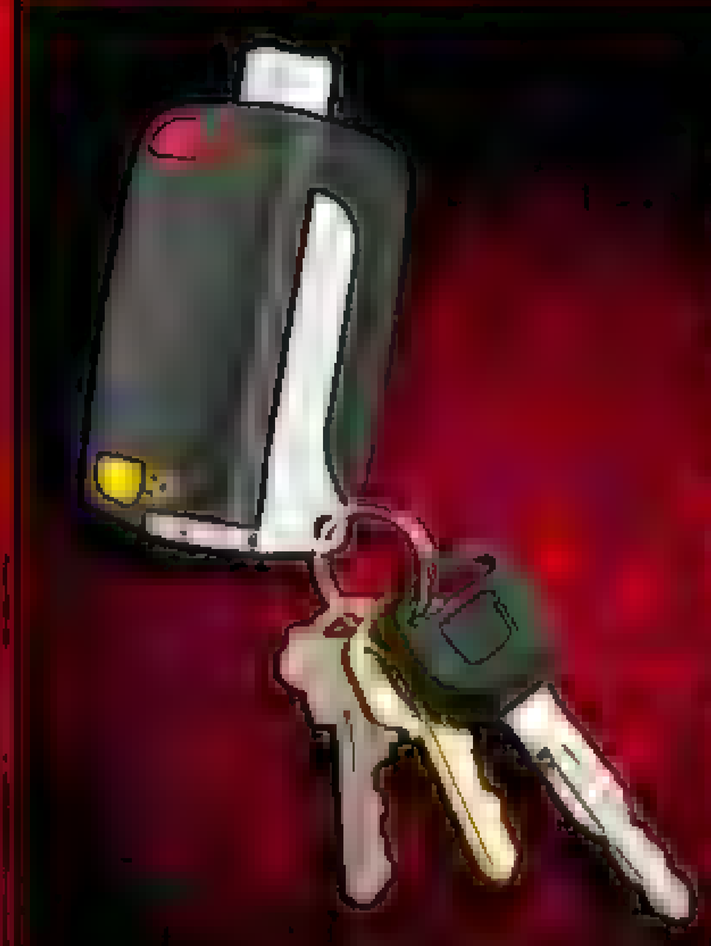
Show your girl she's a cut above the rest with this diamond tennis earring. Of course, it looks just as good on you. $75,000 to $100,000 per earring. VinLeeJewelers.com

Chocolate

These gourmet treasures from Fairytale Brownies come in mouthwatering flavors like toffee crunch, white chocolate, and espresso nib. $32 a dozen. Brownies.com

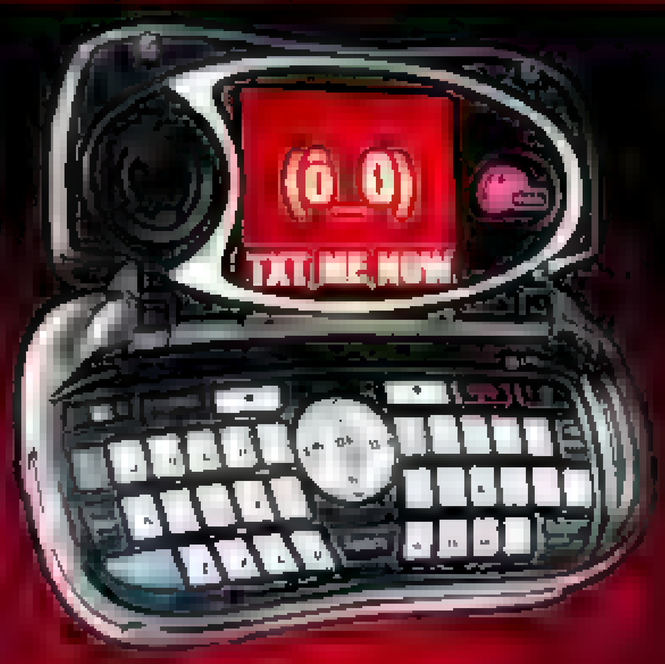
Take Note

The Sony VAIO BX Series of professional notebooks allow you to customize a range of security, peripheral, and communication options. $1,200 and up. Sony.com



Just in Case

The BodyGard 5-in-1 Emergency Tool helps drivers escape from their vehicle when the windows or doors fail. It's equipped with glass breaker, seat-belt cutter, sonic alarm, bright LED light and emergency flasher. $25. SwissTechTools.com



Attentive Device

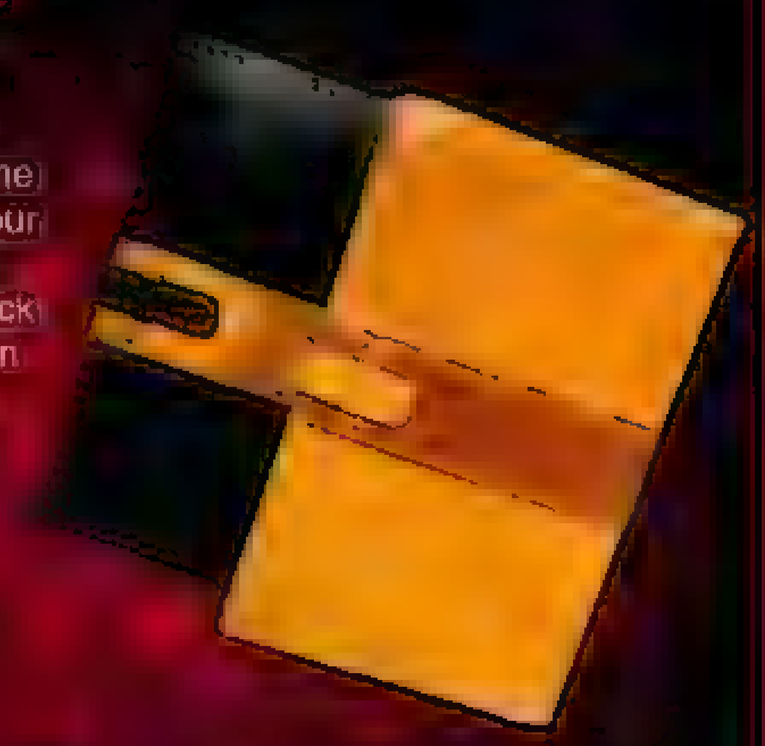
The Virgin Mobile SwitchBack has a full keyboard, dual screens, and AOL Instant Messenger, so you can talk, text, and IM until your fingers bleed. $130. VirginMobileUSA.com

Stylin' Sound

JVC's EX-A10 Executive Microsystem packs a huge sound in a diminutive package, and the brushed-aluminum finish and birch speaker cones in cherry-finished cabinets complement any decor. $1,000. JVC.com

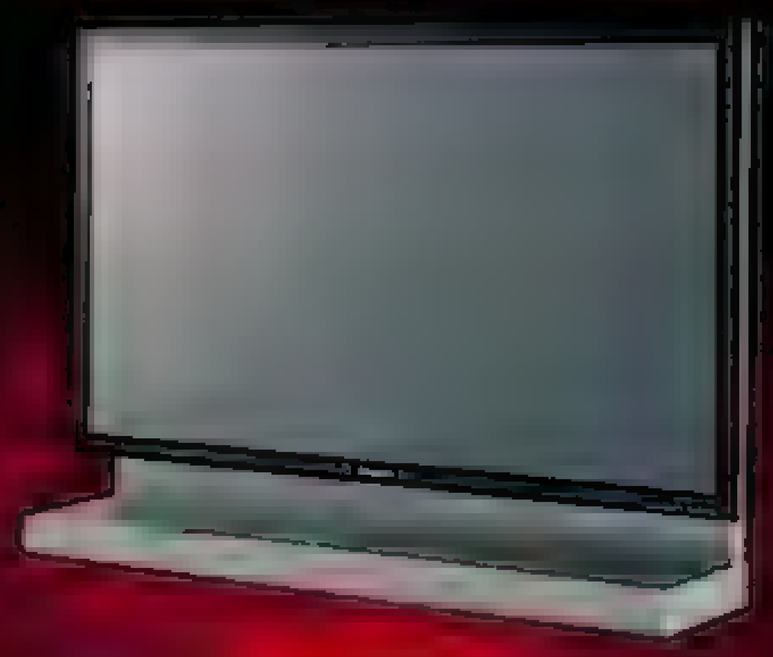
9-to-5 Chic

These hand-made leather portfolios from Authentics Home will organize your pal's work life. Available in black or tan leather; in small or large. $45 to $58. Authentics Home.com



Easy Pickup

So your weekend-warrior pal likes to pick up women who climb mountains and scuba dive? Get him the Inka pen, which fastens to his belt, backpack or keychain and writes upside down or underwater. $25. InkaCorp.com



When Size Matters

Make room for 103 inches (in the living room, not the bedroom) with the largest high-definition plasma TV available. $70,000. Panasonic.com

Show Your True Colors

Cut to the chase with T-shirts that read ADDICTIVE PERSONALITY and EMOTIONALLY UNAVAILABLE. She won't be able to say you didn't warn her! Prices vary. PsychoTherapyClothing.com

A New Game Player

Nintendo's new console, Wii, lets game characters build strength, acquire weapons, and receive clues, even when the system is shut down. Plus, it's backward-compatible with earlier Nintendo systems. $250. Nintendo.com

Coffee, Please, Right

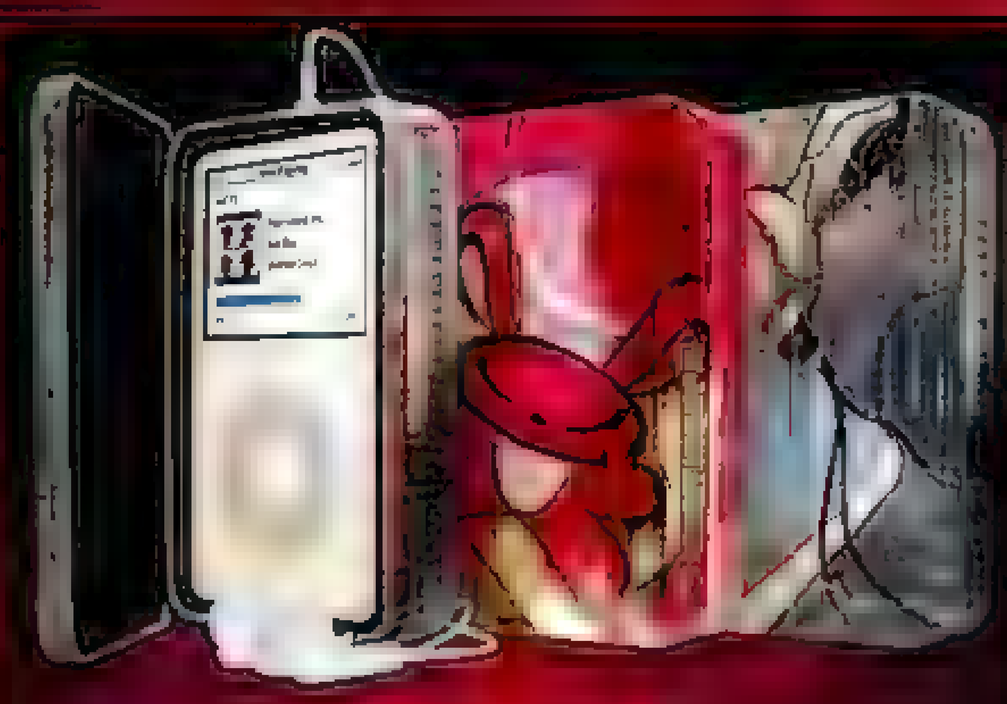
Screw Starbucks—nothing beats a homemade cup of espresso brewed on the stove. The Moka Express comes in one-, three-, six-, nine-, and 12-cup sizes, so there's one that's perfect for you. $18 to $50. Bialetti.com

Say Cheese

The LifeCam NX-6000 by Microsoft is a wired notebook Webcam with a high-definition, two-megapixel video camera and 7.6-megapixel camera for high-quality images. $100. Microsoft.com

Tee Off With a Stogie

The Perdomo Golf Caddy includes four La Tradición Perdomo Reserve Limited Golf Edition cigars, four customized golf balls, and a Perdomo cigar cutter. $40. PerdomoCigars.com



iPod Case With Funk

Those ubiquitous white earphones may scream conformity, but nothing about this funky iPod case gets lost in the shuffle. $17. TheTinpod.com

Play Land!

The Sony PlayStation 3 plays games, CDs, DVDs, and cutting-edge Blu-ray discs—it's the only console that can make that claim. $499 to $599. US.PlayStation.com/PS3

Digital Diver

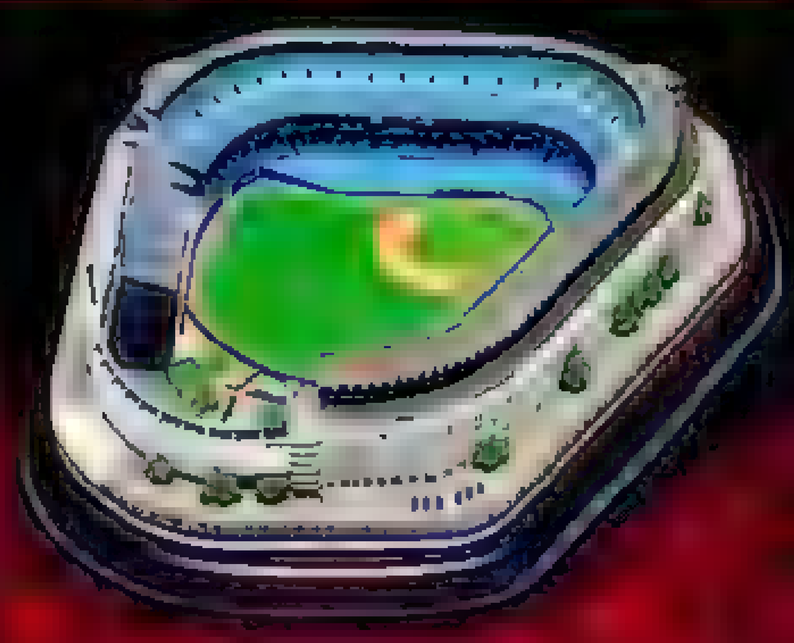
The DC500 Underwater Digital Camera boasts five megapixels for clear photos on land or under the sea. "Shark Mode" ensures lightning-fast shutter speed for action shots. $500. WestMarine.com

It's Getting Hot in Here

Aprons don't have to scream Donna Reed. Have her don this—and nothing else. You won't need a stove to heat things up. $37. JessieSteele.com

Can Your GPS Do That?

The Garmin Nuvi 360 Pocket Vehicle GPS Navigator and Personal Travel Assistant tells you how to get from point A to point B, plays MP3s and audio books, displays JPEGs, and recommends a good Chinese restaurant. $729. Amazon.com



Tiny Ball Game

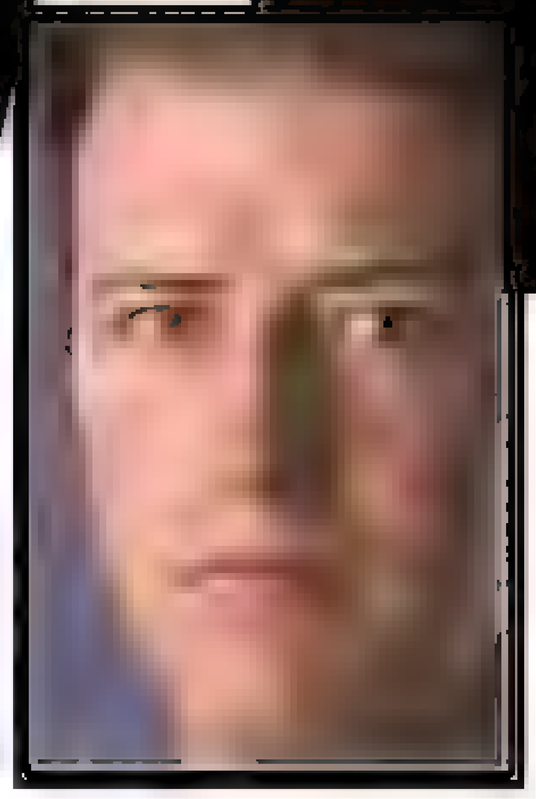
Dad can't get to the baseball stadium? Bring it home to him with a mini replica. Shown here: Yankee Sladium, the House That Ruth Built. $65. DanburyMint.com

Surround Sound

The Sonos BU101 Wireless Digital Music System Bundle communicates wirelessly with your PC or Mac and transmits your tunes to any connected pair of speakers. $1,200. Amazon.com

THE ART OF MMA

INSIDE THE



Bought out of near-bankruptcy by a trio of investors in 2001, the mixed-martial-arts circuit (MMA) Ultimate Fighting Championship has made impressive strides toward profitability—and, perhaps more important, credibility—in the past five years. Gone are the no-holds-barred rules of the early 1990s, when headbutts and other vicious blows were allowed, and the sport was banned in many states. Now, the UFC—a blend of martial arts, boxing, and wrestling—has stricter rules, and its athletes are more serious, more skilled, and better conditioned than ever.

As a result, the UFC is currently sanctioned in 22 states with others sure to follow. Many fight fans fed up with boxing's current state of disarray have wholeheartedly embraced it as an alternative. A crucial factor in its growing mainstream appeal is Ultimate Fighting Championship's partnership with Spike TV, whose reality show *The Ultimate Fighter*—now in its fourth season—has significantly boosted the sport. Indiana native Stephan Bonnar finished runner-up in the debut season of *The Ultimate Fighter*, narrowly losing a slugfest with Forrest Griffin in the stirring finale. The bout was an instant classic, and though Bonnar lost, he showed so well that UFC gave him a contract anyway. We talked with Bonnar about the rise of mixed martial arts, his friendship with archrival Griffin, and some of his more offbeat relaxation techniques.

Baseball pitcher Goose Gossage said that when he took the mound late in a game, he had so much adrenaline he felt like he was being chased by a big dog. Can you describe the rush you feel when you enter the octagon to go mano a mano with another fighter?

Actually, in fighting you have to control your adrenaline a little. It is very easy to get too hyped up for a fight. You need a steady stream of adrenaline that you can control. Fifteen minutes of fighting can be a very long time. I actually do more to relax myself before the fight, because when you get in there, you know it's time for war.

You were a Golden Gloves champion before becoming a mixed-martial artist. What prompted the change from boxing to MMA?

I actually had a few MMA fights before I fought in my first Chicago Golden Gloves. I just did the Golden Gloves as a way to improve myself as an MMA fighter. MMA has always been my first love.

Do you think MMA will eventually replace boxing in the U.S. sporting landscape?

To me it already has—and I am a big boxing fan. I swear, I'll watch a big HBO boxing event and maybe one or two people will have seen it and talk about the fights. After a UFC, my God, everybody has seen it and wants to talk about all the fights.

Do fighters generally stick with one style for all of their bouts, or are there guys who mix it up depending on the opponent?

It depends on the fighter. Chuck Liddell fights the same way: knockout power, stay on your feet. I mix it up a little more depending on the fighter.

Is there one martial art that matches up particularly well with another one?

I'd say the best martial arts for MMA are boxing, Muay Thai, jujitsu, and wrestling. Then throw in a few techniques from judo, tae kwon do, and sambo. That's mostly what I've seen work in MMA. You have to know a little of everything—or at least how to defend against everything.

Take us through a typical week of training for you.

Let's see. Yesterday—Monday—I ran in the morning. Then I drove up to Milwaukee to the Duke Roufus gym to train and spar Muay Thai with takedowns. Today was jujitsu and grappling, with ground-and-pound in the morning at the Carlson Gracie gym in Chicago, and strength and conditioning in the evening. Tomorrow, I spar with some good pro boxers at the Gabb gym in Chicago in the morning, and run in the evening. Thursday, I train in the morning again at the Carlson Gracie gym, then in the evening I go to Miguel Torres's gym in Hammond, Indiana, where we do some MMA sparring. Fri-

Photographs courtesy of the Zuffa, LLC

BY JOHN BOLSTER

OCTAGON WITH UFC STAR STEPHAN BONNAR

day is boxing again at Jabbo in the morning, and strength and conditioning in the evening. Saturday will be back to Duke Roufus's in Milwaukee for some more Muay Thai with takedowns. That's a typical training week.

You're sponsored by TapouT. What attracted you to them?

I love TapouT because they had faith in me before I fought Forrest [Griffin, on season one of *The Ultimate Fighter*]. The first time I met those guys was before the Forrest fight. [TapouT founder and CEO] Charles [Lewis] told me he liked the way I fought from watching the show and wanted to sponsor me. I thought that was pretty cool.

That fight against Griffin not only earned you a UFC contract, it's also one of the most memorable bouts in Ultimate Fighting history. What are your thoughts now, looking back on it?

It was a good close fight. He brought the best out of me. He definitely earned my respect that night. Sure, I joke around and say he looks like a cross between Howdy Doody and a monkey, but he's a tough guy, a good person, and I genuinely like him.

As you said, you and Griffin are friends outside of the octagon. Is it any different stepping in to fight a buddy compared with another competitor?

It really isn't. Sometimes when you dislike someone, you get overemotional and that can lead to mistakes. I like Forrest but I can't wait to smash my knuckles across his face again. The more we beat the shit out of each other in the octagon, the more I'm gonna like him afterward.

Pound for pound, who's the best fighter in the UFC?

I have to go with Chuck Liddell. I think he'll beat anyone in the world at 205 pounds.

You lost a decision this past summer to Rashad Evans, who uses a wrestling style that some say is boring. Do fighters care about style points, or is that just for fans to argue about?

Some fighters don't care as long as they win. I do care. I hate boring fights. I am ashamed to have been a part of that fight.

How does the UFC compare to K-1, the Japanese stand-up fighting circuit?

K-1 is pretty awesome, too. I watch it. It's exciting. It's not MMA, though; it's kickboxing. You can't choke the shit out of anyone in K-1. It's like comparing apples and oranges—different sports. If you like ass whippings and violence, you like K-1. It's great because the top guys fight each other all the time. I know Ernesto Hoost and Jerome Le Banner have fought at least six times, if not more. And the fights end in knockouts more often than not, even though they're fighting only three three-minute rounds. This usually makes it more exciting than 12 rounds of boxing, where the boxers feel each other out the first couple of rounds. They start bombing right away.

What's the average career span for an MMA fighter? Is there more wear and tear in this sport than in boxing?

I'd say it's pretty long. Randy Couture, Chuck Liddell, Ken Shamrock, Royce Gracie, and Kimo Leopoldo have been fighting a long time and they're in their upper thirties, lower forties. So you can fight for a long time. There is probably more wear and tear on your joints in MMA than boxing, but less damage to the brain, which to me is the most important thing. We take far fewer blows to the head. If I have arthritis when I'm older, cool. If I have severe brain damage, not so cool.

What does your girlfriend think of your job?

She is pretty cool about it—doesn't mind too much seeing me get punched.

If you weren't with the UFC, what would you be doing?

I'd be in jail. No, just kidding; I always wanted to say that. Boxers always say that one. I'd take the final to the grad school I was in and become a certified Muscle Activation Techniques therapist—it's a form of physical therapy. I'd still teach private lessons in the martial arts, though.

Finally, what does a guy who fights for a living do to relax in his spare time?

Masturbate to porn and go to church purging followed by a little cleansing. OM

Twenty-one-year-old Hanna Hilton is a small-town girl from Indiana with a big dream: to move to L.A. and become an actress.

Photographs by J. Stephen Hicks

"I love living in a close-knit community," Hanna tells us. "My favorite thing about it is, I'm *always* the topic of town gossip. There's something about that that I really enjoy, so I make sure to give 'em stories worth talking about!"

We're looking for the hottest girls in America. Go to Penthouse.com/Hanna

"The hottest sex I ever had was with a soldier," Hanna says. "I'm not going into details, but I love a man in uniform, and he fulfilled all my fantasies!" Then she grins and adds, "Well, maybe not all." See more of Hanna at Penthouse.com/Hanna

MISS HANNA HILTON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

DECEMBER 2006

Hanna

VITAL STATS.
21 years old 5'6"
34D-24-34

FAVORITE MUSIC
Country

FAVORITE SPORT
ice hockey

FAVORITE TV SHOW
Desperate Housewives

FAVORITE MOVIE
Pretty Woman

FAVORITE SEX SCENE
Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie in *Mr. & Mrs. Smith*

BIGGEST TURN-ON
military men

BIGGEST TURNOFF
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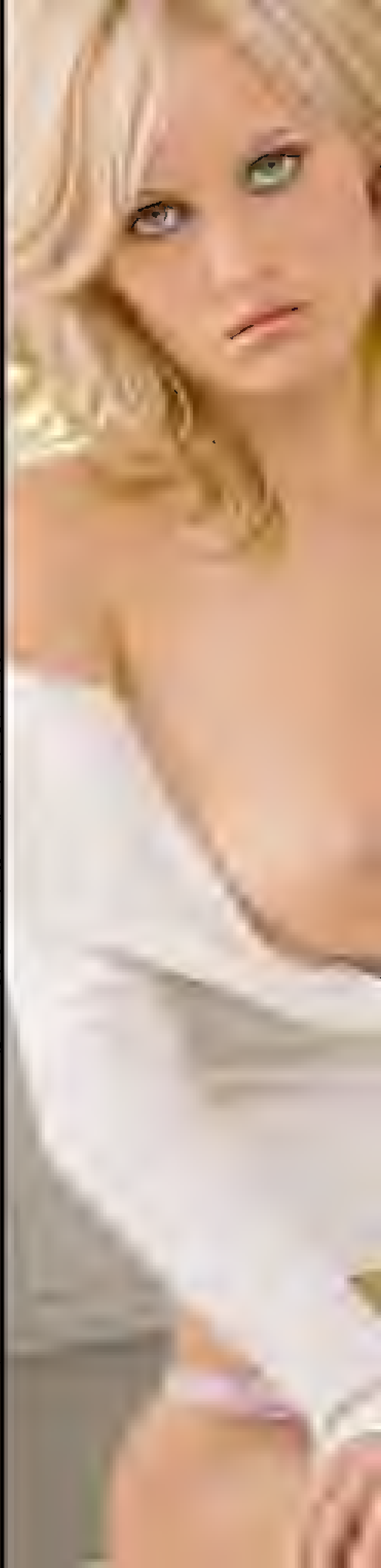

MISS HANNA HILTON/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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By Laura Leu

Not-So-Great Sexpectations

There are some obvious prerequisites for great sex. Chemistry, skill, and horniness are a few. But there is one secret ingredient for fantastic fucking, and just about everyone is capable of doing it. Want me to divulge? It's called "having low expectations." Just imagine the impending sex as the worst of your life and—bada bing!—it turns out to be not half-bad.

I learned this from a friend who maintains *high* sex expectations. Chris always had airplane sex on his to-screw list, so when he took the red-eye to Dallas and a Southern-drawled, C-cupped blonde plopped down next to him smelling of lavender and horniness, he prayed to the Mile High gods. The two of them made idle chitchat ("I work at blah, blah." "I grew up in blabbity, blah." Then, sure enough, she asked, "So, y'all ever done it on an airplane?"

He took the bait to the back of the plane and they squeezed into the loo. As soon as the door clicked to OCCUPIED, she pushed him back—right into the toilet. He plucked his foot out of the bowl and stuck his hand inside her panties. She was as wet as his shoe, and she moaned in ecstasy . . . or maybe in discomfort (because the faucet was jamming into her back). Then she got down on her knees, and just as she put his dick in her mouth, they hit turbulence and she chomped down, turning his wang into a fleshy set of dental records. By the time the plane landed, he was bruised, bloody—and tinted a toilet-water blue.

As we've surmised, airplane sex is overrated. It's the type of sex that gets a lot of hype and gives you high expectations, but the actual in-flight fuck turns out to be as satisfying as the food.

> "She pushed him back **into the toilet** and moaned in **ecstasy** ... or maybe in discomfort (because the faucet was jamming **into her back**)"

PLANES, TRAINS, AND AUTOMOBILES

In fact, most transportation sex is overrated. My friend Kate had fantasized about getting railed on a train ever since she saw the steamy choo-choo scene in *Risky Business*. But when she and her boyfriend decided to christen the Amtrak rail during a trip upstate, it wasn't quite what she expected. There were jerky stops, unflattering lights, and nosy staff around every bend. "We were in a mostly empty car and under a blanket, but it was still pretty obvious what we were doing," she tells me. "I was riding my boyfriend, and in the heat of the moment, I looked up to see an 80-year-old conductor with the most horrified look on his face. The memory is burned into my brain—and not in a good way."

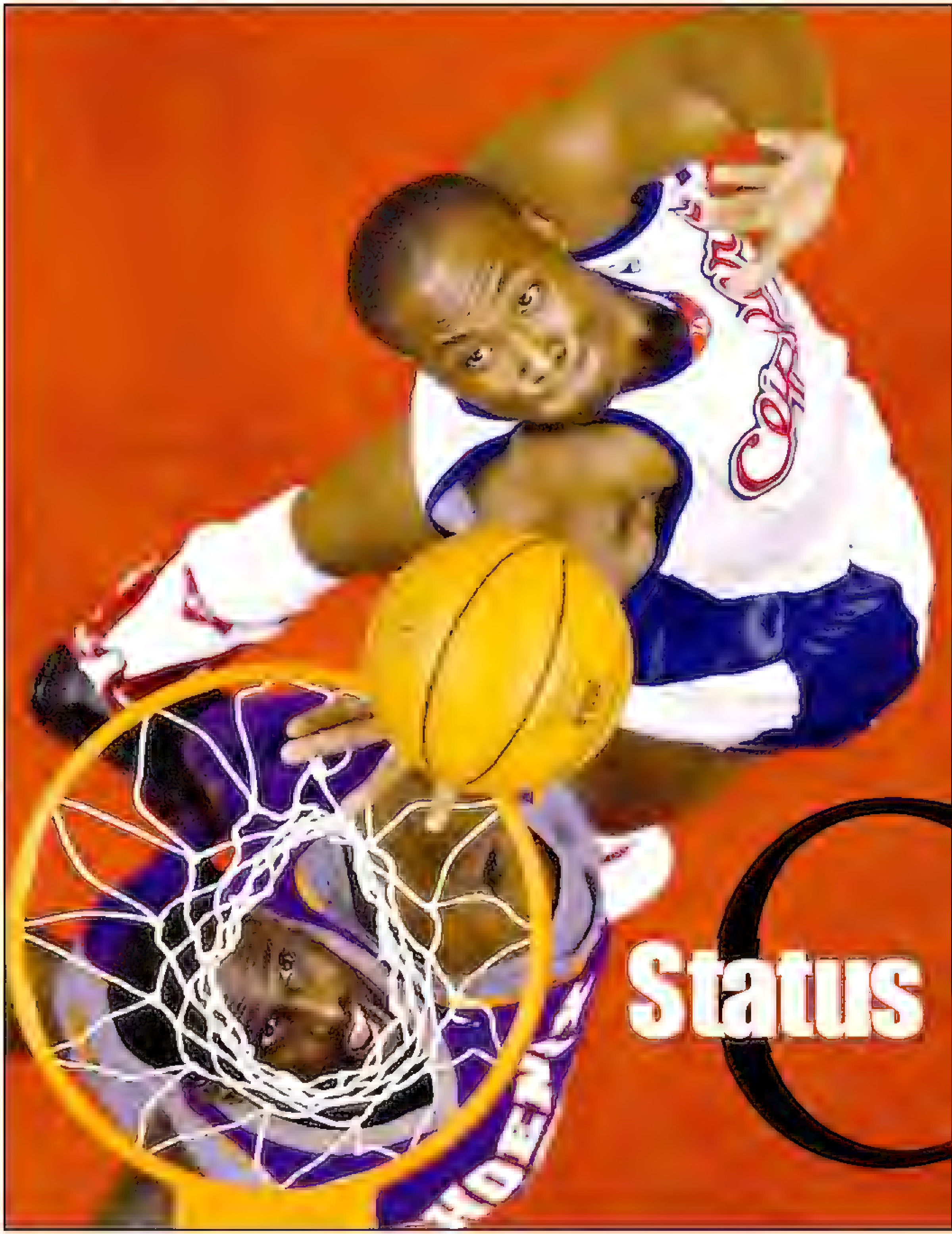
The same honks true of automobiles, specifically road head. "Blowjobs are awesome no matter where they are performed, don't get me wrong," says my friend James. "But it was hard for me to enjoy myself while I was worried about driving off the road and killing someone." Like cold medicine, hummers should not be taken while operating heavy machinery.

THE SIZE OF THE BOAT

Overrated sex comes in all shapes and sizes. Usually, though, it's big sizes in the shape of a cock. At least, according to some of my girlfriends. They decided to go all the way, on the simple principle that "size matters." And it does, they found out, but not in the way they were hoping. As my girl Stacy says, "When we'd have sex, he'd just lie there because he thought having a big one was enough. It wasn't."

So don't be excited about a new sex partner, position, or place. If you always keep your sexpectations low, you'll be satisfied every time.

Illustration by Asal Hamjka


Status

The balance of power in the NBA remains roughly the same this year as last—and yet the court will have a new king at season's end.

By Kevin Arnovitz

With no discernible high-impact players in the 2006 draft, the gap between the haves and the have-nots in the NBA is just as wide as it was when the 2005–06 season ended. This is good news for fans whose teams made it to the playoffs last spring, because a return trip is highly likely. As for the teams that were left on the outside looking in, players like Andrea Bargnani (Toronto), LaMarcus Aldridge (Portland), and Adam Morrison (Charlotte) aren't ready to help them make the leap

Once the playoffs begin, it will be the Mavs and the Mav-nots in the West and the Cavs and the Cav-nots in the East. The postseason will be a six-week coronation of LeBron James, aka the King, who will win the first—and by no means the last—NBA title of his career

EASTERN CONFERENCE

8. Boston Celtics

As a documentary subject, Sebastian Telfair is awesome As an NBA point guard, he's mediocre Telfair's 2.15 assist-to-turnover ratio and 39.4 shooting percentage were the reasons Steve Blake got more playing time than the phenom in Portland last year. Yet the Celts acquired Telfair to supplant De-

Photographs by Chris Hardy (AP); Gary Bogdon (Sports Illustrated); Doug Pensinger (Getty Images); courtesy of Topps

The boy who *will* be king—this year.

Andrew Bogut will be one of the top big men in the conference. There were a lot of raised eyebrows when the Raptors made Villanueva the seventh pick of the 2005 draft, but the Bucks learned first-hand what a shrewd selection it was when the former University of Connecticut underachiever dropped 48 points on them last March 26. Villanueva finished second among rookies in scoring (13 p.p.g.) and rebounding (6.4 r.p.g.). Bogut was the rookie leader in rebounding, pulling down seven boards a game despite playing out of position at power forward. The rugged Aussie will return to the pivot this season, where his deft passing (2.3 assists per game) will help take the Bucks to the next level.

4. Detroit Pistons

What happened? One second the Pistons were marching to their third straight finals and second title in three years, the next they were getting bounced by the Heat and watching Ben Wallace walk out the door. Chauncey Billups, Richard "Rip" Hamilton, and Tayshaun Prince will keep Detroit in the hunt, but the absence of Big Ben and the intermittent indifference of Rasheed Wallace will keep the 2004 champs from returning to the promised land.

3. Miami Heat

When Shaquille O'Neal and Dwyane Wade are both enshrined in the Pro Basketball Hall of Fame, it will be hard to convince anyone how fluky their 2006 title was. Even before the ridiculously bad calls at key moments helped them in the finals, lightning had already struck for the Heat. Erratic point guard Jason Williams made ten straight shots in Miami's Game 6 victory over Detroit in the conference finals. It will snow on South Beach before that happens again. Wade (27.2 p.p.g., 6.7 a.p.g., 5.7 r.p.g.) is a freak, but last year sure looked like the final victory lap for Shaq's knees, and a Heat repeat (a re-Heat?) seems unlikely.

2. Chicago Bulls

What happens when you add lockdown-D specialist Ben Wallace and swat-happy rookie Tyrus Thomas to a team that led the NBA in opponents' field-goal percentage (42.6) last year? Well, it probably won't be pretty—unless 74–68 final scores are your idea of aesthetically pleasing NBA hoops—but it will undoubtedly be effective. Wallace and Thomas join a nucleus of Kirk Hinrich (15.9 p.p.g., 6.3 a.p.g.), Ben Gordon (16.9 p.p.g.), Luol Deng (14.3 p.p.g.), and Andres Nocioni (13 p.p.g.). Throw in veteran power forward P.J. Brown and the Bulls will make their long-awaited return to contention.

1. Cleveland Cavaliers

The people of Cleveland are used to waiting. The Browns have never reached the Super Bowl. The Indians haven't won the World Series since 1948. And voters in some precincts had to wait nine hours to cast a ballot in the 2004 presidential election. Well, for Cleveland basketball fans—whose team has never reached the finals in its 36-year existence—the long wait will soon be over. The Cleveland Cavaliers will win the NBA title next June. That's right: the Cavs, the Wine and Gold.

LeBron James has the quickness of a point guard, the strength of a power forward, the passing ability of Larry Bird, and a rapidly improving jump shot, and he produced one of the greatest seasons in NBA history last year: 31.4 points, seven rebounds, and 6.6 assists per game.

As for the LeBronettes, center Zydrunas Ilgauskas has shed his image as a softy, averaging 15.6 points and 7.6 rebounds despite logging only 29.3 minutes per game. Joining Ilgauskas in the frontcourt rotation are Drew Gooden, Anderson Varejao, and Donyell Marshall. They may not be All-Stars, but look at their rebounds-per-48-minutes-played numbers: 14.6 (Gooden), 14.7 (Varejao), 11.3 (Marshall).

In the backcourt, Larry Hughes needs to become more consistent or he'll see his minutes going to Shannon Brown, the physically gifted rookie out of Michigan State. Yes, the Chosen One now has enough of a supporting cast to claim the first installment of his birthright.

WESTERN CONFERENCE

8. Denver Nuggets

First it was LeBron and Carmelo. Then it was LeBron, Carmelo, and Dwyane. Now it's LeBron and Dwyane. Carmelo Anthony may no longer be in the argument about the 2003 NBA draft, but he's no stiff, either. Most of the separation between Melo and his draft counterparts is due to their brilliance, but part of it is his ordinariness, especially in the playoffs. Melo has played in 14 playoff games—three first-round series losses—and shot an abysmal 36.2 percent in those games. The Nuggets lost 11 of them. If Anthony, Marcus Camby, and Andre Miller get Denver back to the playoffs this season, another first-round exit seems a virtual certainty in the rugged Western Conference.

7. Sacramento Kings

Why isn't a team with Mike Bibby, Ron Artest, and Brad Miller a title contender? New coach Eric Musselman will be asking himself that question all season as the Kings herky-jerk their way to 45 wins. It seems like 20 years ago that

Jonte West this season. Telfair's primary job will be to get the ball to Paul Pierce (26.8 points, 6.7 rebounds, 4.7 assists per game last season), who is hoping his callow teammates—Telfair, West, Gerald Green, Ryan Gomes, and Al Jefferson—improve just a little bit. That's all it will take for the Celtics to make the playoffs, where they'll lose in the first round.

7. New Jersey Nets

The good news for the Nets is that point guard–of–the–future Marcus Williams was an absolute stud in the Orlando summer league. The bad news for the Nets is that the good news is about their *backup* point guard. Jason Kidd, Vince Carter, and Richard Jefferson are still a top perimeter trio, but they are another year older and, while they'll continue to fill up highlight reels, they won't make a serious title push without some help in the interior.

6. Indiana Pacers

With the talent that President of Basketball Operations Larry Bird put together in Indiana, the Pacers seemed destined to win a title. But there was a traitor in their midst: Ron Artest single-handedly destroyed any chance Indiana had of winning it all two years ago and, apparently, he was so proud of himself that he did it again last season. The Pacers finally jettisoned Artest—in exchange for Peja Stojakovic (who has since been shipped to the Hornets)—and now have to rebuild around All-Star Jermaine O'Neal and promising second-year forward Danny Granger. Indiana will make the playoffs, but they won't be a legit contender for a while. Ron Artest—who single-handedly transformed Sacramento into a playoff team last year—made sure of that.

5. Milwaukee Bucks

Beware the Bucks. Michael Redd (25.4 points per game) is a star. Newly acquired Charlie Villanueva, formerly of Toronto, is going to be a star. And

Photograph by Allan Fredrickson/Corbis. Opposite page: Photograph by Lucy Nicholson/Corbis

Not with leather: To Chris Berman's disappointment, Nowitzki and the rest of the NBA will use a new, microfiber-composite ball this year.

Peja Stojakovic had that wide-open look at a three to beat the Lakers and propel Sac Town into the finals. (He missed; the Lakers beat the Nets in the finals that season.) Hard to believe that was 2002.

6. Memphis Grizzlies

That coach Mike Fratello was able to squeeze 49 wins out of the Grizzlies last season despite going 1-7 against the Spurs and Mavericks is a testament to his considerable motivational abilities. But it's the Grizzlies' inability to beat the top teams that has them stuck in this vicious circle where they win enough games to make the playoffs, get bounced in the first round, then receive a mid-to-late first-round pick (Kyle Lowry was this year's selection) who won't help the team's two stars, forward Pau Gasol and guard Mike Miller get any further in the playoffs.

5. Los Angeles Lakers

When the Lakers ride guard Kobe Bryant into the playoffs again in 2007, the sometimes-surly superstar will find himself right back in that familiar lose-lose position: If he chucks up 35 shots, he's a selfish gunner; if he doesn't, the Lakers will almost certainly lose. Lamar Odom is an excellent player, but unless Phil Jackson can get consistent contributions from former teen project Kwame Brown or current teen project Andrew Bynum, another first-round playoff exit—replete with recriminations for the superstar—is a lock.

4. L.A. Clippers

Poor Clippers: Even the greatest season in franchise history had to end in bitter disappointment with a seven-game, first-round playoff loss to the Suns that the Clips gave away with a mistake on defense at the end of regulation in Game 5. Well, at least Mike Dunleavy's crew won't be tempted to rest on its laurels. With MVP candidate Elton Brand leading the way, and an improving center in Chris Kaman and a deep backcourt that includes point guards Sam Cassell and Shaun Livingston and scorers Corey Maggette and Cuttino Mobley, the Clippers look poised to win 50 games.

3. San Antonio Spurs

When you lose Game 7 of a playoff series at home in overtime, it makes for a long off-season of what-ifs. What if Manu Ginobili hadn't challenged Dirk Nowitzki on the final drive of regulation, allowing the three-point play that forced OT? What if Tim Duncan had converted the point-blank put-back at the regulation buzzer? What if the San Antonio bench had contributed more than two points on one-for-six shooting in its 34 minutes? The Spurs have no doubt spent the off-season agonizing over these questions. What they haven't done is improve their roster enough to prevent a repeat scenario. Duncan, Ginobili, and Tony Parker will get San Antonio deep into the playoffs, but they won't return to the mountaintop without some help.

2. Phoenix Suns

Everybody's favorite team to watch, the high-octane Suns, just ran out of gas last spring. After two thrilling series against the L.A. teams, the tank hit empty against the Mavericks in the Western Conference Finals. Amare Stoudemire's long-awaited return was brief (three games), and it's unclear how much Phoenix will be able to expect from his microfracture-repaired knee. But with MVP point guard Steve Nash making everyone around him better—including forward Shawn Marion and guards Boris Diaw, Raja Bell, and Leandro Barbosa—the Suns are set for another high-entertainment run into the playoffs.

1. Dallas Mavericks

The Mavs finally cleared the psychological hurdle of getting past the Spurs and reaching the NBA finals, where they faced the Miami Heat. Now they have to overcome the psychological trauma of losing a title on two of the most dubious calls in playoff history. They lost Game 5 on a ticky-tack foul call on Dirk Nowitzki for resting his hand on Dwyane Wade's hip in the closing seconds. Then their fate was sealed in Game 6 when Wade buried a forearm into Nowitzki's ribs and Dirk was called for another foul. Just because it's not a conspiracy against team owner Mark Cuban doesn't mean Dallas didn't get screwed.

Psychological hurdles aside, the Mavs are physically overwhelming. The seven-foot Nowitzki is impossible to guard, a matchup nightmare; Josh Howard is too quick for forwards and too big for guards; Jason Terry can always get his own shot when it matters; and fellow point guard Devin Harris lends an explosive change of pace. Add athletic rookie Maurice Ager to the mix and you've got a nice blend of experience and youth—perfect for another run to the finals.

PLAYING FOR PING-PONG BALLS

EASTERN CONFERENCE

15. New York Knicks
Every NBA court has baselines, sidelines, and foul lines. Madison Square Garden also has punch lines. Lots of them.

14. Atlanta Hawks
They're the best argument for NBA contraction.

13. Toronto Raptors
Chris Bosh is the man. Sadly, you need five guys to play basketball.

12. Orlando Magic
Plenty of misses for monstrous Dwight Howard to chase down.

11. Charlotte Bobcats
Moving in the right direction. Very slowly.

10. Philadelphia 76ers
What, no takers so far for a 160-pound player who hoists 30 shots a game (Allen Iverson)?

9. Washington Wizards
Back where they belong: in the lottery.

WESTERN CONFERENCE

15. Portland Trail Blazers
LaMarcus Aldridge and Brandon Roy offer a glimmer of hope.

14. Golden State Warriors
The whole is less than the sum of these mismatched parts (Jason Richardson, Baron Davis, Troy Murphy).

13. Seattle Supersonics
One thing is certain about the future of this franchise: the lottery.

12. Minnesota Timberwolves
Kevin "the Big Ticket" Garnett must be freed from this frozen purgatory soon.

11. Utah Jazz
Overachieved in 2006—and still missed the playoffs.

10. New Orleans Hornets
David West and Stojakovic thrive with Chris Paul dishing out dimes, but can't get over the hump in a rugged conference.

9. Houston Rockets
If T-Mac's back is sound. If Yao stays hungry... If.

AWARDS
MVP: LeBron James, Cavaliers
Coach of the Year: Scott Skiles, Bulls
Rookie of the Year: Randy Foye, T-Wolves
Defensive Player of the Year: Ben Wallace, Bulls
Most Improved Player: Kwame Brown, Lakers

Handling the Hottest Handlebars

A Hot Pair of Twins

Suzuki SV650S

One of the great things about motorcycles is that you don t have to break the bank to get solid performance. Behold a brace of bargains in the form of fruga flyers; machines that sip gas with economical twin-cylinder engines wh le immeasurably heating up your commute

Sjzuk 's SV650S is the V-twin of this pair ng, boast ng a so id truss-style alum num frame and a torque-rich eng ne that offers a throaty roar under fu l song The fuel injection ensures crisp throt- e response at al rpm Adjust- able forks and rear shock make the SV equal y adept at nav gat- ng a pothole-ridden road and barreling a ong a race track. Cyl- nders splayed 90 degrees from each other m nim ze vibration, and the smal fa'ring keeps the windb ast off your chest to lessen fatigue during long days in the sadd e. The bike s lightwe ght and fairly conservative steering

geometry make this desirable creature agile and stable. Plus, the two-tiered seat lets your date see the show instead of just staring at your back. From the precise six-speed transmission to the cool LED taillights, Suzuki has imbued the SV with a quality feel which, combined with a controlled thirst for fuel, gives you solid value for your dollar. Oh, and the sucker rocks, too. SuzukiCycles.com

Kawasaki Ninja 650R

With an engine of nearly identical displacement and riding position, you might think this sword-wielding parallel twin is the Suzuki's doppelgänger. *Au contraire, mon frère.* The 650R feels very different from the SV, and a big reason is the contrasting engine configuration. Side-by-side cylinders make this classy Ninja rev faster and feel a tad sportier, even though the Suzuki has more power on tap. In the past, such engine designs tended to be a bit buzzy, but a 180-degree crankshaft along with an internal counter-balancer quiet the vibes, making the bike quite the smoothie. Kawasaki has gone to great lengths to keep this mill compact, including arranging the transmission shafts in a triangular configuration with the crankshaft, and mounting the cool minimalist muffler directly underneath. This setup is all in the interest of centralizing mass, which aids in handling, especially during quick side-to-side transitions.

The 650R is loaded with stylish engineering, especially the steel trellis frame that mounts the single rear shock in a "laydown" configuration—mounted sideways in the right side of the frame. The disc brakes use Kawasaki's slick petal design, and even the passenger foot-peg brackets celebrate twenty-first-century Art Deco style. In case you think it's all for show, be advised: This sharp assassin works brilliantly in the real world. And you'll still get 50 miles per gallon. Kawasaki.com

With style, hot performance, and miserly appetites, the Suzuki SV650S (left) and Kawasaki Ninja 650R (above) give you equal value for your money.

DRIVINGFORCE

Your Fast Track to Speed and Style

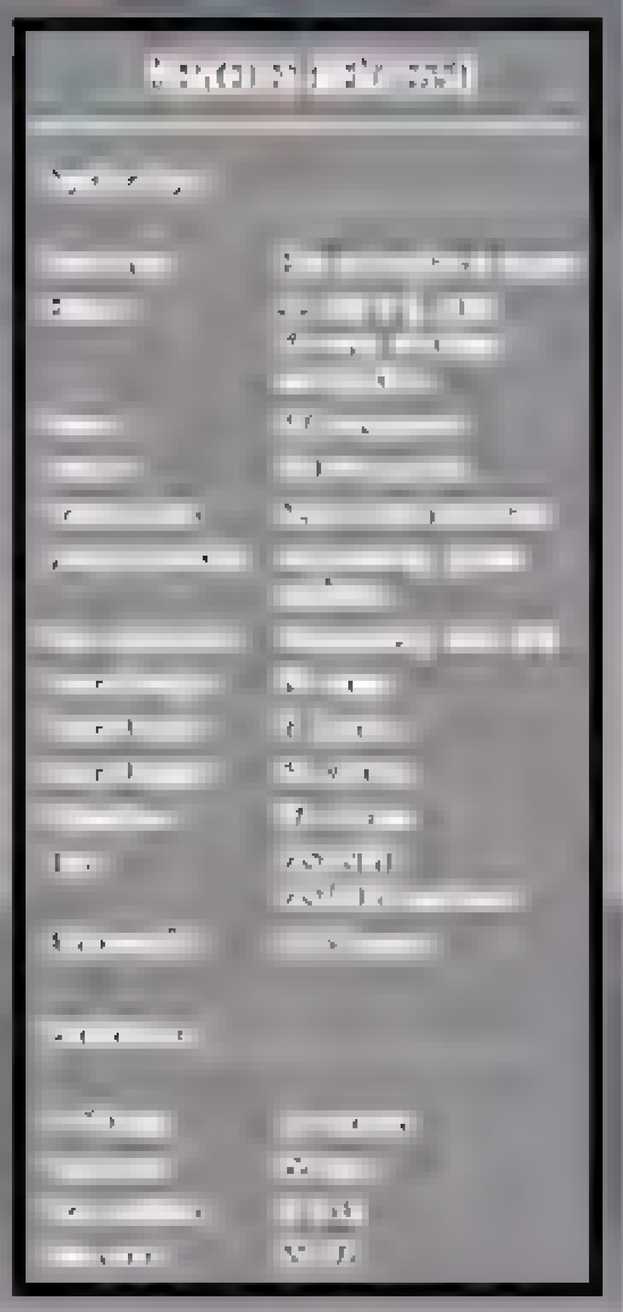
Executive Express

The newly designed E-Class rides are the perfect gift for the driver who needs everything.

As the core of the Mercedes-Benz E-Class's appeal, its size, ideal for business or pleasure, and its versatility, its variation in wide range of engines that may only [illegible]

For 2007, there will be more Mercedes-Benz E-Class models available than ever before. The E350 V-6 will be joined by the E550 V-8, the high-performance E63 AMG, the E320 BLUETEC (which has the industry's cleanest-burning diesel engine), the 4MATIC all-wheel-drive model, and the station wagon (which will be sold as E350 4MATIC and E63 AMG models next year). This is the first time the wagon will be marketed as a high-performance vehicle. No other luxury car manufacturer offers more different models based on one platform.

The engine array includes the new 3.5-liter V-6 gasoline engine [illegible] horsepower and 258 pound-feet of torque. The previous 3.2-liter V-6 has been replaced by a 5.5-liter, rated at 382 horsepower and 391 foot-pounds. The BLUETEC three-liter turbodiesel V-6 will only pack 208 horsepower, but it offers 258 foot-pounds of torque—that's [illegible] V-8. When it arrives later in the year, the [illegible]w, AMG-designed 6.3-liter V-8 that will [illegible]



By Jim Wiatrak

With its unique blend of slick aerodynamics, crisp details and new front and rear lighting treatments, the E-Class could easily win a beauty contest.

ADVISE & DISSENT

What I've Learned That You Should Know

Bob T. Epstein is an outdoor columnist and photographer.

When I stepped onto the dock at Moors Resort and Marina in Gilbertsville, Kentucky, I had little inkling that this fishing trip, of my hundreds over the years, would be one of my most memorable. Silhouetted against the placid water of Kentucky Lake were my two companions for the day. One of them was our guide and the other was obviously disabled—though I soon discovered that my initial impression of his "disability" was dead wrong. The outing ended up yielding much more than a couple of crappie.

Heath Calhoun, the physically challenged man, is a 27-year-old retired Army staff sergeant. In 2003, while he was stationed in Mosul, Iraq, insurgents launched a rocket-propelled grenade into his convoy. The RPG exploded in Calhoun's Humvee, killing one soldier and badly injuring Calhoun and his buddy. Because the explosion occurred at his feet, Calhoun survived, but both of his legs had to be amputated above the knee.

Calhoun spent eight months at Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington, D.C., recovering and learning to walk with prosthetics. His injuries, while devastating, didn't mar Calhoun's spirit. "I get depressed, I have bad days, just the same as everybody else," he says. "I try to keep a positive outlook." After he mastered walking, climbing steps, and driving, Calhoun was eager to reestablish a sense of normalcy and reconnect with his wife, Tiffany, and their two young children. Though he had envisioned becoming a police officer after completing his Army career, Calhoun decided to use his ordeal to guide other wounded vets through the arduous recovery process.

Our fishing trip was arranged through the Kentucky Outdoor Writers' Association and the Wounded Warrior Project, a nonprofit organization for which Calhoun is the outreach director. The group provides various types of aid to injured soldiers, beginning with their rehabilitation in the hospital and extending to family counseling, financial assistance, and political advocacy. A family of vets started WWP when they heard about newly wounded soldiers' immediate and long-term struggles to adjust to civilian life. The founders set out to create a holistic arsenal of resources for injured vets.

When a soldier is admitted to a military hospital with a serious injury, often he or she receives little more than a hospital gown. The Wounded Warrior Project steps in with the "Backpack Program," which provides necessities and comfort items: sweats, a calling card for phone calls, a CD player, playing cards, and a toiletry kit. The small gesture goes a long way toward restoring comfort levels and easing the soldier's transition to long-term rehabilitative care—especially since family members cannot always travel to the hospital immediately.

By Bob T. Epste`n

Beyond the initial outreach at the hospital, the Wounded Warrior Project subsidizes adaptive equipment, such as accessible vehicles, prosthetic .imbs, and wheelchairs. It helps soldiers navigate through the bureaucrat c red tape that frequently accompan es the r injuries, including disability-benefits applications and payro l snafus. "Team WWP" hosts informative programs and counseling sessions with a phalanx of experts on post-traumatic stress d sorder and depress on. But in terms of rebu ilding a disabled vet s long-term positive outlook on life, perhaps the most therapeutic Wounded Warrior effort is "Pro ject Outdoors."

Through a partnership with Disabled Sports USA, this program provides outdoor sporting opportun t es to vets, .nclud ng cycling, outrigger canoeing, golfing, alpine skiing, rock c imb ng, boating, and fishing. Servicemen and -women who have lost limbs, their sight. or their hearing can learn to trap-shoot in Wyoming or go horseback riding in Texas

For Calhoun, who had never been fishing before our out ng, the experience was nothing short of life alter.ng. W th the help of our guide, Calhoun learned to bait the hooks and reel in his catch. In addition to the persona sense of accomp ish-ment, he discovered an activ ty he can share with his two young chi dren. "I can t play ball w th the kids anymore," Calhoun says, "but I sure can take them fishing." And fishing with his family would enable him to realize what he so fervently sought after his injury to be, as he puts it: "not just a prov der for my family, but an active buddy, too."

Ca houn, whose enthusiasm and impress ve physical ab ity make him nothing short of an active buddy (he downhill skis, water-skis, and cycles), also

made a big impress on on Bubba Kolb, our guide. Kolb became a WWP sponsor this year and has taken several wounded vets on fishing expeditions. "If you show someone how to fish," Kolb says, "it could be the ticket to a lifetime of fun. It's good for them *and* everyone who loves them."

The challenges facing wounded vets—emotional physical, and psychological—can seem insurmountable Calhoun cred ts Tiffany with prov ding the support and care he needed dur ng h's rehabi tat on. "This who e mess is going to take a lot of getting used to," he says, "but thank God I have a great, understanding wife standing behind me all the time."

The Wounded Warrior Project, which helped outfit him with state-of-the-art prosthetic legs and a lightweight wheelchair was another key element in his recovery. A rock-solid support network of family and Wounded Warriors has all but erased the notion of disability in his mind, and in summer 2005, Calhoun completed the Soldier Ride, a 4,200-mile cross-country bike trek from Los Angeles to Montauk, New York, on a hand-powered bicyc e

Ca houn maintains a wry sense of humor, noting that injured sold ers don t automatically take on angelic dispositions. "If the guy was a jerk, after he recovered, he .s usually still a jerk," he says "Just because he may now be a seriously wounded veteran doesn't—or probably doesn't—make him less of a jerk."

Ca houn may still have his share of bad days, but he combats the blues with a positive attitude. Now, thanks to the Wounded Warrior Project, he also can rel sh the s mp e pleasure of spend ng a day on the lake with his family, baiting the hooks and catching fish toget her.

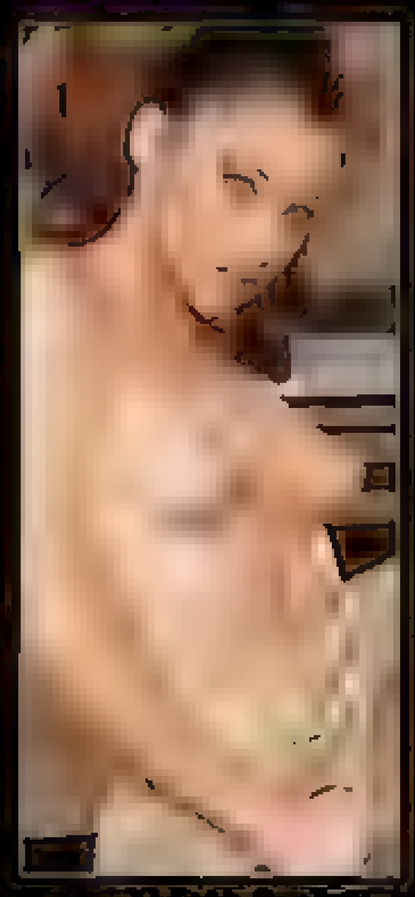
For more information on the Wounded Warrior Pro ject, visit WoundedWarriorProject.org or call 540-342-0032

Former Army Staff Sergeant Heath Calhoun has forged a rock-solid support network through the Wounded Warrior Project that has all but erased the notion of disability in his mind.

2007 Pet of the Year PLAYOFF

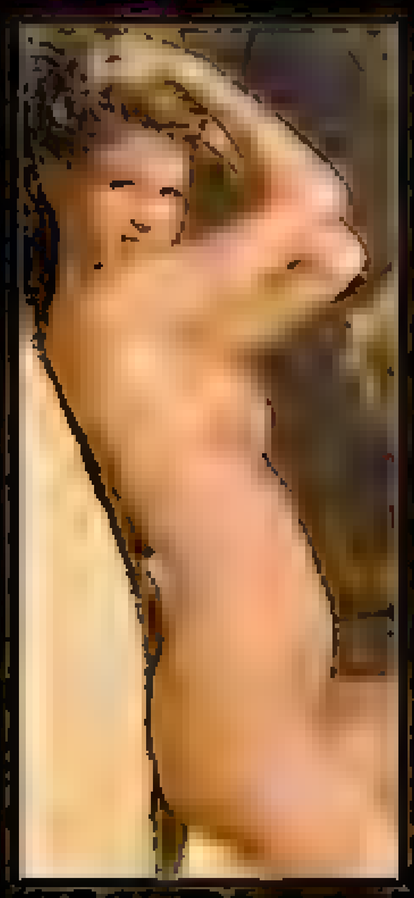
Our Playoff features 12 of our hottest centerfolds ever, and each—from the marine biologist to the drag racer to the California surfer babe—brings something unique and utterly sexy to the table. Taking over for our 2006 Pet of the Year, the voluptuous Jamie Lynn, will be a challenge for our new Queen, but no more difficult than your task, picking your favorite. You can vote at Penthouse.com/playoff. Let the Playoff fun begin!

CELESTE



Former cheerleader Celeste Star, 19, loves an audience. Whether she's riding the waves in her native Cali or sneaking a hot tryst in a restaurant bathroom, the 34-24-33 beauty says nothing turns her on like knowing people are watching her. As for the men in her life, Celeste knows her type: "I like lovers who ravish me."

GINA



We wish our super looked like Gina Austin, a 34-25-35 vixen who works in property management. If you're lucky enough to catch her eye, the 22-year-old won't play games. "I know within five minutes if I want to sleep with someone," she says. As for sealing the deal, "I'll let him know by dropping naughty hints." We're all ears—and eyes.

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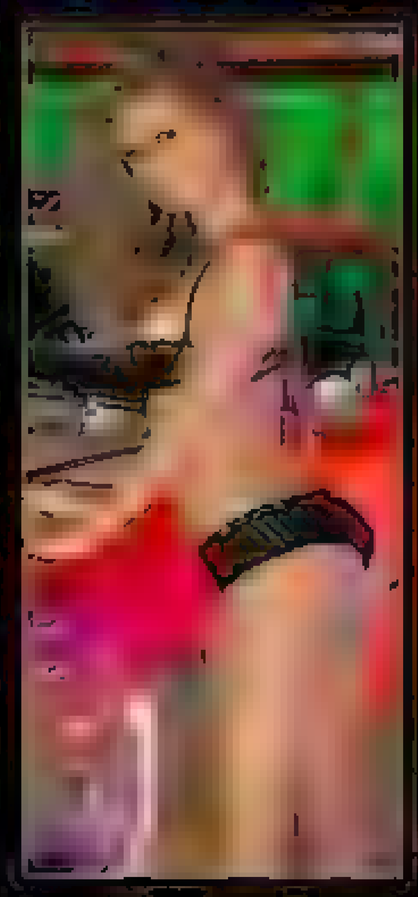
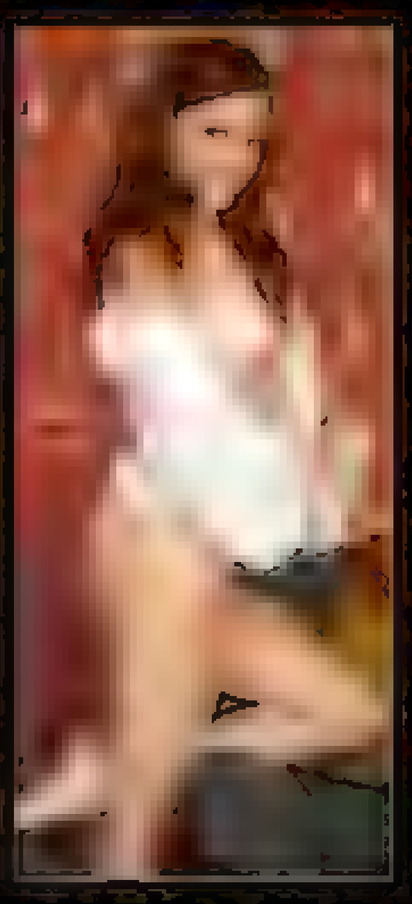
MELISSA



Milwaukee babe Melissa Jacobs, 24, is always looking for an adrenaline rush, whether she's stalking the catwalk as a model or drag racing in her vintage sports car. The 35-24-35 wild child looks for thrills in the bedroom, too. "My best sexual experience was with another woman," she says. "It was so sensual. Threesome, anyone?"

OUT

RENEE

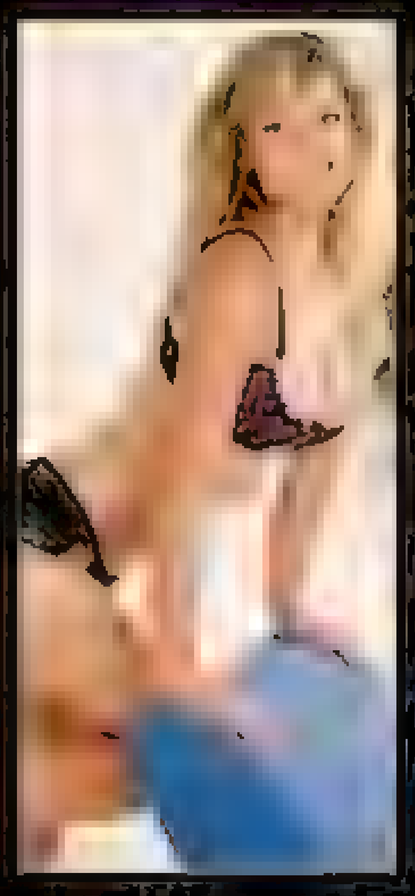


Sometimes, as this 34-24-35 temptress will tell you, a taste just isn't enough. "I'll try anything twice," 20-year-old Renee Diaz says seductively, "just to make sure I like it." The Las Vegas lady knows all about heat, but her ultimate fantasy takes her away from the desert—"to make love on a blanket in the snow, under the stars."

BELLA

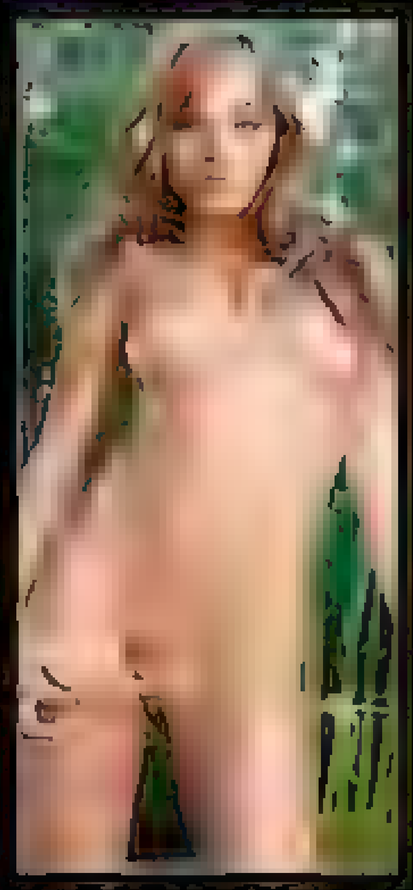
Sexy Bella Starr is passionate about getting wet. The 34C-24-34 nymph recently earned a degree in marine biology and confesses, "I'd love to have sex on my car in a rainstorm." So it's natural that the 23-year-old California girl has a passion for surfer boys, and her favorite food is sushi.

HEATHER



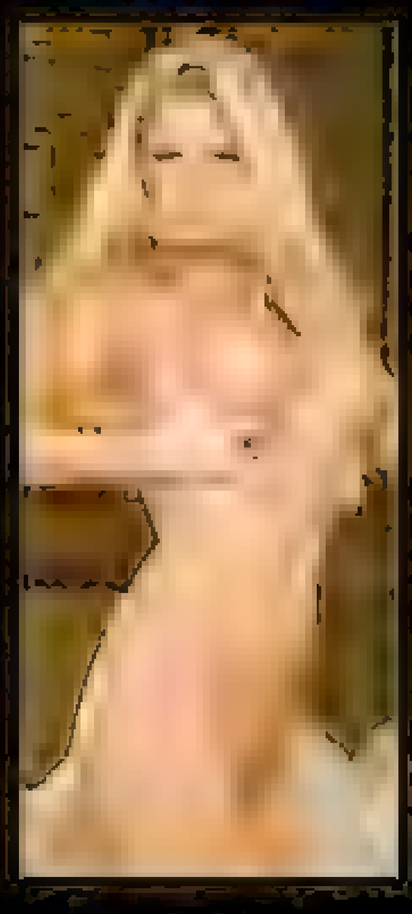
Heather Vandeven, a 25-year-old model, lives for surfing and hiking trips—especially if they take a few naughty turns. "Once, my lover and I stopped to make love on a pile of stones underneath a waterfall," the 34C-24-36 stunner tells us. Want to woo this honky-tonk woman? Just take her to a Rolling Stones concert.

CHARLIE



It's hard not to fall for a smokin' hot 22-year-old who tells us that if she had a million dollars, she'd invest most of it. But Charlie Laine, a 32-23-33 Wisconsin native, is only conservative with her money. "I'll never forget the first time I enjoyed anal sex," she says. "It was the hottest experience I've ever had!"

JENNIFER



Forget candles and roses. To turn on this luscious 34D-24-32 lady, make sure you've got the right decor. Jennifer Emerson, 23, loves apple martinis, hip-hop, and having sex in front of a mirror, so she can watch the hot action from every angle. "I'm very comfortable with my body," she says—and so are we.

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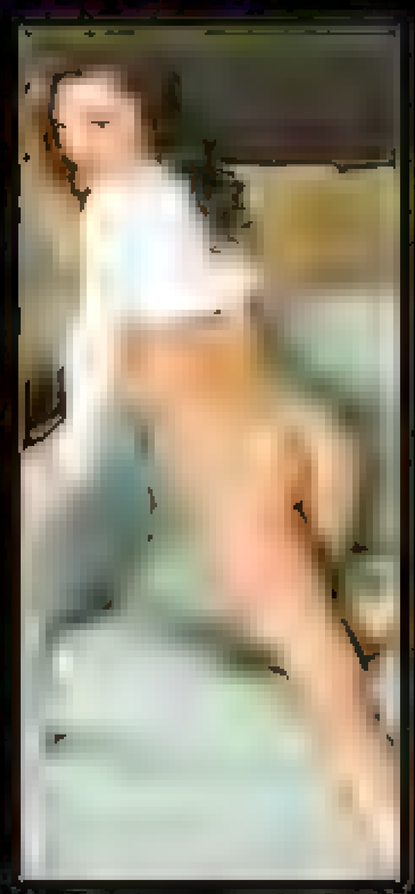
KRISTA



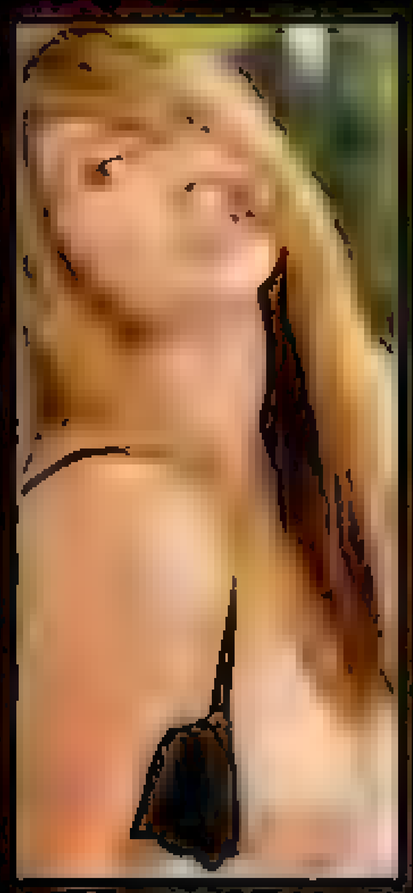
Krista Ayne's 34C-25-36 traffic-stopping form left us breathless. "I enjoy being daring," the 23-year-old tells us. Lucky for us, Krista's penchant for adventure rarely involves clothes. "I get really turned on at the thought of lots of guys watching me," she admits. For everyone's benefit, we'll provide her inspiration

NEVAEH

Now that she's made it into *Penthouse*, 20-year-old Nevaeh is ready to live out her favorite fantasy. "I'd like to have sex with three hot women in a huge penthouse suite, tearing one another's clothes off like there's no tomorrow." Luckily, the 32-24-34 blonde bombshell's extensive ballet training means she'll be nice and limber when it happens.

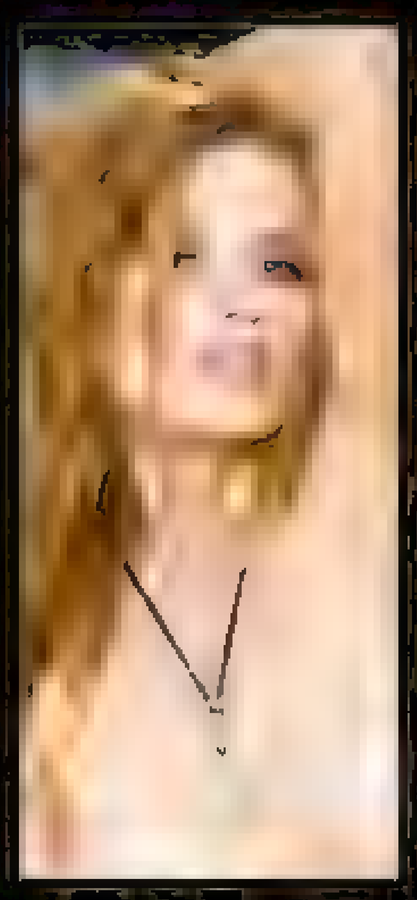
3D

SHAY



There's no mistaking it when this exquisite 20-year-old Hawaiian is ready to get lei'd. "When my guy leaves the room, I strip down, so when he returns all I'm wearing is a come-hither look." Shay Laren's 36D-28-35 curves—and the long flight to the mainland—should make it easy for her to live out her wildest dream: joining the Mile-High Club.

LEXIE



Fiery redhead Lexie Karlsen, 27, loves the ocean and Italian food. "Throw in some cocktails and a nice breeze, and that would be enough to get me in the mood," she tells us. The 34D-23-34 fox could help you get your sea legs with her favorite work-out—sex. Prefer to stay landlocked? She also loves boxing and golf.

LA RADIO

LOCA

Luis Jiménez is the new No.1 in morning radio,
but that doesn't mean his shows are getting less outrageous or controversial.
There's no reining in his sharp tongue.

INTERVIEW BY RICHARD TORRES

It's Monday morning at 5:15, and Luis Jiménez jumps out of bed, showers, towels off, and puts on his clothes, which were picked out, as always, by his fiancée/producer/business partner Maria E. Alba. At 5:30, Jiménez and Alba leave their New Jersey abode. After a quick jaunt across the bridge and down Manhattan's West Side Highway they find themselves at the headquarters of the Spanish Broadcasting System, the home of WSKQ-FM, aka La Mega 97.9. They jog through the lobby into a waiting elevator. At six o'clock, Jiménez hustles into a studio that's already crowded. He slips on his headphones as his theme music fades out at 6:05 and says good morning to his studio compatriots and, most important, to millions of listeners.

Welcome to *El Vacilón de la Mañana* (loosely translated: *The Morning Jokers*). It's part frat party, part bodega braggadocio, and the funniest, filthiest, raunchiest show you've never heard. It's primarily in Spanish and anchored by Jiménez's bedroom baritone, and although it often beat Howard Stern in the ratings over the past few years, it has become New York City's undisputed morning-radio champ since Stern's move to satellite radio.

Jiménez, like Stern, has sidekicks. There's Moonshadow (Raymond Broussard), whose radio show Jiménez grew up listening to. Carolina Cadillo, a traffic announcer, gives the testosterone-laden show a shot of estrogen. There's a gallery of regulars, from Boca Chula (the dumb one) and Papi Chulo (the womanizer) to Shorty, a former thief who swiped Jiménez's headphones and is now the show's engineer. (Rubén Ithier, the producer of the famed prank-call bits, was busted for trying to reenter the United States with a false passport. With typical *Vacilón* élan, the now sorely missed Ithier called in his tale of woe from a federal detention center before he was deported to the Dominican Republic.)

Also in the mix are Jiménez's characterizations (like bisexual, reefer-lovin' Findingo), impromptu musical segments, S&M game shows, vagina talent contests, call-in confessions, and outrageous celebrity interviews with performers (Cheech Marin and John Leguizamo), hotties (Eva Mendes and Sofía Vergara), rappers (Fat Joe and Daddy Yankee), and damn near every top Latin personality extant. Even Donald Trump and Magic Johnson have shown up for on-air interviews.

There have also been a number of on-air pranks on April Fool's Day, including a staged studio shooting, a report that the Lincoln Tunnel was flooded, and a fake announcement that tickets to a free Ricky Martin concert were being handed out in Grand Central Station. The results—a rapid response from the NYPD, snarled rush-hour traffic, and pandemonium among fans and commuters, respectively—only enhanced the show's hit status.

The New York–based show is syndicated in several markets, and it's the highest-rated program on the Internet, attracting more than 1.5 million listeners around the globe. There have been best-selling song-parody albums, as well as sold-out comedy tours. Jiménez and company also brought their show to the silver screen in late 2005 with *El Vacilón, The Movie*. The low-budget, R-rated flick—due out on DVD this holiday season—is packed with movie takeoffs, sexual goings-on, and scatological skits; it made more than $1 million playing in some 30-odd theaters.

Despite the daily radio grind, a planned *El Vacilón 2*, and a starring role in the family-friendly holiday opus *Feliz Navidad*, Jiménez sat down with *Penthouse* to discuss his career.

The show really hits the ground running.

Yes, we actually say hello to each other on the air. We don't talk to each other before that.

How do you decide on the subjects you discuss?

After the show we hang out, crack jokes, and decide what topics we're going to talk about the next day. Everything else on the show—even the song parodies—is improvised.

With the FCC as aggressive as it's been lately, isn't being spontaneous living on the edge?

It is living on the edge, but I don't think about that. It seems that every time there's a big scandal, they try to punish the media. C'mon, because Janet Jackson showed a titty, we've all got to pay for it? Howard Stern's off the air because of that? That's ridiculous. I refuse to change my show because I don't believe we do any harm.

Do you think you have an advantage with the FCC because your show's mostly in Spanish?

We've created our own vocabulary. These are words that don't exist. They sound Spanish, but if you look them up in the dic-

tionary, you won't find them. What's the FCC going to do about that? We put a condom on everything we say

Give me a quick example.

If we refer to the female private parts, we call it the *chanfometa*. *Calendro* is the male body part.

But you have gotten complaints from some quarters.

Obviously our show is raunchy. But this is what we joke about when we're hanging out with our friends. And there have been a couple of complaints. But in 12 years, we've never been fined by the FCC. I don't understand how the FCC can pretend people don't talk about sex. And even though we're called shock jocks, we're not about shocking people. Our purpose is to make them laugh. We're just fucking around, man.

What about claims that you're sexist?

We're not sexist, we're just real. The fact is, [men] control the remote control. That's our thing. The fact is, we hate when women bitch about us leaving the toilet seat up. It takes half a second to put it down. Why make a big deal and ruin a nice dinner because of it? These are the kind of things men talk about. But we also have a forum for women to say things about us.

You get a lot of female callers.

Yeah! And they express themselves. We also make fun of ourselves. We're not trying to say we're the biggest-dicked macho Latin lovers out there. We actually complain about *not* being the most endowed men on the planet. Women like that. They're tired of Latinos trying to be Supermen all the time. When we kid each other, they get it. They're laughing *at* us.

Growing up in Puerto Rico, you used to listen to your partner, Moonshadow. What was his show like back then?

It was the model of what we do today. At the time, I was going to school. My first class was at 7:30 A.M. If he had something good on—usually a parody of a *novela* [Spanish soap opera] with women having sex and outlandish sound effects—I'd skip my class. I funked math and art because I kept listening. My mom told me, "If you keep listening, you're going to end up doing that garbage." [*Laughs*] That's exactly what I do now. The lesson? Listen to your mom. She's always right.

Did your career start in Puerto Rico?

Yes. My first full-time gig, when I was 16, was at a ballad station. It was fine for six months, then I got bored by the music. I wanted to do a talk show. Things weren't going well, so I moved to Orlando, Florida. When I couldn't find any radio jobs, I worked as a janitor. After four years, I finally got a full-time gig. Two days later I got called for an interview in New York.

You were young—only 23.

Young and scared. Nobody picked me up at the airport. I called the receptionist, who told me to take a cab and I'd be reimbursed. Bullshit. I'm still waiting for that money. I get a taxi and the driver's crazy. It cost me 40 of the 75 dollars I had to get there. Then I waited six hours to meet the station owner. I hated the whole thing. After auditioning, I was thinking about how I was going to tell the owner that I wanted to go back to Florida. Before I could say anything, he extended his hand and said, "Welcome to S.B.S." Those were powerful words. I knew if I passed it up, I'd always regret it.

Was it tough to do mornings?

I originally came to do middays. When the morning guy left, they told me to fill in. And I'm still waiting for the real guy to come in. I wanted to do Moonshadow-like stuff. I'd revamped his format with different characters but the same kind of attitude. Then I got so insecure, I was begging the manager to fire me.

I seem to remember a controversy you had with lesbian activists.

I was on the air. My partner at the time said, "We're lesbians. We love women." Old joke. We said more, but everything was nice.

It's hard to imagine what they would object to.

I love lesbians! Years later, I did a lesbian hour. It was like *Love Connection*. We had this bisexual girl who not only would hook up lesbians with other lesbians, but would also coach first-timers how to be with other girls. [*Pauses*] Just another public-service announcement.

That's kind of beautiful.

It is. We're changing lives. I feel responsible for hundreds of couples experiencing bisexuality. We did a song called "Tortilla Party." In Mexico a tortilla is, well, a tortilla, but for us it's two nude girls pressing against each other. We got thousands of e-mails about that, and I'm sure at least a few hundred tried it. We probably fucked up a lot of marriages, but [*shrugs*].

What won't you do?

Denigrate people. Whatever someone wants to do on the show—no matter how others may view it—if it's done voluntarily, then it's not shameful, it's funny. Doing a contest to prove how stupid somebody is ... that's just humiliation. That's not funny and that's our limit.

But you've had people do some outrageous stuff.

We had a pussy talent contest. Women were smoking out of their pussies, throwing ping-pong balls out of their pussies. One of them put a whole *platano* [plantain] into her vagina. And a lot of people said that contest degraded women. I pointed out that it was an open call. They voluntarily came to do the show. There was even a girl with two vaginas. We had a doctor check her out. [*Mock solemnity*] That was a scientific thing.

Whose idea was it for you to work with Moonshadow?

Mine. I've got to be friends with the people I work with. That's a big part of the show's success. I just can't work with assholes. Moon had been my competition. When I called him, he asked me a thousand times if we were recording him for a prank phone call. I said no and asked him to come work with me. He started in January 2000.

Then the ratings really took off.

Yes, because Moon knew his place. It's not easy to find a guy who has been a leader who can take the sidekick position with pride. The sidekick is so important.

It originally took a while for the show to jell.

The first three years were hell.

You had a couple of partners.

The station brought on Junior Hernández and things started to get better. When he died in 1998, I quit. My immediate reaction was, I cannot go back on the air and start joking again. My partner, my brother, my friend, died. People knew this. I was going to sound like an asshole who'd do anything for money.

The station manager talked you out of it and you took a few weeks off.

I came back on the air and told my listeners, "I'm going to be honest with you. I'm lost. Call me right now and tell me what you want me to do. What do you want to hear on the show today?" The audience told me they wanted me to be funny and be myself. They told me what to do. After 9/11, it was the same thing. I said, "Can we service you better making you laugh or giving you information?" They called and told us, "Do the show."

How long did it take to feel the show was back on track post-9/11?

A week. We were the first to announce what happened. Papi Chulo was on the phone with his wife, who worked in the World Trade Center complex. She saw the first plane crash. Papi Chulo forgot he was on the air and screamed that an airplane just hit the WTC. Some people didn't believe us because we're known for our April Fool's pranks.

The number of people who call up and confess they're having an affair is staggering. Do you wonder why they do it?
Yes. Most of the time, to protect them, we change their names and voices. Sometimes they'll make a mistake and say their real name. If I realize it, I hit the delay button. With domestic violence so prevalent, I'm especially careful with women. But some guys will phone, demand we cloak their identity and then say, "And I want to say hi to all my friends at the bodega on 181st Street."

But we don't judge them. We'll say, "Have that threesome, have fun, enjoy it, but be prepared. Touch the other woman too much and your wife's going to give you shit. Also realize that if your woman likes it, she will cheat on you with another woman. Once you know this, go for it."

Has doing the show given you a special insight into women?
Definitely. It's turned me into a lesbian. If you want to know how to sexually and emotionally treat a woman, question a lesbian. If you're a straight man, you're not going to go with a gay man just because you had a bad relationship. But a heterosexual woman will live with a lesbian because of a bad relationship with a man. That's because only a woman truly knows what a woman wants. Learn these tricks and you'll be alright.

How long did it take you to write *El Vacilón: The Movie*?
About two hours. First I wrote 13 pages. Three months later, I wrote another ten. When the director told me in June 2004 that we were starting in October, I got my ass in gear. During filming we were writing, and even after. We wrapped in December and then added another scene in July 2005. It was very difficult. The main shoot was eight weeks at 30 locations, and we did the radio show during the morning.

How did you feel when you saw it with an audience?
The first three times I was thinking about what I could've done better. The fourth time, it felt pretty good.

Who have been your favorite guests?
Donald Trump was one of the best. He was a lot of fun. There are many people who won't come on the show again. Marc Anthony is one. We put a guy next to him who was sitting on a block of ice, freezing his balls off to win tickets to Marc's concert. The guy was naked from the waist down. Any guy who does that has the right to sit next to Marc Anthony. Marc did not appreciate it. I knew he was annoyed by the way he kept looking at this guy.

Jennifer Lopez won't do our show because she says we ask the types of questions she doesn't want to be asked.

What would you ask her?
Well, around the time of her third marriage, I'd have asked her why she couldn't meet a guy and live with him for a couple of years, like every other Bronx girl who rides the number 6 train. Then, if he's good to you and not a drunk, marry him.

You had Magic Johnson on.
His managers were so angry. We asked him, as we do every guest, sexual questions, like, "What's the kinkiest thing you've ever done?" Let me tell you, with my heart in my hand, I didn't remember that Magic's HIV-positive. He was really cool. He answered every question.

What about Ricky Martin?
He won't come on the show. He did it once. It went very well. But stuff happens in their lives that they know we're going to ask about. We are not controlled by publicists. We're not controlled by a program director with an interest in having Ricky Martin do a free concert for the station. We don't give a fuck about that. So if people are saying you're gay, we're going to ask you to set the record straight. You don't want people speculating about this shit? It's easy. "Are you gay?" "No." "Great." We're not asking for you to tell us the truth. We'll take your answer.

Shakira came on.
Shakira's a very secure girl. We asked her about her sex life. Her answers were neutral. We made fun of her album title, *Oral Fixation*, and everything was cool.

Who do you want as guests?
Jennifer Lopez and Marc Anthony. They're interesting, successful, and New Yorkers. La Mega made Marc who he is today. And for him not to come on because a fan was putting his balls on ice. We didn't do it to offend Marc. We received him like the king of salsa he was at the time. But look, right now he's not as hot. Things change. I know they'll call one day for an interview and we'll give it to them. We hold no grudges.

Would you do an English-only show?
No. It's not that I wouldn't do English projects or film roles. But I don't feel comfortable enough to do a radio show in English. In Spanish, I know what I'm doing. In English, I might not find the words to be as witty.

Any sexual advice for our readers?
Experiment. If you're going to do wild things, do them first with people you don't love. I believe if you need to see your wife with another woman, it's because you don't love her enough to make her only yours. So if you are going to experiment, use guinea pigs. Afterward, you're ready for the real thing.

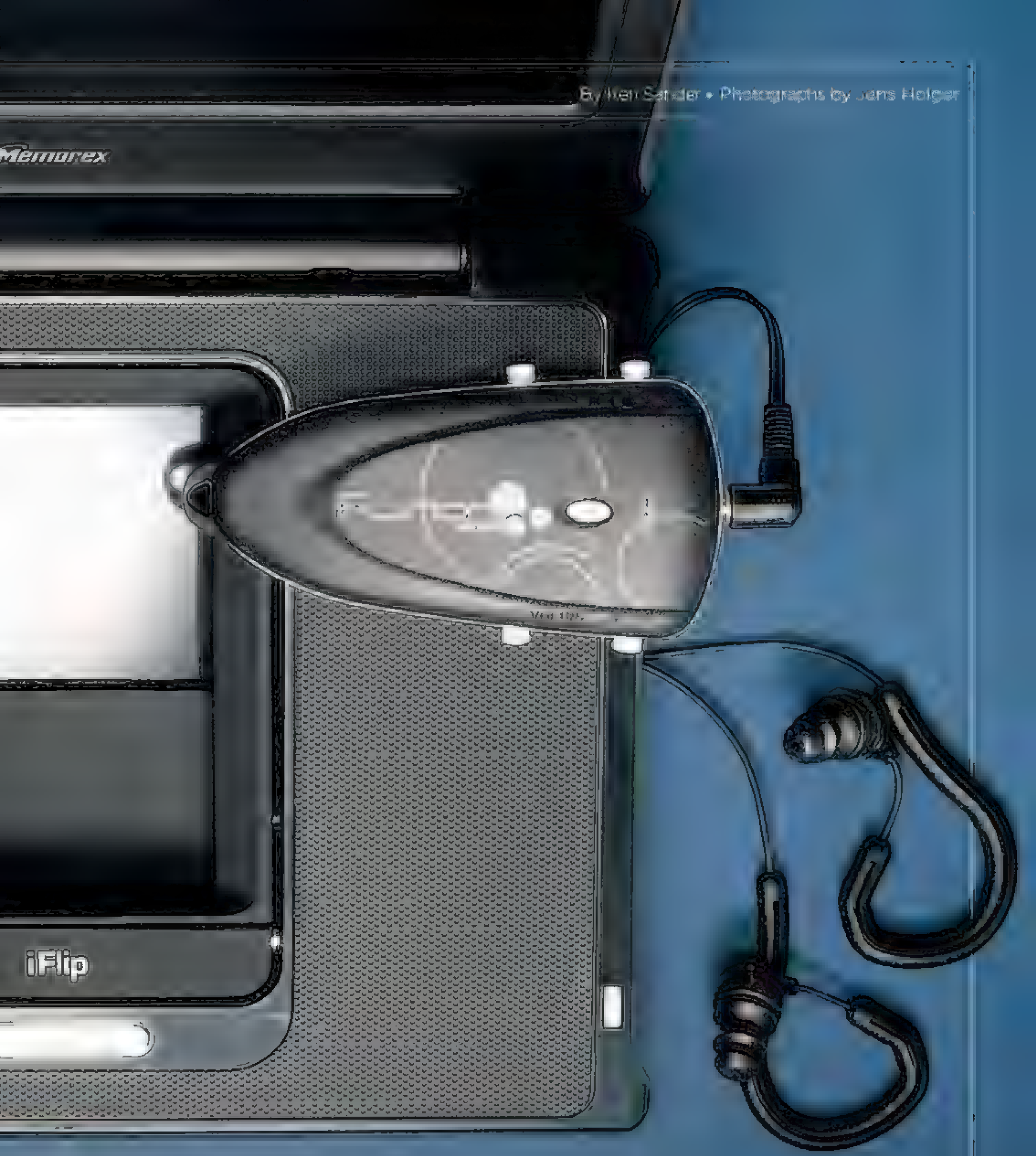
Who are your fave porn stars?
I like Jan ne [Lindemulder]. She's very sexy. We had the legendary Vanessa Del Rio on the show, and that was amazing. She's from the days of porno when there was no protection. And Vanessa was never portrayed as a victim. She'd do anything, but she was never submissive. She was the queen. Instead of saying "fellatio," we should say "Del Rio." Who the hell is Fellatio, anyway?

TECHNOMANIA

High-Tech Tools for the 21st Century

CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT: The **AKG ACOUSTICS K 81 DJ** folding headphones with high sound pressure level and isolating ear cups are ideal for party and club DJs. $99. AKG-Acoustics.com [illegible] MP4 player with a 1.5-inch OLED screen also features a voice recorder and syncs with your Outlook tasks, calendar, and contacts. One-GB model, $180. Creative.com • **HEADROOM's TOTAL BITHEAD** battery-powered mini amp for headphones makes

By Ken Sandler • Photographs by Jens Helger

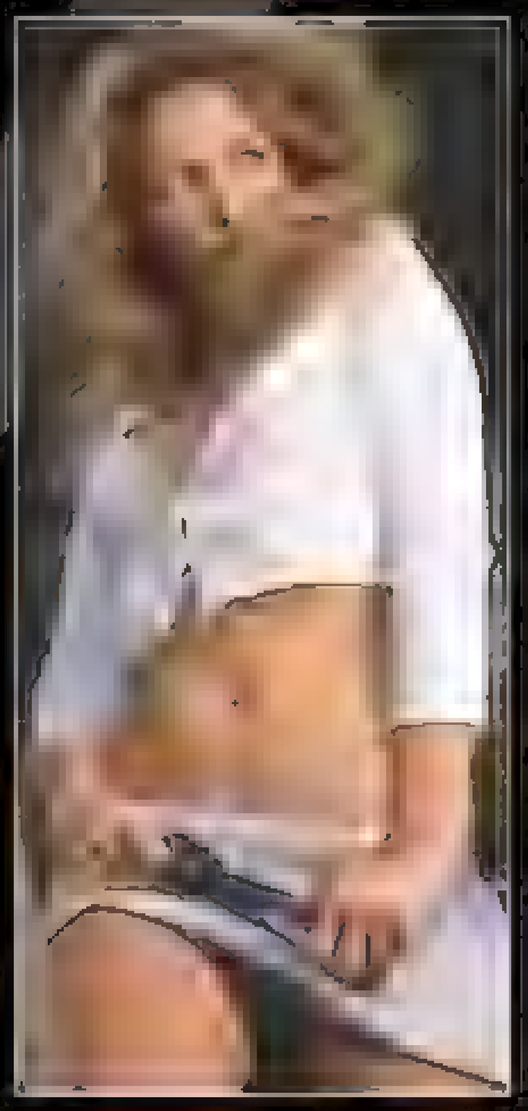


your MP3 player sing. Never has a USB connector come to amp up your laptop's tunes. $199. Headphone.com. The MEMOREX portable video player for iPods has an 8.4-inch LCD screen and dual headphone jacks. A full charge lets you watch up to five hours of video playback. $199. Memorex.com. FREESTYLE AUDIO's FUSION MP3 player is waterproof up to ten feet, shock-resistant and runs on 512 MB of built-in flash memory. $170. FreestyleAudio.com.

CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT: TURTLE BEACH ANR-10 noise-reduction headphones block ambient noise so you can hear every note without blowing out your eardrums. $60. TurtleBeach.com • The ARCHOS 104 MP3 player has a four-GB hard drive and a 1.5-inch color screen, and it can store up to 2,000 songs and play up to 40,000 photos. Supports Microsoft PlaysForSure. $160. Archos.com • The BANSHEE portable speaker screams with up to 50 watts of power. It con

necks to any MP3 player or a PSP and has an extra input jack for a woofer. $129. BansheeAudio.com. Stop shouting into your cell phone and get THEBOOM QUIET audio headset. Whether you're closing deals or zoning out to tunes, it'll make the outside world disappear. $275. TheBoom.com. ESOOPATH sound-isolating earbuds by SHURE have triple high-definition drivers—one tweeter and two woofers—for the ultimate sound experience. $549. Shure.com

Scarlet Fever



Although 24-year-old

Danielle Smith

likes to have sex in public

places and

gets hot and bothered

at the click of a camera,

at heart she's just

an old-fashioned romantic.

Photographs by

Cynthia Kaye

"My biggest turn-on? Getting showered with flowers, whispered sweet nothings, and, most important, being in love. But the most exciting

p ace I've
nad sex
s a toss-up
among the
Tampa Bay
stadium,
Saks Fifth
Avenue,
and on
a stranger's
parked
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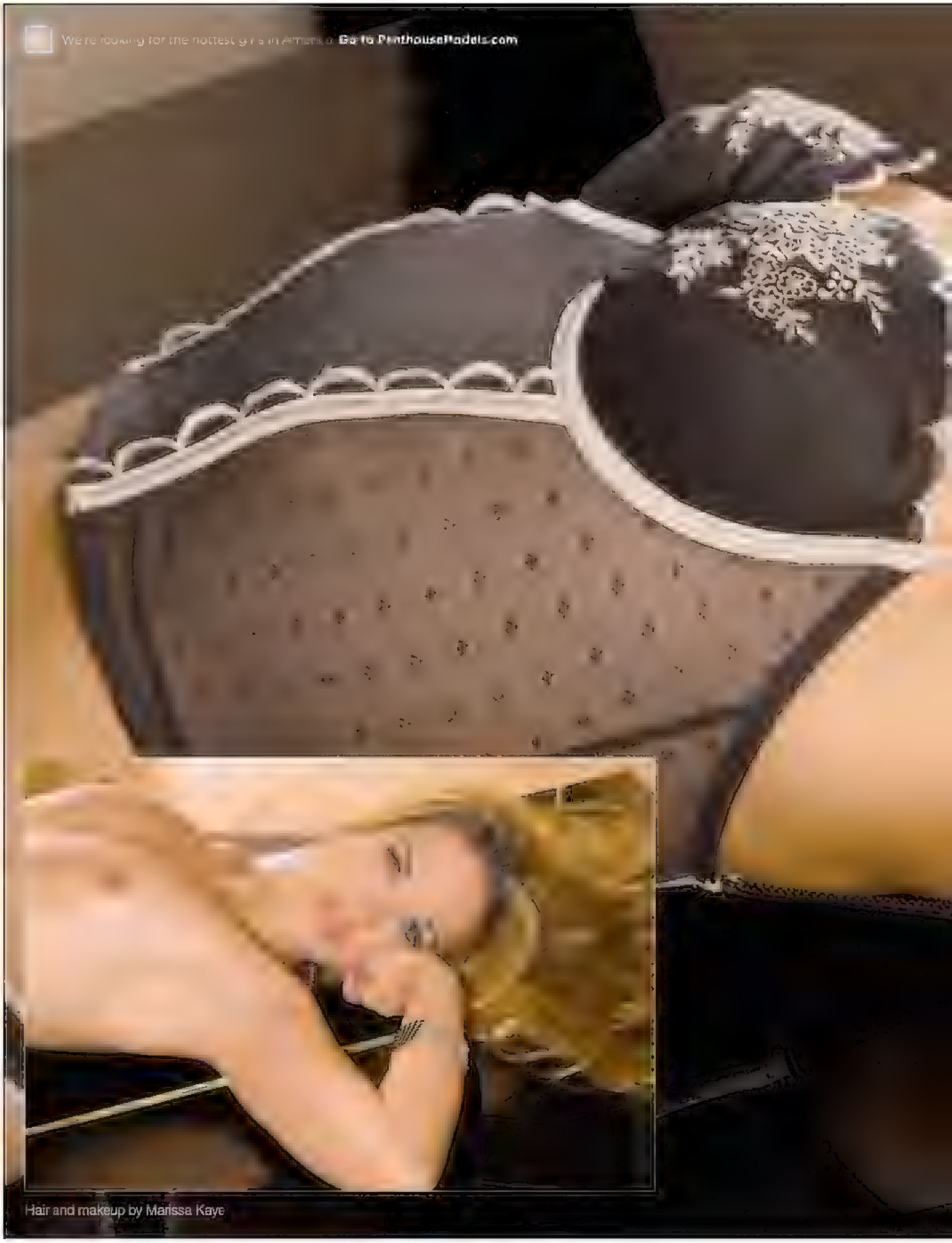
the after-
noon."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Hair and makeup by Marissa Kaye

"I like men to focus on me If a guy talks about his exes, I shut him down Forget the past I'm your present." To see more of Danielle v sit Penthouse .com/ danielle Or cal 1 800 519 6678 for exclusive Pet interviews

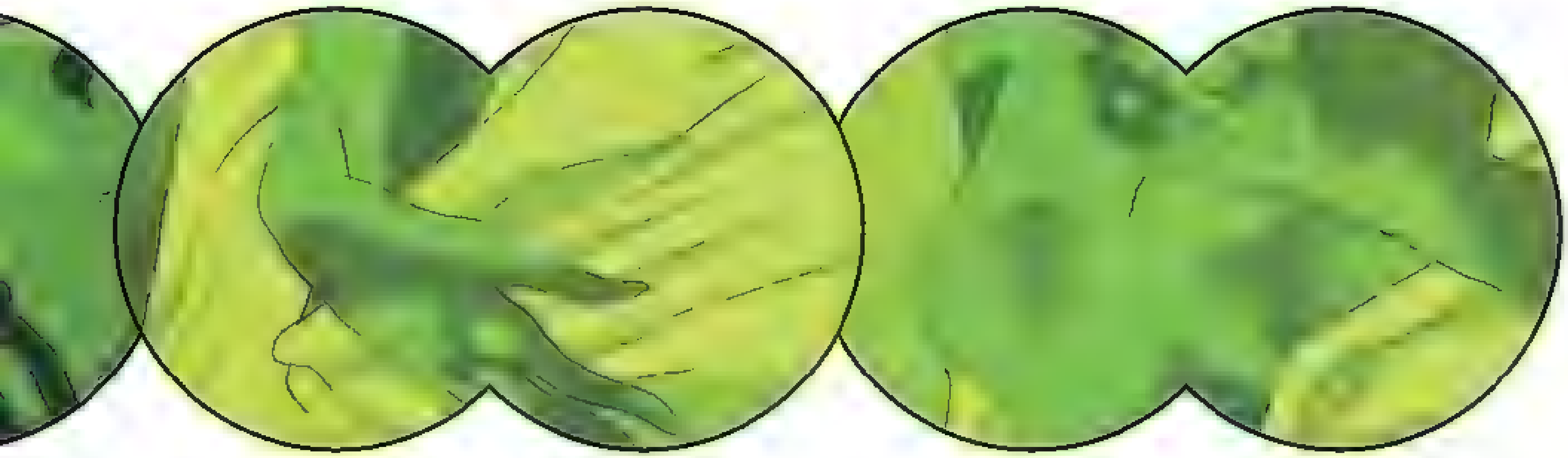
FICTION BY JULIE

TOTAL EXPOSURE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOMER HANUKA

Emily loved the daylight—loved to watch the birds coast into a run of wind and turn an invisible corner in a loose flock; loved to see the clouds daily, barely moving, across the bright sky. She luxuriated in the sun: its gentle, total touch.

It was a bright day when she first saw him. She was sitting outside a café wearing a thin dress so she could feel the sun. But it was a proper dress all the same. She never wanted to expose too much skin. Emily knew who he was, because everyone did. He was famous, a well-known photographer, Davin Salton. He knew who she was, too. Emily had seen the recognition in his eyes. She was a little famous now—a writer of whom the city had finally taken notice, an ingenue ten years in the making. She was on the cover of *Time Out* this week, and so for now she was impossible to miss. Next week she'd once again be just another writer, but while the issue was on the stands, she was a star.



The photo of Emily on the magazine's cover was prettier than she herself was, and its glamour seemed to have strangely rubbed off on her. Passersby looked at her as if she, too, were beautiful now, awe mixed with their curiosity. Salton didn't look at her that way, though. His was a level gaze, one that assessed the world without betraying anything of himself. He wasn't wearing sunglasses, but he might as well have been, so blank was his watching face. She couldn't tell what he thought of her.

No pheromone floated to her in the air. No voice was carried toward her, low-timbred and seductive. It was Emily's eyes alone that undid her. She watched Salton and she barely ate, though she'd ordered her favorite dish; what she ate, she barely tasted. She saw his image later that night when she closed her eyes.

After that first sighting in the café, whenever Emily saw Davin Salton, she always paid close attention. And oddly, she began to see him often after that—always in the evening.

It did not occur to her that he might be following her. Instead, she decided that he must always have been there. The difference was only that, finally, she was noticing him—as with a just-learned word or a song she'd memorized and now could suddenly make out, even if it was playing very softly on a faraway radio.

Soon she realized he must live near her—very near. One day she followed him from the café. Staying a block behind, she realized he was taking the same route she would have used anyway, to get home. When he finally stopped, she saw that he lived in the building across the street from hers, the twin of her own building. She looked at the mailboxes and realized that Davin's apartment faced the same street as hers did—and, more than this, that she could actually see his window from hers.

That night, Emily stayed up late writing—much later than she was used to. Always, she was in bed by 11:30, asleep by midnight. Tonight, though, she found that it was almost 1 A.M., and she was still awake. Even at this hour, she was still full of energy—full of sexual energy, she admitted to herself. As her mother would have said—though she would have said it only of a man, and never of a woman—Emily was "all hot and bothered."

"AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, HIS CURTAINS OPENED, AND FOR A SECOND, SHE GLANCED UP AND SAW HIM STANDING THERE, WATCHING HER."

Emily looked across the way and noticed that Davin's light was on. His black curtains were closed, but did not quite touch: A slit, a small sliver of light, shone through. She watched for a moment, hoping he would open the curtains further, but he did not.

Then she surprised herself. She pulled her desk up to the window, put on the horn-rimmed glasses she had come to need, and opened her curtains, so that if he looked out through the slim separation, he would see her working there. Then she opened up her laptop and began to type.

She knew that at this hour, her lighted window would be impossible to miss. It was like a single body sitting up, awake, in a roomful of sleepers—or a single raised finger touching a single piano key to sound a single indelible note that echoes so much longer than it would, were it part of a piece of music.

She was right. After a few moments, Davin's curtains opened. For a second, she glanced up and saw him standing there, watching her as she wrote. He leaned against his window, with his arm raised above his head to prop himself against it, peering outward, his face close to the glass.

Clad in jeans and a T-shirt, barefoot, he looked casual, relaxed, his face displaying an easy curiosity. For a second, Emily thought she saw his mouth move—curl into a smirk, or a smile—but then she wondered if it had been her imagination. When she dared to glance up, his face was blank.

Quickly, Emily cast her eyes down again to focus on her computer screen, the words she had just typed. In part, she looked down in shame: How could she have been so forward as to display herself this way? And, in part, she looked down as a matter of flirtation, of sudden strategy. Looking out the window, she knew, would ruin things; she didn't want to betray how much she wanted to attract Davin's attention.

Afterward, Emily retired to her bedroom, turned off the lights, and lay alone in her soft, dark bed. She wondered whether in his own apartment, in his own darkness, he was imagining her, too. She thought about him, and slowly she reached between her legs. She was so sensitive tonight that she could hardly bear her own touch. She was so ready, she knew the slightest pressure of a fingertip would set her off, and soon it happened. The images of him flashed across her mind as the orgasm rippled through her body. It racked her like a fever, rising and then subsiding, brightening and heating

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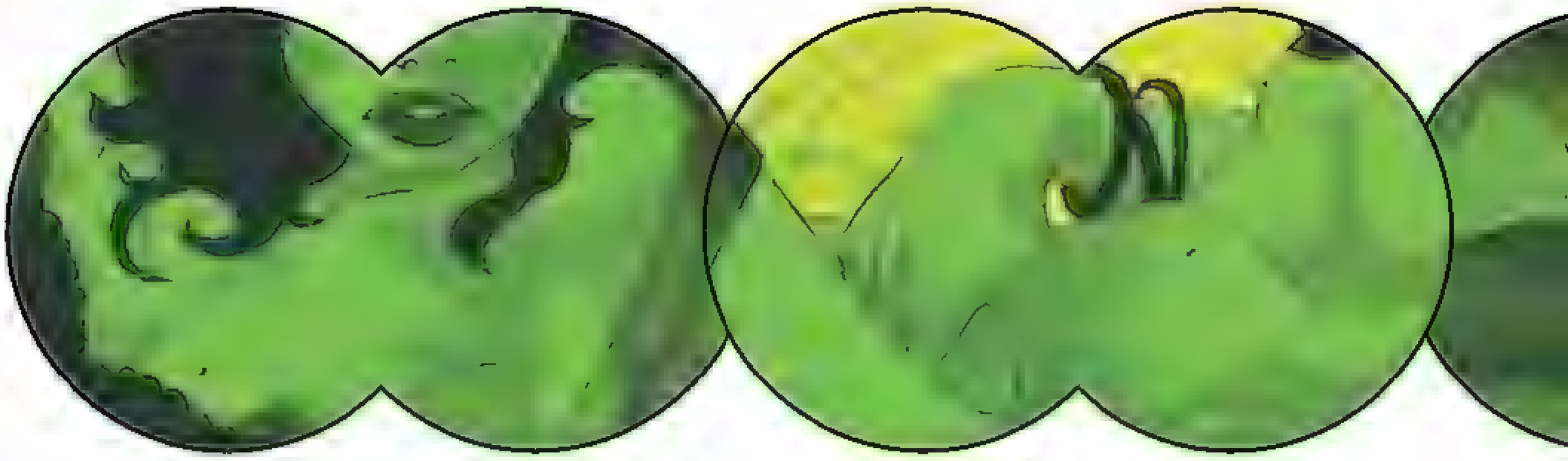


her soft skin. As she came, and closed around noth ng, she wondered if he, at the same time, had come, and entered noth ng

After she came, she cried. And after she cried, she wondered f eetingly .f she was going crazy. Nothing remotely like this had ever happened to her before, and she had never before felt this way

It was so sweet—and yet so maddening, so upsetting—to imagine him and she wondered if it was sweet and maddening for him to imag ne her Would they only ruin it if they made it real? And yet she wanted to make it real. She couldn't resist

The next night, after toss ng and turn- ng for a whi e, she rose from her bed and began to dress. As she did, she began to be aroused a most instant y, and the ache only intensified after that. She chose a pair of soft terry-cloth shorts and a thin red tank top—close to ingerie but not quite there, she thought

Then she went nto her liv ng room, put on her glasses, drew her desk toward the huge window once again, and sat down and began to write. She found that her arousal was only p qued, and worsened, by the willpower t took to keep looking down at her computer, and to never once look out the window, to see if Davin might be watching. Fina y, she stole a single g ance He was

She made a sing e, daring move She slipped the straps of her red tank top off her shoulders. Then she sat there bare-shouldered in the apartment s yel ow light, the planes of her co larbone as symmetrica as a bird s w ngs And that was all

She hoped this small exposure would be enough, that it would spur Davin to contact her. She thought it was long past time for him to do so.

Afterward, Emily slipped into bed, and the feeling was extraordinary She both observed her pleasure and experienced it at once, like someone standing in a rock-floored clearing behind a waterfa l, somet mes listening to the rush of the water, and sometimes reaching a hand into it It astonished her and overcame her a l at once It was outside her, and yet it was her

For the first t me in her fe, she felt too much—felt much more than she could understand, more than was justified, more than was under her control

"IN THE GRIP OF THIS URGENT NEED ... SHE LED HIM INTO THE BEDROOM, AND THERE SHE DID EXACTLY WHAT SHE WANTED TO DO."

And all she had done, she reminded herself, was to lower her straps to the sides of her shoulders. It was so litt e, and yet so sexy. She had lain nude in other men's beds as they entered her, and felt so much less than she felt now for a man she didn't know, a man she had never touched

On the third night, Emi y rose from her wr ting desk and stood up n her wel -lit room, in the middle of the dark b ild- ng, in the m dst of the s eeping city She wore a avender bra and thong set made all of lace—lingerie she'd purchased at a sample sale long ago and put away for a special occasion; only now had she ripped off the tags Over t she wore a modest white silk robe—a g ft from her mother. *All clothing I haven't worn before*, she thought, *for a person I haven't been before. But now I am her*

Em y looked straight across at Davin s window The curta ns were closed. She sl pped the robe off. A moment later, Emily saw Davin's curtains open, she saw him standing there, watching her once again. She knew that his presence—standing there, wa ting—was an nvitation for her to do more, to revea more. She felt keenly the tension, the pressure. But then she felt a sudden, piercing anger It was outrageous that he would requ re her to expose herself, to risk herself, th s way

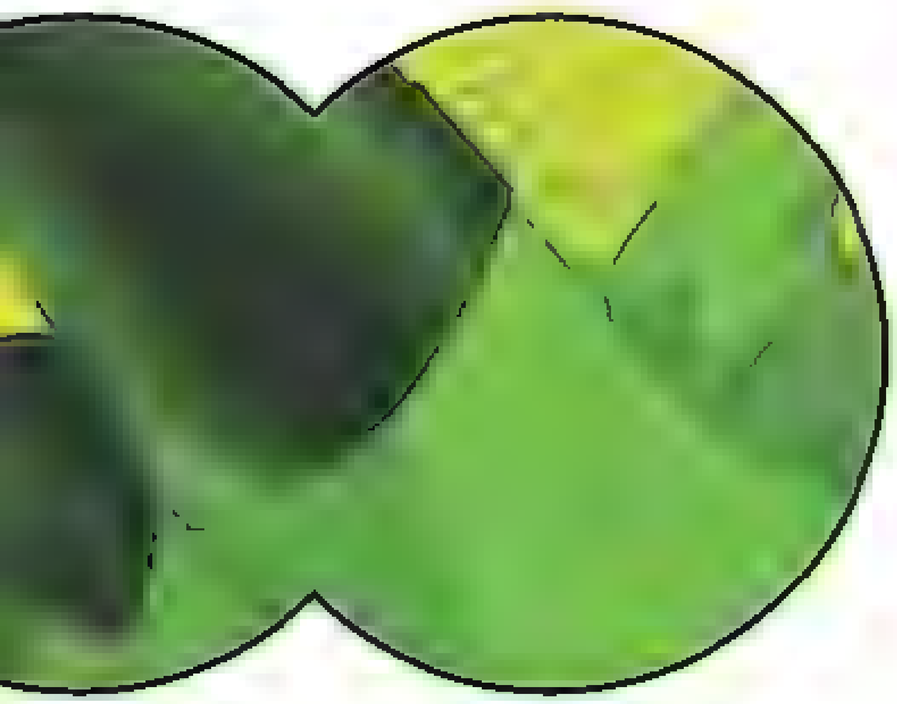
Suddenly appa led at herse f, and ashamed, Emily pulled her robe back on and retu rned to her desk and to her wr ting She tried to work, but she co ld not. Eventua y she went to bed, and turned off the light

In bed, she touched herse f just as she would have wanted him to touch her, f he had actually appeared at her door. She touched herself as f, by enact ng the fut re seduction, she were somehow making it nevitab e And with a strange, new superstitious- ness—she'd been the type to scoff at premonit ons, tarot cards, fortune tellers—she believed it real y was that way that she was, somehow, making it inev table. Someday, someday soon, he would touch her just as she was touching herse f now

In the dark, she came vio ently As she did, she imagined that even in the dark, he could somehow see her

The morn ng after that, there was a note in her ma box: "Yes, but more."

And once again, the next night, Em y faced Davin's dark building



.ts single sl ver of light

She blushed, she flushed w th shame and des re, she vacillated—but fina .y, she decided, and once she had decided, she acted. What she felt for Dav n was, by now, too strong for hes - tat on, too strong for a stuttering stop, it was the stuff of headlong flight, of needless rush, and so she went breathless nto it

She leaned back and, strap by strap took off her bra. With her arms tw ned above her head, she showed her breasts to Davin—bare and trem- b ng, for she was trembling Then she put a hand on one of them; then she caressed it

Where was the line between "more" and "enough"? she wondered When would she cross it? When would he come to her? And what did she look ke to him, as he watched her, with that b ank face that betrayed no sign at a of what he felt, or what he saw with those dark eyes?

What was he see ng? The wh te skin the bare n pp es, she could easily envi- s on, though t made her b ush to do so But what of the expression on her face, an expression that she herse f cou d not confidently descr be, so fu l of a en emotion was she now—so p a nly did she feel a new self emerg- ng within her? She wished she could see herself through his eyes

Even as she thought this, she was su ddenly keen y aware of the 29 dark- ened windows that surrounded Dav n's, of the other watchers who m ght be inside—all those to whom she might be d splaying herself. To d s- tract herself from the shame, the fear, she fastened on to a crazy idea: They were dreaming her, she decided. She was their dream, and h s view his alone A pair of reflections on a s ngle pa r of pupils They merely dreamt her, he was the only one who saw her in h.s waking life

For a few moments, she watched him watch her. Then, mpulsive y, she turned around so that she had her back to him. On y the T of her thong covered her, cutting across her wh te skn More than ever, she onged for h s touch. She longed for him to hold her, to reach down below her waist to pu the thong upward, to tease her w th it without taking t off She longed for its str ng to rub against her, to part her la- bia she longed for his patient teasing to make her sh ver in his arms

F na .y, unable to bear the wa ting she plucked the thong free of her skin he d it taut, as if it were a harp string, and pulled it gently through her abia, just as she had wished for him to do She knew, as she d d it, that he was watching her. She turned around and saw him leaning against h s window, ca mly watching, waiting She knew that once again, he expected more

But she had already gone beyond herself, far beyond what she had thought was within herse f to do Rea zing that he still d d not cons der it enough, she pulled her curtains abruptly shut, and in her new privacy she began once again to sob

She knew what he must want He wanted to see her bring herself to or- gasm, there in her lighted window, as he watched—with the tickl ng, rubb ng thong, or with her own subtle fingers *Insanity*, she thought to herse f. *This is insanity.* And worse, it was partly her own insanity, she was play ng a part in it, too, a large part.

She kept on crying, and that n ght, for once, she was far too upset to touch herself And so she s ept aroused, and moved through disturb- ng dreams aroused—and the next morning, even awakened aroused. But to punish herse f, she refused to give herself rel ef; she wou d not touch her- se f now, not after what she had done

On each of the nights that followed, Em .y did the same, simple thing Comp etely dressed, she sat at her window and worked The battle flag was up. There would be no more expo- sure, no more of this risky d splay He wou d initiate, as he was supposed to, or nothing wou d ever aga n happen between them

On the seventh night, he finally came to her. It seemed to Emily like a trial in a fa ry ta e: For the set number of days, the princess had performed the ritual, and thus proved her worth Now she would be rewarded

She buzzed him in without checking to see who it was At 2 A.M., who else cou d it poss bly be? She opened the door and sudden y a flash went off, start ng her

It was a Polaro d camera, and he let its white negatives fall from its mouth and scatter on the floor He shot so fast, and so repeated y, in the m nutes that fo- owed that the camera could barely keep up with him—each photo slid ng out as

soon as possible after the last. The photos grinding y emerged, and then they fel .

Impu sively, Emily took the camera from Davin and began to photograph him He allowed her to do so, even smiled for her lens when she told him to. and the pile of Polaroids grew

Midway through their develop ng the photos looked like a pile of strange, raked-together, dy ng leaves: bleached and mottled, mold-whitened in places And they seemed to change like leaves changing, she thought—though immensely faster. They reminded her of speeded-up films she had seen of plants and their flowers, opening in exp osions of clouds swiftly flowing across the sky And the memories of the films, in turn, somehow reminded her of her own l fe so impetuously acce erated now, when it had once progressed so carefully, and so s owly

As Emi y watched the photographs deve op before her eyes, it was as if she felt herself, inside, changing too, opening, perhaps, as those gradually explosive flowers did She had not opened to anyone, or anything, so fully for a long time—perhaps ever—and it felt so luxurious, and at the same time, so dangerous, to do so now

"You're my only vice," she told h m ruefully, fina y speaking a oud what she had thought over and over

"Then you should indu ge t to its limit," he repl ed, and at the time, that sounded so log cal that it almost persuaded her

And so, n the gr p of this urgent need this s ngle vice, Emi y led Davin into the bedroom, and there she d d exactly what she wanted to do with h m—at times, she even told him what to do—and he did exactly what he wanted to do, which was photograph it a l

In.ta ly she balked. But then she began, once again, to share the camera with h m; to decide that this was a power she, too, wanted to have She was surprised how much she liked the lens, its unrelenting stare—how much she liked both to see through it, and later to be seen by it, and by Davin

The flash kept light ng up the apartment, and the camera kept grinding, and Emily stopped caring. The only pauses occurred when Davin refilled the film cartridges, drawing new ones from the mouth of h s satche , which lay on the floor next to the bed

.t went on for hours, and he left before she woke up

The next day, Em ly waited futi ely for Davin's cal She looked out the window toward his dark apartment with its closed curtains and wondered if she had the nerve to do it. She rose, steeled herse f, and then she wa ked across the street and entered Davi n s b.ilding.

The lobby was empty, except for the doorman. Emily pressed the buzzer for 10B The doorman let her in

"He's expecting you," he said, to her surprise "He left you a key"

She took it, trying to mask her nervousness, and stepped into the e evator

More s ence from Davin, she thought. and more games. Again, she was at once infuriated and exa ted She found that she was looking forward to investigating his apartment by herself—ever since the f rst day she'd seen him, she had been intensely curious abo.t h m, his fe—and that seemed to be exactly what he was invit ng her to do

When Emily arrived on the tenth floor, she fo.nd herself face-to-face with the door of 10B, just as if it were her own door. Taped onto it, at eye level, was an enve ope with her name on it Standing in the ha lway, she opened it.

It was ful of photographs—but not the

"THE PHOTOGRAPHS ... INTRUDED INTO HER DARK APARTMENT, WHERE SHE'D BELIEVED SHE WAS ALONE."

Polaroids she and Davin had taken the previous night. These were infrared photographs, taken with a ong-distance telephoto lens, it appeared. The shots were framed by a telltale separation in her bedroom curtains. They intruded nto her dark apartment, where she had be ieved she was alone In al of the photos she was n bed, touch ng herse.f. In some she was facedown; in others, she was face up, gasping, mouth open, with her hand between her legs and her body taut, n the moment of cl max

Tears came to her eyes it was such a shock to see herself that way Betrayed and angry, she leaned against the door for a moment to compose herself. Then not know ng what else to do, and urgently wanting privacy wh le she absorbed this, she took out the key and opened the apartment's door.

Davin's apartment was cluttered with varied, expensive photograph c equipment, and also with a range of ant que cameras. But Emily did not have time to survey it al., th s collector's nest. Nor did she have t me even to dwell on the infrared photos she was st l holding, which had been such a blow to her—for in the apartment, more, and even more expl c t, photographs hung on every wal . They mmediately drew her gaze

Aga n, Em ly felt arousal mixed w th horror. The photographs were all of women, and none was exactly pornographic, but none was far from it. Emily felt like Bluebeard's na ve wife—f nally opening the door to his secret room, and seeing the bloody bodies of his previous wives hang ng there. Yet, l ke Bluebeard's w fe, she was not able to resist look ng

Among the photos, Emily saw, were blowups of her at her window. In a few, she stood there in her lavender thong and bra—f rst with her face to Davin then with her back to him In some, she was primly dressed in her modest black outfit, as she had been ,ust before she met him

Apparently, both kinds of costume had nterested him—he had iked her concealment, as well as her exposure. She winced to see the photos, but at the same t me, they fascinated her. After al , she'd wondered what she looked l ke to him at such moments

Desp te these photographs, she hardly dominated Davin's walls There were at least five other women depicted there: a l beautiful, all sexual, all strangers to her. She looked at the r photographs in awe and wonder, and n jealousy. In one photo, a woman simply eaned over, her cleavage exposed, her smile al uring Other photos showed women with Davin, n a.l k nds of pos tions Em y could hardly bear t.

Fina ly, after she had viewed each of the hundreds of photos on Davin's wa.s. Em ly began to be able to focus, once again, on the reason she had come here—to recover the Polaroids of her with Davin. She scanned the walls once again, but they weren't there, and she panicked Where were they? And where was he, for that matter?

Davin was st l playing with her, she knew, and she resented it. The Polaroids, n her memory, were taking on increasing gravity and threat. To her, this wasn't play, and yet to him, it plainly was

There was no point waiting here for him, she decided—not when she would be able to see for herself, from her apartment across the way, the moment when he returned

As she c osed the door to Davin's apartment, she a so turned off the light so he'd have to turn it on aga n—so that there would be a sign of h s arriva that would be v sible to her, from her window She kept the key.

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By Jon Wiederhorn

TRADING PUNCH LINES WITH COMEDY'S BEST

resh off a star turn in the HBO comedy-documentary series *Tourgasm*, Robert Kelly—who was labeled "the instigator" on the show because of his ball-busting ways—is ready to take his career to the next level

When you were 15, you auditioned Dane Cook for a spot in your Boston-based improv group, Al and the Monkeys. More than 20 years later, he invited you to join him on *Tourgasm*. Are you two even now?

[*Laughs*] I don't th nk those two quite measure up. For him to take all of us on *Tourgasm* was so generous He paid us out of his own pocket and exposed us to his crowds to try to help our careers because h s is going well. So two years from now, if I'm doing movies with Robert De Niro and he's p ay ng Penguin's, I'll do whatever I can to help him out

When did you know comedy was your calling?

When I was grow ng up I was a punk, and I went to juvie jail for unarmed robbery. There were only two other white kids there One of them had five basketballs thrown n h s face; the other got a blanket party and had the shit beaten out of him

Then the black guys came up to me and one said, "Are you a homeboy or are you a white boy?" And I said, all tough "I'm a homeboy, motherfucker!" and smiled He smiled back and said, "A'ight, you're a funny motherfucker " And he let me go My asshole fucking loosened and I breathed a s gh of relief That's when I knew comedy was my savior

Are you still paranoid?

Definitely I just got engaged and I was rea ly worried about something bad happening to my fiancée. I had a big romant c horseback-riding thing and a sunset by a river, and I was worried that I was gonna give her the ring and the horse was gonna buck her she was gonna break her neck, and I was gonna have to push her around Wal-Mart in a wheelchair for the rest of my fe

Does being a comedian help you get laid?

Oh, yeah. But not anymore, because I'm engaged It's funny because I was going up and making people laugh with everything had and all of a sudden I was getting pussy. That became the incentive Now I have a girl, and I know I'm not gonna get the "oh my God, you're so funny" b ow job at the end of the show I have to go out there and k , just for the art of it And that sucks, because laughter and [*makes slurping noises*] those are my two favor te sounds

So sex has been a big inspiration?

I'm a recovering a coho ic and drug abuser, but fuck coke and booze and hero n and cigarettes; sex is the worst addiction of them all! It will bring you to dark places in the middle of the night in the meatpacking district, talking to a girl named Shawn

What was your most decadent moment?

One time a dude wanted to watch his girl suck a famous guy's cock—or n my case, a semi-famous guy's cock She was smok ng hot, too, so I was happy to oblige. I just didn't want to look over and see his mule in my cheek I had to keep looking around to see where he was. It was sort of like getting blown in a shark cage

Your company is called Not You, Inc. Is there a story behind that?

One night I met Jerry Seinfeld and we made a bet about someth ng I'm thinking, "Oh, wow, we're friends now." I lost the bet, and the next time he was in town, he p ayed, got a standing ovation, and as he was coming offstage he walked by me and I sa d, "Hey, man, here's the dollar You won the bet " He went to grab it and I sa d "But I got a great story I want to te l you." He looked at me and sa d, "You want your buck back?" Then he walked up two or three sta rs, turned around and said, "Listen, I'm going to be upstairs at the back table having food, so when you're done, we'll have some food and ta k and catch up " I'm like, "Dude, that sounds awesome " He looked at me and goes "Not you." He was talking to the ch ck next to me I haven't heard a word from him since.

Photograph by Gabriel Saloman

Advertisement

"How Almost Any Man Can Get Non-Stop Sex... While... He Is Waiting To Meet His Dream Lover!"

If you are a man who would like to start getting non-stop sex, this will be the most exciting message you will ever read

Here is why: A certain Mr. Corey Wayne has written a curious book called **"How To Be A 3% Man: Winning the Heart of the Woman of Your Dreams."** This book is all about how to find your dream lover and then, capture her heart forever.

But wait. Although he believes your goal should be to meet and win the heart of the woman of your dreams... he also says it is not fair for him to judge what it is you want. He says maybe you just want a date for the weekend. Maybe you want a girlfriend. Maybe you want to date multiple women. Maybe you want to get married. Maybe you want to put the passion back into your marriage or relationship. Or, maybe..

You Just Want To Get Laid, Over And Over!

If that is the case, he says, *"My book makes it easy and methodical. Anyone who reads it can use the strategies to have ten girlfriends or one. It's his choice When he tires of the ten, he can pick one to date long term and marry if he so chooses He will be able to keep her in love with him for life. He will never, ever have to worry about getting dumped again. He will always be the dumper and not the dumpee."*

Mr. Wayne also has a curious observation about Hugh Hefner. Here is what he has to say about the world's #1 Playboy: *"Hugh Hefner does not know shit about women. Yes, he has all these hot women using him for fame and money, but he is always the one that gets dumped by his former wives and girlfriends He gets used until they get what they want and then they are gone."*

But, guess what? Even though Corey Wayne more or less sneers at the lifestyle of Hugh Hefner, his book explains exactly how an average guy (if he is that shallow) can live that same womanizing lifestyle. Here's how he puts it: *"If getting laid constantly is what a guy wants, my book can teach him how to zip through a night club in under an hour and walk out with phone numbers from several beautiful women that are interested in him. Then he can move on to the next night club with another fresh batch of women to gather more numbers During the week he can have a different date with a different woman every night if he so chooses Soon, he will have women fighting over him and calling him to go out He will be able to meet women anytime, anyplace and anywhere."*

Well, gosh! It sure would be shallow if all of us just wanted something like that, would it not?

"...he can have a different date with a different woman every night if he so chooses..."

I love this book! It was written by a God-fearing Christian man who thinks it is wrong for us men to be pussy hounds .. yet... he gives great advice on how to be a womanizer. His book reveals great places to meet women most of us would never think of He explains which date nights to avoid and why. He explains exactly how to meet women on the internet

This book was written, I believe, by a man who is massively confused about himself. He honestly believes, I think, that he will only achieve true happiness when he is in a romantic relationship that is right out of the movies. However, he rather reluctantly seems to acknowledge that, us men, unfortunately, have a darker more animal side to us... and... he gives expert advice on how to go out and satisfy the lust that lives within us all.

Does the book actually give advice of the softer more politically correct agenda on how to meet and capture the heart of the woman of your dreams? Yes, it does. It gives a lot of excellent advice on this subject. And, I personally will be a lot more interested in all that . as soon as . I use his "throwaway" advice to satisfy all my dark desires

Let me tell you what I consider the very most valuable wisdom this book reveals: Imagine you go to a strange town and you start hitting on women and for some reason you decide to keep notes. After you have approached 100 women, you review your notes and here is what you discover: Of the 100 women you hit on, 79 gave you a polite "not interested." Three of them were truly foul bitches who acted like you had no right to even say "hello" to them. There were 11 who were friendly and gave you a telephone number. But, that number turned out to be fake. Seven others gave you their real number. And, you dated five of them and hit the ' jackpot" with two of those women

Not bad, really. But now, you read Corey Wayne's book before you go "hunting" again. Once more, you keep notes and after you've hit on this batch of 100 you review your notes This time it's a very different story An unbelievable 89 out of 100 were friendly to you You are astonished to find that 67 gave you their home telephone number and 53 of those numbers were real. You can't tell how many of those 53 are going to turn out to be "jackpot" dates . because...

You Don't Have Enough Time To Date All Of Them!

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By Ernest Volkman

Conduct Unbecoming

There are currently a dozen pending court cases dealing with recruits who have refused orders to serve in Iraq. Although declining service orders is a serious violation of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, the military has preferred to settle these transgressions without military-court recourse. Violators are typically offered plea deals comprising dishonorable discharges and fines. But two cases this year have attracted attention from high-ranking officials, and they suggest that the Army may have to confront a festering problem: the sexual abuse of female soldiers.

These two Army soldiers have spurned plea deals and are insisting that martial courts investigate the incidents. Both soldiers are women who have served previous tours of duty in Iraq, and their reasons for refusing orders have nothing to do with political feelings about the war. They are alleging that sexual harassment and abuse were so pervasive in their unit that their lives were a living hell. Returning to Iraq, they allege, would expose them to further abuse and the possibility of rape. They charge that their unit commanders laughed off their complaints and openly condoned the harassment and abuse.

The allegations spurred an internal Army investigation, which concluded that the women are probably telling the truth, leading the Army to question the pervasiveness of sexual abuse in its units.

Women, who now represent about 15 percent of active-duty forces, are crucial to the military's recruitment goals (fewer and fewer men are volunteering). Yet women are not an entirely comfortable fit in what is clearly a male-dominated hierarchical system. And despite official approval of female soldiers, many senior commanders barely tolerate the notion of women in the ranks, insisting that females should be relegated to support units.

Nearly 150,000 servicewomen have served in combat theaters since 2001. Though the Pentagon assumed that their service would place them on equal footing with male soldiers, there are strong indications of serious recurring problems. One such problem involves individual unit commanders refusing to take action when female subordinates tell them they've been sexually harassed, abused, or, in some cases, raped.

That sends a clear signal through the ranks: Boys will be boys, so sexual abuse is okay. As investigators discovered, it explains why women soldiers in one unit in Iraq were laughed at when they complained to the unit commander that some men often wandered into their shower area. And it explains why a male soldier in Iraq wasn't even charged when at least four female soldiers reported to their superiors that he had raped them.

Army officials say they're determined to root out the problem, even if they must remove officers who fail to act against sexual abuse. It also can be safely assumed that the courts martial of those two female soldiers will never happen. Instead, the women may wind up as witnesses in court-martial proceedings against different defendants—perhaps involving the dereliction of duty by some officers.

Life and Limb

Thanks to advances in military medicine, the survival rate for soldiers injured in combat has reached 90 percent, the highest in American history. However, six percent of the injuries involve the loss of limbs—double the rate of recent wars.

Even with excellent physical-rehabilitation programs that allow some injured soldiers to continue their careers in uniform, many others face the task of entering the civilian job market. The challenge is especially acute for amputees, who must make major readjustments to civilian life, including finding new careers in which their physical limitations can be accommodated.

A coalition of private and government groups has been holding job fairs, recruiting corporations to hire wounded veterans, and setting up educational counseling for those who want to pursue degrees or career training. Pentagon officials involved in the program say it's an unqualified success.

Interestingly, wounded Vietnam War veterans are the most active participants among the volunteers. They bitterly recall the era when treatment of injured veterans consisted of a steak dinner and an airline ticket to the nearest city with a VA hospital. Never again, they vow.

> "Women **are crucial** to the military's recruitment goals, yet they are not an entirely **comfortable fit** in what is clearly a **male-dominated** hierarchical system."

Photograph by Scott Olson/Getty Images

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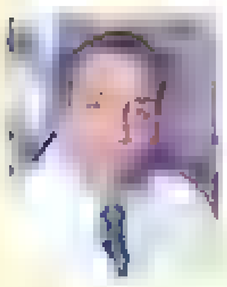

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LAS VEGAS

Viva Las Vegas

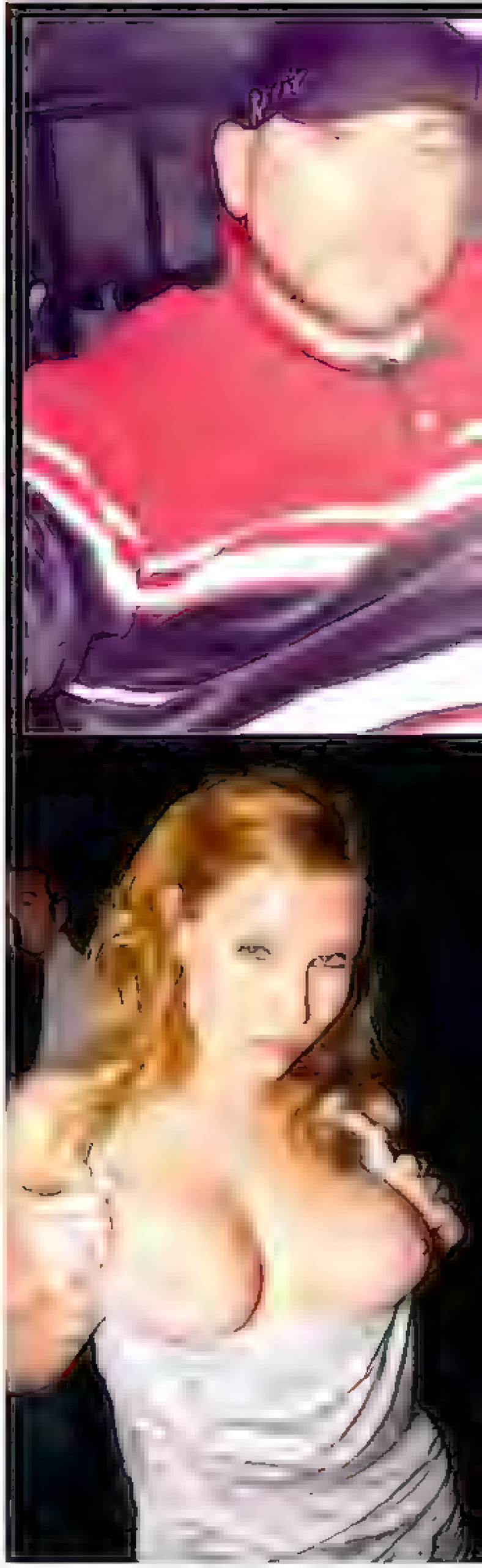
A bevy of Pets partied at Sin City club Jet to celebrate another **Cassia Riley** cover, this time for the July issue of *Strip Las Vegas* magazine. In attendance were the glossy's favorite ladies: **Jamie Lynn** (POY '06), **Melissa Jacobs** (October '05), **Charlie Laine** (February '06), and of course, POY Runner-Up Miss Riley. "It doesn't take much to get us to come out to Vegas," says the ever-bubbly Charlie Laine. "It's one of our favorite places in the whole world!"

NEW YORK CITY

Aria Rings the Bell

Aria Giovanni (September '00) played ring card girl for the Tuesday's Children benefit where the NYPD and the LAPD duked it out in the boxing ring. Aria was thrilled to help out the charity that assists the children and widows of police officers and firefighters. "It's nice to use your title to do something good," says the 28-year-old Pet. For more info, visit TuesdaysChildren.org

LOS ANGELES



By La n'e Speiser

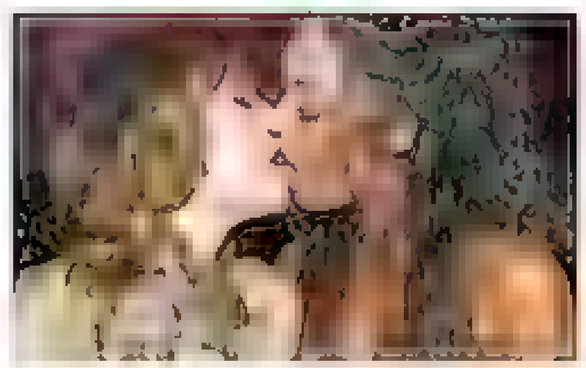
Girls of Cassia

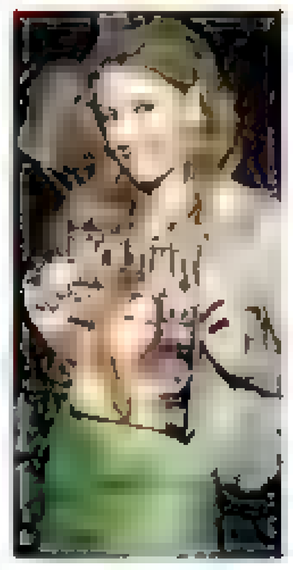
She may be Pet of the Year Runner-Up, but in everyone's hearts she's second to no one. **Cassia Riley,** the face of *Girls of Penthouse*'s July/August issue, was recently feted at L.A.'s trendy club Basque. Cassia, 25, was surrounded by **Jamie Lynn, Martina Warren** (POY '05), **Heather Vandeven** (January '06), **Bella Starr** (December '05), **Charlie Laine, Aria Giovanni, Sunny Leone** (POY '03), and rock star **Everlast.** "I always have mixed feelings about being in the spotlight," Cassia admits. "I love it a whole lot, but I also feel like, *Wow, this is so weird—why are all these people here for me?*"

NEW YORK CITY

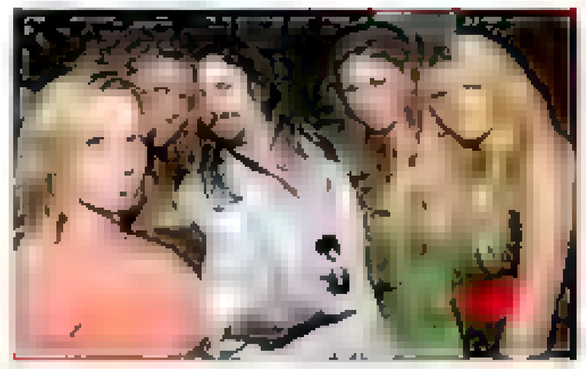
Her Highness Jamie Lynn

What's life like for **Jamie Lynn** since she was named Pet of the Year? The awards just keep coming! *High Times* magazine named her "Ganja Goddess of 2006, honoring the smokin' babe with a wild soiree. Also in tow were her lovely Pet pals **Melissa Jacobs, Krista Ayne** (April '06) and **Olivia Kent** (August '06), who partied away until the wee hours of the morning. "Being Pet of the Year has taken me to some really amazing places," Jamie Lynn says. "And this is just one of the really cool things that has happened to me because of *Penthouse*." Other notable smokers included **Redman,** members of **Wu Tang Clan,** porn star **Jennifer Steele,** and Fuse veejay **Mistress Juliya.**





ABOVE: REDMAN salutes the camera. BELOW: JENNIFER STEELE, MELISSA JACOBS, JAMIE LYNN, and OLIVIA KENT with *High Times* columnist BOBBY BLACK.



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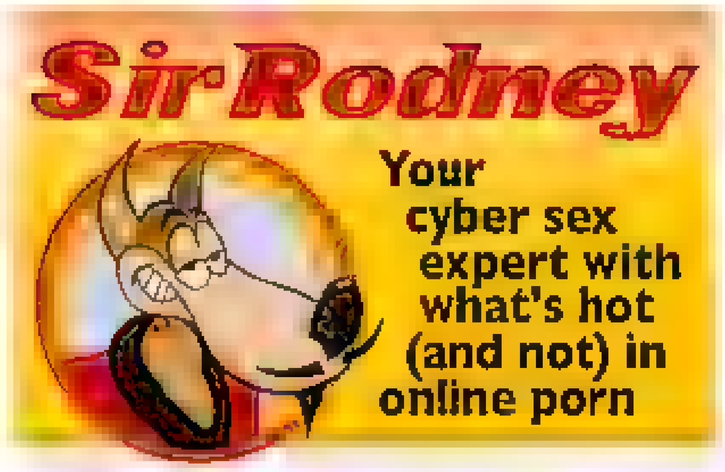

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X-RATED VIDEO

By Eric Danville

PETER NORTH

Peter North is the Johnny Depp of porn. Peter is also north of forty, heading into the third decade of his porn career and still in his prime. If you love watching this guy get pleasured by hundreds of porn chicks, grab the Kleenex and try not to hurt yourself.

WHITE MEAT ON BLACK ST.

White Meat on Black Street stars the aptly named Gigantua, whose schlong would give John Holmes penis envy. His two-foot rod stars easily outshines the starlets as they struggle to service a member that stretches the bounds of credibility.

WET WILD & WASTED

Wet, wild, and wasted is what you'd have to be to subscribe to this site. There is a lot of material, as there are thirty bonus sites, but it's all crap quality, and that's the best we have to say about this.

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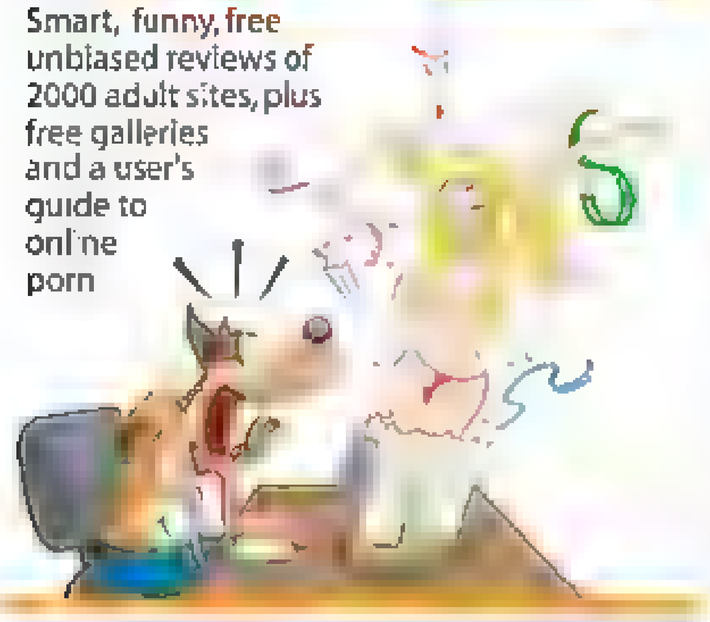

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Asian Suck Dolls Vol. 1
(Fifth Element) ⊥⊥⊥⊥

Every guy knows there's something about Asian women that you won't find among any other racial demographic. Fans of these ladies should rejoice, then, because there's a new Asian porn line in town. The fuckstresses are all beautiful, with gorgeous hair, sexy eyes, and damn-near-perfect little tits. If forced to name the best scene in *Asian Suck Dolls Vol. 1*, we'd have to choose the last one, which features a lovely, square-jawed honey named Fon. A tender, slavering blowjob leads to a slow and sexy fuck with lots of particularly hot doggie-style action. The placid, satisfied look on Fon's face as she takes her come shot is worth the price of admission. Despite the cameraman's annoying habit of mimicking an Asian accent, this should appeal to anyone with a taste for Asian women.

PENTHOUSE PICK

Porn's Most Outrageous Outtakes
(JM Productions) ⊥⊥⊥⊥

We can't believe it took JM this long to release one of these, but it's more than worth the wait. Unfortunately, the title is a little misleading; among the actual outtakes is some pretty funny behind-the-scenes footage. So what does that mean? Well, this isn't a sampling of the feel-good bloopers you'll find on the *Lord of the Rings* DVDs. Anyone who knows anything about JM titles—charming little tales like *Gag Factor, Girlvert, American Bukkake,* and *Attention Whores*—knows that they can be pretty politically incorrect, which is the company's stock-in-trade. So *Porn's Most Outrageous Outtakes* is exactly what you'd expect from the studio. You're in for a night of tired, cranky, fucked-out porn chicks throwing tantrums, walking off the set, and getting into catfights. But you also get lighter moments, like the occasional pussy fart or misdirected come shot. The cumulative whack-off value of this one is practically nil, but if you pop it into your DVD player during a party, we bet it will be the hit of the night.

AN OFFER YOU CUNT REFUSE

Pick Up Girls 3
(Bad Seed) ⊥⊥⊥

The on-the-road-seduction plotline is a mainstay in porn-land, and it's as entertaining now as it was originally. Bad Seed's third offering of the genre follows horny smut producers on the make, driving around southern California with nothing but a glint in their eye and $500 in cash to get women to perform sex on film. Heather Hunt, a bubbly and beaming brunette grabbed on the way to get coffee, is one of the ladies-in-waiting. Heather plays the role nicely before getting down to business. Her sex scene is fine, beginning with a slurpy B.J. and ending with a face full of man-juice. Sexy Latina Cole Connors does a great scene with Tommy Gunn after being slathered with baby oil and put through her paces. One of the best scenes features Jessica Sexin, a lean blonde who plays the game with a smile on her face (and a dick in her mouth). You'll see through the faux reality from a mile away, but since fantasy is what it's all about in porn, the contrived setup is of little consequence. Check it out.

All the DVDs reviewed in *Penthouse* can be purchased at PenthouseStore.com

⊥⊥⊥⊥⊥ Grab it now ⊥⊥⊥⊥ Hold on tight ⊥⊥⊥ Pick it up ⊥⊥ Worth a look ⊥ Hands off

Forum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

No Strings

I used to date a girl named Sylvie, and our relationship was fine until I met her gorgeous roommate Jessica. Jessica knew Sylvie and I were serious, but that didn't prevent her from flirting with me whenever I came over.

The most memorable moment was when she answered the door wearing a tank top and a pair of butt-hugging gym shorts. Jessica wasn't wearing a bra and her erect nipples were visible through the thin fabric. When she leaned forward to kiss me on the cheek, her eraser-like nipples grazed my chest, giving me a hard-on.

I did my best to ignore Jessica's advances, but I found myself plotting to get with her during Sylvie's out-of-town visit with her family.

After dropping Sylvie off at the airport, I drove back to their apartment. Jessica wasn't surprised to see me again. I closed the door behind me, picked her up, and carried her to the bedroom. Once I put her down, we fondled each other and passionately tongue-wrestled. Then she broke the kiss and fell to her knees, quickly pulling my pants and boxers down around my ankles.

Jessica inched closer, guiding my rock-hard dick to her lips. I gripped her shoulders as her tongue teased the head, sending pleasurable sensations throughout my body. She finally took my eight inches into her hot mouth and began slowly bobbing her head, building momentum until I pulled her up and helped her out of her clothes. I pushed her back on the bed and lunged toward the prize between her legs. Jessica's snatch was already wet. I slowly ran my tongue along her lips before concentrating on her clit. Then I plunged my fingers inside her. Jessica moaned and her body quivered as I licked and finger-fucked her. I looped my arms around her thighs and worked my tongue even faster, making her writhe and thrash in ecstasy.

I let her catch her breath, then moved on top. She gasped when my dick entered her. Our mouths met again and our bodies rocked to the rhythm of my thrusts. Then she turned to get on her hands and knees. I slid into her from behind, grabbed her hips, and began pumping again. Jessica pushed back and we picked up the pace.

I told her I was almost there, and she turned around to suck me off. When I exploded, she sucked me clean, swallowing every bit of come. The sex was so good that Jessica agreed to "share" me discreetly with Sylvie.

The following month proved an interesting challenge as I juggled my time between both girls. But my no-strings arrangement with Jessica hit a snag when she asked where we were in our "relationship." She said she had developed feelings for me and delivered an ultimatum. I had to sever relations with Sylvie, or Jessica would do it for me by divulging everything. I scoffed at her threat and called her bluff.

Sylvie called me the next day, sounding distraught and angry. She asked if I could come over to talk. I knew the shit had hit the fan. I arrived to find Sylvie and Jessica waiting in the living room. Sylvie said, "So you thought you could have the best of both worlds, didn't you? Well, it's my turn now."

The girls went straight for my pants and pulled them off. Sylvie grabbed my dick and plunged it into her mouth for a couple of strokes, then passed it to Jessica, who did the same. This continued until Sylvie led us both into her bedroom. We pulled off our clothes and Sylvie climbed on the bed. Jessica and I sandwiched Sylvie between us. I sucked Sylvie's left nipple while rubbing her already-wet pussy. Jessica made out with Sylvie and fondled Sylvie's right breast. Sylvie moaned as I moved between her thighs and thrust my tongue deep into her cunt.

Sylvie was so wet, I just had to slip my dick inside her. With her tits toward me, Jessica mounted Sylvie's face. We rocked rhythmically together as we kissed. I pulled out and told both women to get on their hands and knees. I entered Sylvie and pumped her pussy from behind. Then I did the same to Jessica. Alternating between the two brought me close to coming. Both women turned around and Sylvie stroked my dick so I could blow my load in her mouth. Afterward, Sylvie passed me to Jessica to lick me clean. The evening ended with all of us passing out from exhaustion.

That night has made me a superhero among my friends. I'm always happy to oblige when asked to retell the story because it never gets old. I'll never forget my first threesome with Sylvie and Jessica.—*W.V., Virginia*

> "I pushed her **back on the bed** and lunged toward **the prize** between her thighs. Jessica's **snatch** was already wet. I plunged my fingers in."

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GIRLFRIEND TO GIRLFRIEND

Adrianna and I were roommates in college. She was an incredibly beautiful Mexican-American from Texas, with the type of hourglass figure that turned the heads of both sexes.

One night after returning from a frat party, Adrianna and I were sitting on her bed talking about which guys at the party we'd consider screwing. Then she told me that she'd heard me masturbating the other night, and it had turned her on so much that she'd ended up masturbating, too. When she suggested we watch each other masturbate, I got wet. Then I shyly agreed.

> "She'd heard **me masturbating** and it had **turned her on** so much that she'd masturbated, too. She suggested **we watch each other**."

Almost every night for the next month, Adrianna and I masturbated together. Early one afternoon, she called me on my cell phone. She wanted us to meet back at our room to do our thing together. When I got there, she was already naked on her bed. I quickly took off my clothes and lay down beside her. But this time, when I reached down to stroke my clit, Adrianna stopped me and said she wanted to do it. While my brain was telling me that I shouldn't let this happen, every other part of my body was screaming for it.

My body trembled with pleasure when she began gently fingering my clit. When she pressed her fingers into my sopping twat, I cried out, "That's it, Adrianna—Bring me off—" As she moved her fingers deep inside my cunt, her thumb worked dil gently on my throbbing clit. In seconds, I cried out in happiness as I came on her fingers. Quickly pulling Adrianna over me, I gently kneaded her little clit, then pressed three fingers up inside her, thrusting until she came, screaming in ecstasy.

Giving me a deep, lingering kiss, Adrianna asked if she could fuck me with a dildo. "Oh, I'd love for you to fuck me," I grinned. But then she surprised me by kneeling between my legs. She wanted to taste me first. I couldn't believe where this was going—it was going to be so hot. I was so excited that I took her head in my hands and pulled her mouth to my pussy. I had never been eaten out by another woman before, but it was an amazing experience. Adrianna launched me into one of the biggest and most pleasurable orgasms ever. Then, filling me with the dildo, she fucked me to another shuddering climax.

Guiding Adrianna over my face, I hungrily sucked the delicious nectar from her snatch. She shuddered in ecstasy and ground her cunt hard against my lips as she released more of her tasty juice. Then we finished this incredible afternoon in a passionate sixty-nine.

Adrianna and I continued our sexy sessions throughout our senior year. We stayed in touch for a while after graduating, but have since lost contact. Even so, I've never forgotten our time together and hope that Adrianna has not for-

gotten me. And now, with my husband's encouragement, I am in the process of searching for her. I have high hopes of getting together with Adrianna again — *J.M., Texas*

Reservation for Three

One day I overheard my wife Donna tell her friend Cassie that she'd been thinking about three-way sex, but wasn't sure how I'd feel about it. Cassie said she'd always fantasized about taking part in a threesome, but wanted her first time to be with people she knew. Donna felt the same way and said she'd keep Cassie in mind if I liked the idea.

I was definitely interested. With Donna's birthday only one week away, arranging a threesome would be the perfect gift. I called Cassie the next day and told her I had overheard their conversation. Cassie eagerly accepted my invitation to be the third person and we started making plans.

I made reservations at a hotel for the following weekend's birthday celebration. Donna thought it was going to be just the two of us. After checking into our room, Donna and I showered, then went out for dinner.

An hour after we'd returned to the hotel lounge for drinks, I felt my cell phone vibrate—Cassie's signal that she'd arrived. Telling Donna that I was going to run up to the room and get a pack of smokes, I met Cassie in the lobby and took her to our room. I don't know which of us was more excited as we prepared to give Donna her birthday gift in two parts. First, Donna and Cassie would get some one-on-one time together. Then, when they were ready, they'd call me to join them.

About ten minutes after I rejoined Donna in the lounge, Cassie called Donna on her cell phone. Donna's eyes got bigger and bigger as Cassie told her that she was up in our room waiting to fuck her. I wished Donna a very happy birthday, told her to enjoy herself, and instructed her to call me when they were ready for a threesome.

The wait was torturous. Donna and Cassie are beautiful brunettes with great bodies. I drove myself crazy visualizing these two women together. Some 90 minutes later, Donna finally called and invited me up.

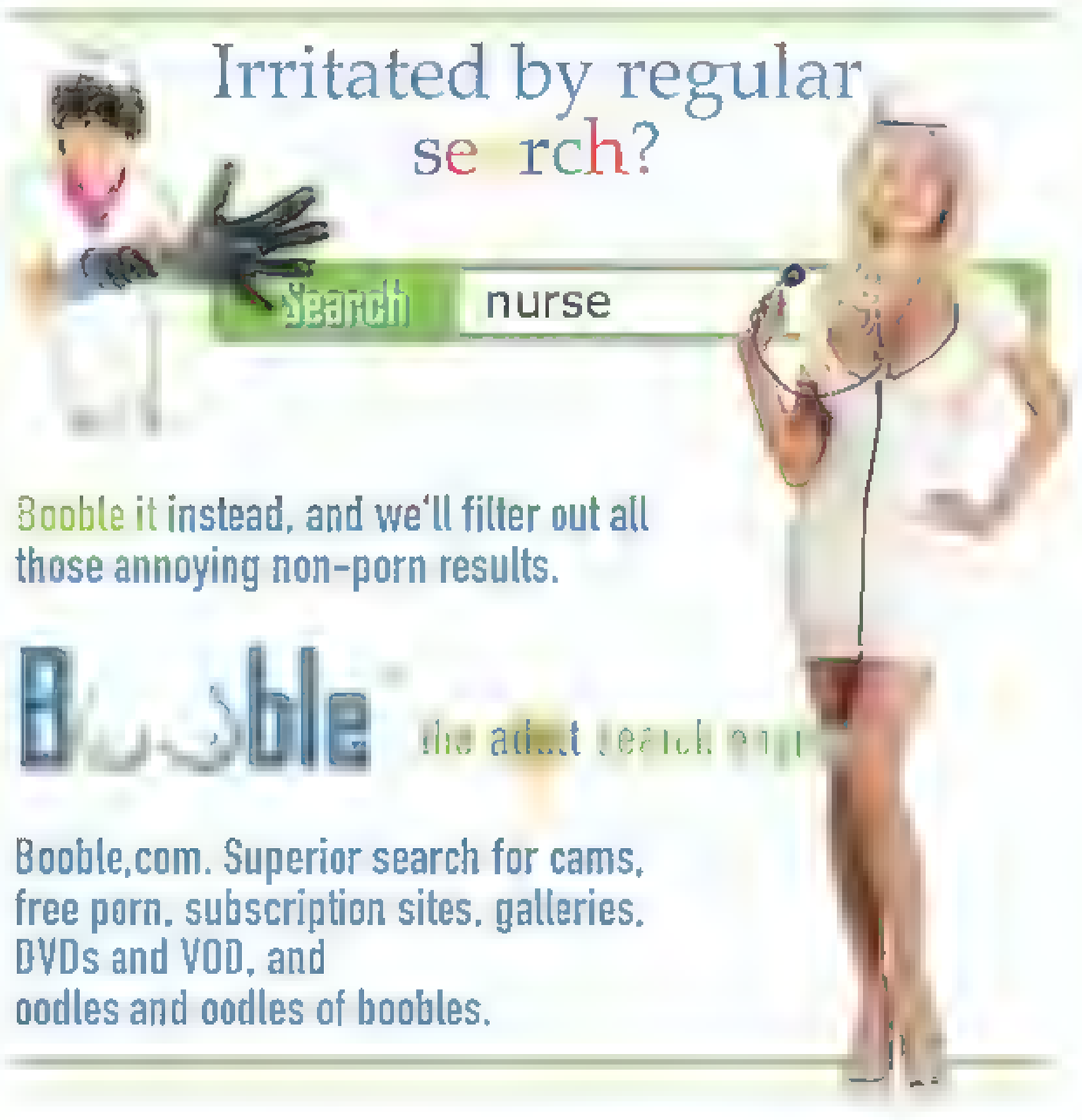
As I opened the door, I smelled the sweet scent of sex. At the foot of the bed was a huge strap-on. Cassie and Donna were wearing black garter belts and stockings. Cassie was sitting in a chair with her legs spread wide, and Donna was kneeling between them. Her face was buried in Cassie's pussy. I went closer and reached between Donna's legs. She was sopping wet. Donna looked up and said she'd never tasted anything so delicious. To prove her point, she pressed her lips to mine, sharing Cassie's sweetness with me.

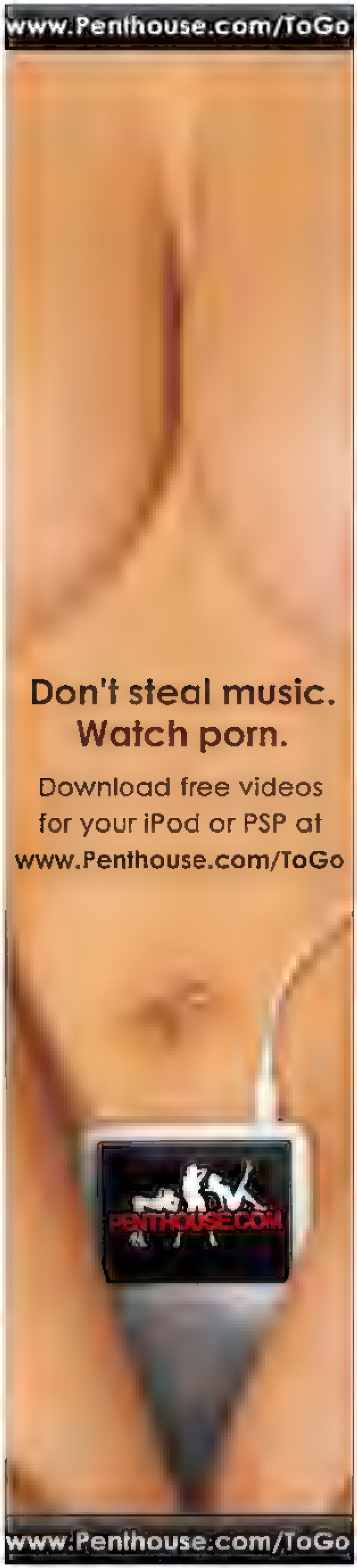
Then Donna told me it was time for us to fuck Cassie. With Cassie up on her hands and knees on the bed, Donna moved in from behind and pressed the rubber cock into Cassie's juicy pussy. As Cassie cried out her joy, Donna skillfully drilled the rubber cock deep into her fuck hole.

When it was my turn to fuck Cassie, I took Donna's place and buried my cock in her hot pussy. I was stroking in earnest when Donna heard my familiar grunts and told me to pull out. Donna loves to taste my come. True to form, she grabbed my cock and jerked me off so I could blow my load all over Cassie's ass. Donna enjoyed lapping up every bit of my come, then flipped Cassie onto her back and ate her out until Cassie screamed and came on her tongue.

Cassie and I fell into a heated sixty-nine. I lapped at her delicious pussy as she sucked me hard again. Then Cassie lowered herself onto Donna's strap-on. As Cassie rocked herself on the rubber cock, Donna wrapped her arms around Cassie and sucked her breasts. I moved aside and watched as the girls switched positions and places.

Donna said the threesome turned out to be the best birthday gift she'd ever received, but that night was also a high





point for Cassie and me. Now we three always celebrate our birthdays the exact same way, enjoying and loving one another—*S. T., Florida*

Not So Hard to Swallow

Ever since an incident five years ago when my girlfriend and I first started dating, I've found it incredibly hot to watch her suck other men's cocks. Carla is now 30. She's five-foot-one, with a 36-25-34 figure. She has light brown hair and the kind of lush lips any man would love to have wrapped around his pole.

One night after dropping her off, I realized I'd left my house keys in her living room, so I drove back to her house. She'd turned the lights off after I left, but they were on again when I returned. I peeked through one of the triangular windows in the door and saw her kneeling on the floor in front of the couch, sucking off the two guys from across the street.

I should have been shocked and jealous. Instead, as she worked skillfully on their fat, purple-headed cocks, I continued being a voyeur.

Both guys were more than eight inches long, and Carla was still able to take their cocks all the way down to the balls! I couldn't believe she managed to get her mouth around them. This went on for about 20 minutes, until she concentrated on just one guy. She pushed her mouth down to the base as his body twitched with pleasure. After about 30 seconds, he seemed to relax. She polished off the other guy the same way.

Without spilling a drop of come, Carla grabbed the base of his shaft and pinched. Then she slid her hand all the way up to the glistening head and licked a large white gob from the slit of his cock. After licking her lips and flipping her hair to the side, she sat back on the floor with a satisfied smile on her face, while the guys laughed.

Fearing I would be discovered, I backed away from the door, got back into my car, and drove a block away. I called her on my cell phone to say I'd left my keys and was coming back to get them. She told me that was fine and the keys were on the couch. I just laughed and drove back to her house.

As Carla let me in, she noticed my hard-on. I told her it was because I had been thinking about her on my way over. She proceeded to give me an incredible blowjob and swallowed her third big load of the evening. What a woman!—*D. A., Florida*

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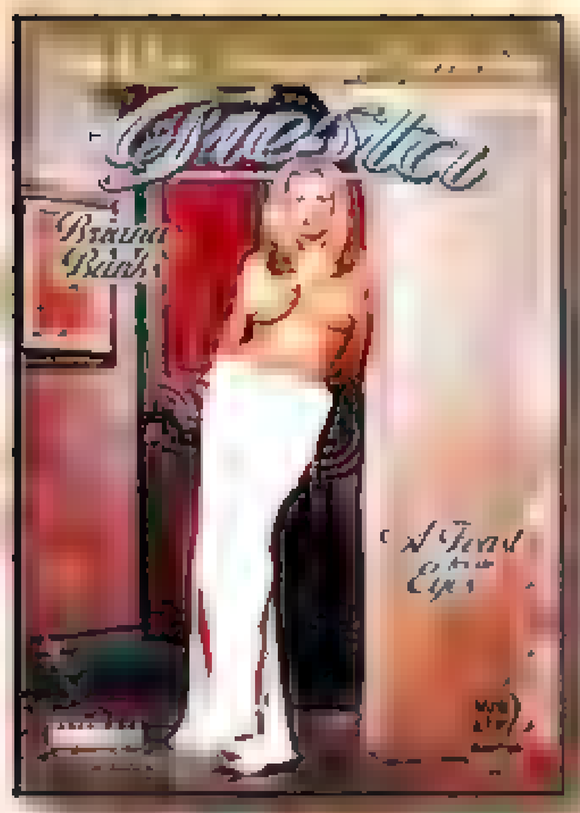

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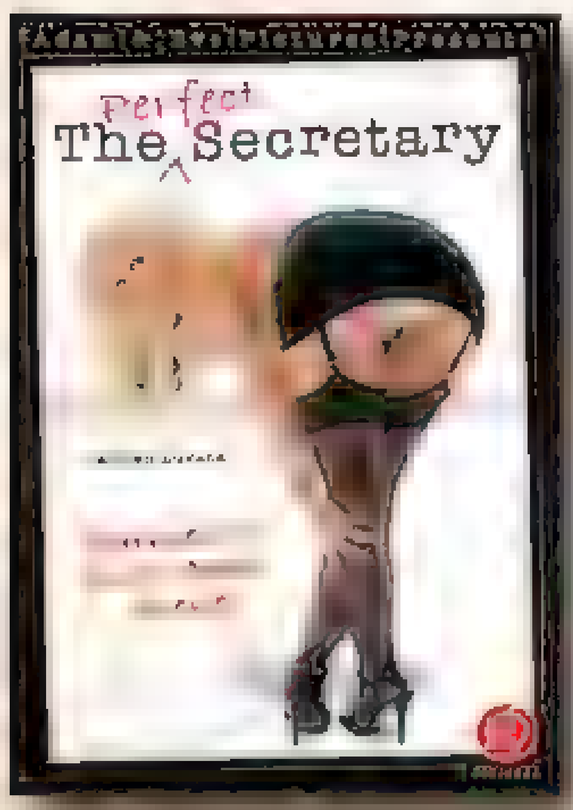

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Sex, Sex, and More Sex

The best sex I ever had was last Thanksgiving. I got an early start that morning, straightening up the house and making sure that Jeremy, my roommate at the time, would be okay without me for a few days. We'd been friends for a few years, and although we had wonderful buddy sex from time to time our relationship was mostly platonic. Still, I'd be lying if I didn't admit to craving his big fat cock.

After I'd showered, Jeremy came into the bathroom to keep me company. As I told him my plans for the day, I could feel his eyes devouring my legs and plump ass. It made me hot and wet to know he was watching me as I rubbed lotion all over my body.

I had just pulled on my thong and skirt when he pushed me against the vanity, raised my skirt, and drove his thick stick deep into my snatch.

"Deeper, please. Deeper," I said.

"You want it deeper and harder?" he asked.

"Oh, God, yes!" I screamed.

Boy, could this guy fuck. When you're always thinking about hot sex—as I am—you want your fuck hole filled to the brim with cock. You want it hard, fast, and deep. You want to feel hours later that you've been well-fucked. Jeremy was certainly delivering. His thrusts were steady but swift. Each time he pounded into me, he pushed up and in, hitting my spot perfectly. I had no choice but to come.

And come I did—down my legs, down his, soaking the curly red hairs around his shaft. Then it was his turn. Usually he liked to shoot his load onto my breasts and I would suck out the remainder, but this time he came all over my ass. Of course, I delighted in lapping up the remaining cream from his cock. I washed up again and headed over to my ex's place to pick up my kids for the holidays.

Our kids were still asleep when I arrived. Rick's specialty is eating pussy, so as soon as he saw me, he dove right in and started lapping at my just-fucked hole. He sucked my clit for a heavenly 20 minutes, causing me to cream over and over. His face was soaked by the time he started begging me to go down on him. Since I knew he was a minuteman, it wouldn't put me off my schedule to indulge him. I took his length into my mouth and deep-throated him. In no time I was swallowing his load and ready to be on my way. I gathered up the kids, kissed Rick good-bye, and headed for my family's house.

We spent most of the day cooking, feasting, and visiting with family members. Some neighbors came over for drinks a little later. As the evening drew closer, the guests started to disperse. I had planned on staying the entire weekend so the kids could spend more time with my parents.

After putting the kids to bed and helping with the cleanup, I returned to the den. Someone had turned on the TV and an old black-and-white film was playing. The only available seat happened to be on the loveseat next to one of the hot-looking neighbors, Jim. I had always had a thing for Jim, but I'd never had time to work my magic.

The evening air was chilly, so it made sense that we'd have a blanket to snuggle under. At least, that's what the couple sitting across from us thought when Jim draped it over us. He suggested I make myself comfortable and rest my legs across his lap, which sounded like a good idea to me.

With my back against the arm of the couch, I bent one knee, giving him total access. Jim's hands inched under the blanket. He started rubbing my feet, and slowly worked his way up my legs. Once he got to my thighs, he massaged his way toward my pussy. I melted in response to his intimate touch, and my juices flowed all over his knowledgeable fingers. I let out a not-so-discreet whimper, and he froze. The other couple gave us a suspicious look, but were soon distracted by the film.

I feigned a yawn, changed position, and curled up under Jim's arm. Now it was my turn to explore him under the blanket. I reached over and was surprised to find a huge erect cock. I couldn't wait to have it in my mouth. Jim must have given our guests a sign, because they said something about calling it a night and went home. I wasted no time—I tossed the blanket aside, pulled up my skirt, and sat back on the couch with my legs spread wide in an open invitation. Two seconds later he'd stuffed his bulging shaft inside my pussy and was pounding away like there was no tomorrow. I kept moaning, "This is *so* good." I tried to be quiet, but between his thrusting and my pushing back, the couch was starting to scoot across the floor—*not* good. But I was almost there, and from the look on Jim's face, so was he.

I reached down to rub my clit, which always does the trick. "I'm coming, Jim. Are you with me?" He responded with the deepest groan I'd ever heard, followed by several deep, sustained thrusts as he filled my pussy with his hot, sticky load. I have never come so hard in my life. I know it was from the fear of getting caught, and also the thrill of fucking a man I'd been so hot for.

I finished up by licking him clean, but he wasn't done. We took the blanket, moved to the floor, and kept at it for the next hour. I could only assume that everyone else in the house had gone to bed. When I finally drifted off to sleep that night, I knew I had plenty to be thankful for this year—*especially* horny men.—*B. T., Nevada*

> "His **thrusts** were steady. Each time **he pounded into me,** he pushed up and in, hitting my spot perfectly. I had no choice but to **come**."

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3 bottles (3 months supply) $120.00
PLUS 1 FREE BOTTLE TOTAL 240 pills

HOW DOES PRO+PLUS PILLS WORK FOR YOU?

In what has been described as a miracle, PRO+PLUS PILLS will expand the erectile tissue longer and wider with a larger supply of blood so that you will gain up to 5 inches. **You can make that miracle happen!** You can have the size you always dreamed of with the PRO+PLUS PILL. WE GUARANTEE IT!

Just imagine when your sex partner sees how thick and long and hard you are. Men will gasp with envy the first time they see the new you in a locker room, shower or gym. Penetrate deeper and see how much greater satisfaction your sex partner will have. You will feel in total command because now any possibility of going soft, and premature ejaculation will be eliminated with your new rock hard much larger penis.

HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE FOR MY MAXIMUM ENLARGEMENT?

In a couple of weeks the change will be the width and longer lasting erections. After a month or two you will see a change in the length and again you will be thicker and wider. After the third month a very noticeable change, not just in size, but you will look firmer, stronger than you ever dreamed possible. **No pill sold anywhere can give you the maximum potential you want in two months.** Why settle for less when you can have much more. You need **three to four months** to grow to your maximum potential and we offer special prices for a three or four months supply with a **100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AND FREE OFFER!**

WHAT EXACTLY ARE THE PRO+PLUS PILLS?

Discovered by Dr. Dmitri Zorken and his research team, PRO+PLUS PILLS is a powerful natural herbal enlargement formula that increases size, stronger erections and maintains your sexual virility. We also included some of the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where the men of the Mangaian tribe have sex on the average of 3 times a night, every night. While this is not what you may wish, it is nice to know your sexual performance can improve substantially.

WHICH FORMULA IS BEST FOR YOU?

PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA

Our exclusive advanced formula for men with a form of HYPOSPADIAS or small penis since they were young. Size now is less than 6 inches and need a guarantee of accelerated enlargement to reach a much larger size. Can also be used by men larger than 6 inches and need guaranteed maximum enlargemment.

PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA

This formula is for men who are now 6 inches or more and want to be guaranteed maximum enlargement.

PRO+PLUS ENLARGEMENT PILLS are produced to give you a premium quality scientifically formulated product that can help you achieve all of your enlargement goals.

Please see our ingredients and to order at www.proplusmedical.com or www.pluspills.com

OUR 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

IMPORTANT! There are many imitations. If you do not see a 100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE then you DO NOT have a money back guarantee.

OUR GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied, return the bottle(s) within 2 months and receive a full 100% refund including shipping.

WHAT WILL PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR ME?

- A longer, thicker penis enlargement up to 5 inches or more!
- A longer and thicker penis even when you are not hard. Because there is more blood flow, your penis 'hangs' larger all day.
- You will have bigger, harder erections. Because of increased blood flow, your erections grow harder.
- Erections when you want them. Rock-hard erections every time.

HOW BIG IS BIG AND HOW MUCH DO YOU NEED TO SATISFY YOUR PARTNER?

Because you are larger you penetrate more sensitive areas of the woman. It is possible for you to reach the most sensitive area of all, a woman's G-Spot. These sensations will produce for a woman the ultimate multiple orgasms. Knowing you are giving your partner this pleasurable experience will certainly give you the added confidence of being a better lover.

Manufactured in the USA in high-tech facilities producing thousands of pills and liquids every day and meets the highest standards of purity established by the National Research Council, United States Pharmacopeia, National Formulary and the Food Chemical Codex.

WE NEVER AUTOMATICALLY SHIP MORE BOTTLES TO YOU & BILL YOUR CREDIT CARD UNLESS YOU RE-ORDER

CREDIT CARD ORDERS

CALL TOLL FREE 1-866-765-PILL(7455)

ORDER ON THE WEB
www.proplusmedical.com or www.pluspills.com

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Box 1835, North Hollywood, CA 91614

Credit Card orders only Toll Free 24 hours 7 days
1-866-765-PILL (7455) Fax 1-818-345-4643

Phone and credit card orders specify dept. (shown above) next to address, and product(s) and quantity

☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Cash ☐ Visa
☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Discover

CREDIT CARD NO. EXPIRES MONTH/YEAR

PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA $ _____
☐ 1 bottle (1 month supply, 60 pills) $80.00
☐ 3 bottles (3 months supply) $160.00
☐ I have ordered 3 or more bottles.
SEND FREE 1 bottle – Total 240 Pills

PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA $ _____
☐ 1 bottle (1 month supply, 60 pills) $60.00
☐ 3 bottles (3 months supply) $120.00
☐ I have ordered 3 or more bottles.
SEND FREE 1 bottle – Total 240 Pills

EXTRA BOTTLES OF PRO+PLUS PILLS
ORIGINAL FORMULA Add $40.00 for each bottle
_____ BOTTLES $ _____
ADVANCED FORMULA Add $55.00 for each bottle
_____ BOTTLES $ _____

Please Specify Quantities: SPECIAL OFFER! Only $25.00 each

_____ Sexciter to Excite Women	$ _____
_____ Sexciter to Excite Men	$ _____
_____ Attract-A-Mate"W" to attract women	$ _____
_____ Attract-A-Mate"M" to attract men	$ _____
Total Purchase:	$ _____
CA Residents add sales tax:	$ _____
Shipping & Insurance:	$ 8.00
☐ Rush Service $2.00:	$ _____
Total enclosed or charged:	$ _____

Orders discreetly shipped with UPS or Priority Mail.
Foreign Orders add $10.00 S&H. Money order in U.S. Funds only.

SIGNATURE (I am over 18 years old)

NAME (print)

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

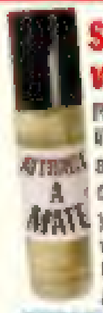
More Doctor Approved Super Sex Formulas

Sexciter Makes Women Beg You For Sex! Increase Men's Sexual Desire!

Can be taken by mouth or put in any liquid without detection, but you should get her permission. She will become wild, untamed and desire to have sex with you. SEXCITER FOR WOMEN includes special ingredients designed to quickly speed up her desire for sex. Our SEXCITER FOR MEN increases the male sex drive or libido.

"My girlfriend says it was the best sex she ever had." -M, Arizona, "Sexciter for men gives me the urge for sex every time I use it." -LF, Oklahoma

SEXCITER TO EXCITE WOMEN: 130 doses Reg. $49.95
SEXCITER TO EXCITE MEN: 130 doses Reg. $49.95
SPECIAL OFFER! Only $25.00 each



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Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

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By Rebecca Swanner

WE HAVE A CRUSH ON ...

Dahlia Schweitzer

For her autobiography *Lovergirl* (being reprinted by Random House/Heyne in March), this Ivy League graduate explored life as a stripper, porn star, nude model, and escort. Now she's drawn on those experiences to write *Seduce Me* (Avon Red), her first collection of erotica.

American Virgin

"In high school I never had a date. No sex, nothing. I was introverted. Because I always felt repressed, I was fascinated by strippers. There was something so powerful about women who could be so aggressively sexual and confident with who they were."

If Only ...

"One guy wrote me a letter asking if all the stories in my book were true. I wish my life were that interesting! A lot of times I will take something that actually happened and play God. Maybe I did meet this woman in a bar and we started talking, but then I went home. In the story, I invent what would have happened if I only had the nerve to do whatever."

Learning Curve

"As soon as you take your clothes off and become physically intimate with someone, there's a level of emotional intimacy and realness. That's what I found so interesting about escorting. In one hour, I see more of them as they really are than if we went on five dates because you get this naked exposure—literally and metaphorically."

She Works Hard for the Money

"After a while of escorting, it felt totally bizarre to have sex for free [*laughs*]. I felt like, 'You need to be paying me for this!' I didn't escort for that long, but I still felt like, 'Where's my cash? You're getting this for free? What's in it for me?' "

Bedroom Dynamo

"I'm interested in sexual dynamics as a way of deconstructing the way we relate our own personal needs and desires."

Tale of Two Cities

"After living in New York for several years, moving to Berlin felt like therapy. New York is a cruel, hard city. No one has any time. Berlin was great because I could be manically productive and then stop; whereas in New York, no one ever stops."

Photograph by Christoph Voy

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boston
north carolina
south carolina
chicago
columbus
dallas
denver
detroit
gold coast, california
hawaiian islands
indiana

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las vegas
los angeles
miami
montreal
nashville
new england
new jersey
new orleans
new york
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IT TAKES 8 YEARS TO AGE AND
CONSIDERABLY LESS TIME TO JUDGE.

Rating	Whiskey
93	Jim Beam Black®
90	Woodford Reserve®
89	Wild Turkey® 101®
83	Crown Royal®
83	Gentleman Jack®
81	Jack Daniel's®

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